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LIVES OF INDIAN OFFICERS

Illustrative of the History of the Civil and Military Service of India

LORD CORNWALLIS—SIR JOHN MALCOLM—
MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE

25974

By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE

AUTHOR OF 'THE HISTORY OF THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN,' ETC., ETC.

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JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

TO

GENERAL

SIR GEORGE POLLOCK,

G.C.B., G.C.S.I.,

AND

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR JOHN MAIR LAWRENCE, BART.,

G.C.B., G.C.S.I.,

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED LIVING REPRESENTATIVES

OF THE

MILITARY AND CIVIL SERVICES OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY,

THESE VOLUMES ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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PREFACE.

I THINK that something should be said regarding the circumstances, which have resulted in the publication of this book.

Two or three years ago, I was invited by the editor and by the proprietor of *Good Words* to write a series of biographical papers illustrative of the careers of some of our most distinguished 'Indian Heroes.' As the materials, in most instances, were not to be obtained from printed books or papers, to perform this task in a satisfactory manner—that is, to write month after month, throughout the year, a memoir of some soldier or statesman distinguished in Indian history—would have been impossible to one, the greater part of whose time was devoted to other duties, if it had not chanced that for many years I had been gathering, from different original sources, information relating both to the public services and the private lives of many of those whose careers it was desired that I should illustrate. I had many large manuscript volumes, the growth of past years of historical research, full of personal correspondence and biographical notes, and I had extensive collections of original papers, equally serviceable, which had not been transcribed. As, therefore, only to a very limited extent, I had to go

abroad in search of my materials, I felt that I might accept the invitation and undertake the task, God willing, without danger of breaking down. The temptations, indeed, were very great—the greatest of all being the opportunity of awakening, through a popular periodical counting its readers by hundreds of thousands, the interests of an immense multitude of intelligent people, whom every writer on Indian subjects is painfully conscious of being unable to reach through the medium of bulky and high-priced books.

Of the Lives, which I selected for illustration, the greater number had never been written before, and of those which had been written before, I had unpublished records which enabled me to impart some little freshness to my memoirs. The sketches were published originally without any chronological arrangement. They appeared, in uninterrupted succession, during the year 1865. The great difficulty with which I had to contend was the necessary limitation of space. I was often compelled to curtail the memoirs after they were in print, and thereby to exclude much interesting illustrative matter. As, however, the republication of the Lives in a separate work had been determined upon, I had less regret in effecting these mutilations. The excised passages are now restored, and new additions made to the memoirs, considerably exceeding in extent the whole of the original sketches. I may say, indeed, that the work has been almost entirely re-written, the chapters in the periodical having been little more than sketches of the more finished portraits which are now produced after fifteen additional months of conscientious research.

Of the materials, of which I have spoken, something

more should be said, the more especially, as in one or two instances I have to acknowledge the assistance that I have derived from other writers. For much of the valuable information contained in the memoir of Cornwallis I am indebted to Mr Ross's very ably-executed work. It should be stated, however, that long before his book was announced I had contemplated the preparation of a Life of Lord Cornwallis, and had amassed a considerable stock of materials in illustration of it. In 1850, I wrote to Lord Braybrooke, soliciting permission to consult the records of the Cornwallis family, and I received in reply a very courteous refusal—which, indeed, as I was wholly unknown in England at that time, I ought to have expected—accompanied with a statement that a prohibition had been laid upon the publication of these family papers. I was rejoiced to find afterwards that the prohibition had been removed, and that the editing of the correspondence had been placed in such good hands. I believe, however, that the student of Mr Ross's book may find something new in my slender memoir; and, at all events, for reasons stated at its commencement, there is a peculiar fitness in its insertion in this work, which the reader will be well disposed to recognize. The Lives of Sir John Malcolm and Sir Charles Metcalfe I had already written in detail, but I felt that two such names could not be excluded from my muster-roll. For a memoir of Mr Elphinstone I had a considerable mass of original memorials, but no amount of correspondence in my possession would have rendered me wholly independent of the very able and interesting biography communicated by Sir Edward Colebrooke to the *Journal of the Asiatic Society*. The well-

known volumes of Sargent and Wilberforce, illustrative of the life of Henry Martyn, have of course yielded the chief materials on which the brief memoir of that Christian hero is based; but from the correspondence of Charles Grant the elder, made over to me by his son, the late Lord Glenelg, I have been able to glean something to impart a little novelty to this the most familiar chapter of my work.

The memoirs of Burnes, Conolly, Pottinger, Todd, Henry Lawrence, Neill, and Nicholson, are all written from original materials supplied to me by relatives or friends. The journals and correspondence of Sir Alexander Burnes were given to me by his brother, the late Dr James Burnes, and much supplementary information has been derived from other sources. The journals of Eldred Pottinger were obtained for me from his family, when I was writing the History of the War in Afghanistan, by the assistance of Captain William Eastwick, now of the Indian Council, who was one of Sir Henry Pottinger's most cherished friends and associates; and the journals of Arthur Conolly came into my possession when I was writing the same work. From the families of both I have received very valuable assistance since I commenced the preparation of these volumes. With D'Arcy Todd and Henry Lawrence, officers of the Bengal Artillery, I had the privilege of being on terms of cherished friendship. For the memoir of the former abundant materials were supplied to me by his brother, Colonel Frederick Todd; and for that of the latter I have chiefly relied on my own private resources, knowing that Sir Herbert Edwardes is writing a life of his great and good friend, which will leave nothing unsaid that ought to be said about

him. Following out the list in chronological sequence, I then come to the memoirs of those two great soldiers who died so nobly for their country just as fame was dawning upon them—Neill and Nicholson. From the widow of the one and from the mother of the other I received the memorials which have enabled me to write, very imperfectly, I fear, the lives of those heroic men; but an opportunity may yet be allowed to me, in another work, of doing further justice to soldiers who have reflected so much glory on the great Army of the East India Company.

Although to some small extent, perhaps, accidental circumstances may have favoured my choice of these particular Indian worthies, from among so many, I think it will be considered that on the whole they represent the Indian Services as fairly and as completely as if the selection had been wholly the result of an elaborate design.* For it will be seen that I have drawn my examples from all the three great national divisions of the British Empire—that Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen come equally to the front in these pages. Cornwallis, Metcalfe, Martyn, and Todd were Englishmen — pure and simple. Malcolm, Elphinstone, Burnes, and Neill were Scotchmen. Pottinger and Nicholson were Irishmen. Ireland claims also Henry Lawrence as her own, and Arthur Conolly had

* There is one omission, however, so observable, that something should be said respecting it. It will occasion surprise to many that the name of Sir James Outram does not appear in the list. There is no other reason for this than that he is entitled to a book to himself, and that I hope soon to be able to discharge what is both a trust confided to me by the departed hero, and a promise made to the loving ones whom he has left behind.

Irish blood in his veins. It will be seen, too, that I have drawn my examples from all the three great presidential divisions of India. Metcalfe, Martyn, Conolly, Todd, Lawrence, and Nicholson were Bengal officers, and served chiefly in that Presidency; Malcolm and Neill came from the Madras Presidency; Burnes and Pottinger belonged to Bombay; whilst Elphinstone, though nominally attached to the Bengal Civil Service, spent the greater part of his official life in Western India. It will be also seen that nearly every branch of the Service is illustrated in these biographies,* and, in the military division, every arm is fairly represented. Todd, Lawrence, and Pottinger were Artillery officers. Arthur Conolly was of the Cavalry. Neill was attached to the European Infantry, and Burnes and Nicholson to the native branch of the same service—in which also Malcolm commenced his career. From all of which it may be gathered that it little mattered whence a youth came, or whither he went, or to what service he was attached; if he had the right stuff in him, he was sure to make his way to the front.

The memoirs being now published in chronological sequence, I am not without a hope that the collection may be regarded in some sort as a Biographical History of India from the days of Cornwallis to the days of Canning.

* I must express my regret that the volumes contain no example drawn from the Medical Service of the East India Company—a service which was never wanting in men equally eminent for those professional attainments which are exercised so unstintingly in the cause of our suffering humanity, and for those heroic qualities which are exemplified by deeds of gallantry in the field, and by lives of daring adventure.

All the great wars which, during those momentous three-quarters of a century, have developed so remarkably the military and political genius of the 'Services,' are illustrated, more or less, in these pages. The two great wars with Tippoo, the earlier and later Mahrattah wars, the war in Afghanistan, the Punjab wars, and the Sepoy war, afford the chief incidents of the book. But the Historical is everywhere subordinated to the Biographical. I have not attempted, indeed, to write History; it has grown up spontaneously out of the lives of the great men who *make* History. But if it should not be of any value as a History of India, I may still hope that it will be accepted as a not uninteresting contribution to a History of the great Indian Services—the Military and Civil Services of the East India Company. Those Services are now extinct. I have striven to show what they were in their best days; and unless the ability of the execution has fallen far short of the sincerity of the design, I have done something in these pages to do honour to a race of public servants unsurpassed in the history of the world.

And I hope that, as a record of those services, this book, however imperfect the execution of it, may not be without its uses. I have striven to show how youths, from the middle-class families of our British islands, have gone forth into the great Eastern world, and by their own unaided exertions carved their way to fame and fortune. The Patronage-system of the East India Company, long condemned as a crying abuse, and at last, as such, utterly abolished, opened the gates of India to a hardy, robust race of men, who looked forward to a long and honourable

career, and looked back only to think of the joy with which their success would be traced by loving friends in their old homesteads. But it is not now said for the first time that the system could not have been very bad which produced a succession of such public servants as those who are associated with the history of the growth of our great Indian Empire, and as many others who in a less degree have contributed to the sum of that greatness. For the heroes of whom I have written are only representative men; and, rightly considered, it is the real glory of the Indian Services, not that they have sent forth a few great, but that they diffused over the country so many good, public officers, eager to do their duty, though not in the front rank. Self-reliance, self-help, made them what they were. The 'nepotism of the Court of Directors' did not pass beyond the portico of the India House. In India every man had a fair start and an open course. The son of the Chairman had no better chance than the son of the Scotch farmer or the Irish squire. The Duke of Wellington, speaking of the high station to which Sir John Malcolm had ascended after a long career of good work accomplished and duty done, said that such a fact 'operated throughout the whole Indian service, and the youngest cadet saw in it an example he might imitate—a success he might attain.' And this, indeed, as it was the distinguishing mark, so was it the distinguishing merit of the Company's services; and there grew up in a distant land what has been rightly called a great 'Monarchy of the Middle Classes,' which, it is hoped for the glory of the nation, will never be suffered to die.

I wish that the youth of England should see in these volumes what men, merely by the force of their own personal characters, can do for their country in India, and what they can do for themselves. I feel that on laying down the book some readers may say that the discouragements are at least as great as the encouragements, for that to a large proportion of those of whom I have written Death came early, and in many instances with sudden violence. But I know too well the temper of the men from whom our armies are recruited to believe that the record of such heroic deaths as those of Todd and Lawrence, Neill and Nicholson, will make any man less eager to face the risks of Indian life.

> 'Whoe'er has reached the highest pinnacle
> Of fame by glorious toil or daring skill,
> . . . . let him possess his soul in quietness
> And bear his honours meekly ; at the last,
> E'en gloomy death will have for such a one
> Some gleams of brightness, for he will bequeath
> To the dear offspring of his heart and race
> Their best inheritance—an honoured name.' *

The deterring circumstances which threaten to impair the efficiency of the Services are of a different kind. I am afraid that there has grown up, in these latter days, a general dislike to Indian service, and that those who go out to the East are ever in a hurry to come home again. The 'nepotism of the East India Company' had its uses. It was said

* TREMENHERE'S PINDAR—a book in which the noble and inspiring thoughts of the old Greek poet are rendered in simple, manly English, well adapted to such a theme as the exploits of Heroes.

to be a monstrous thing that the services of the East India Company were, to a great extent, hereditary services, and that whole families should be saddled upon India, generation after generation. We only discovered the good of this after we had lost it. That enthusiasm which is so often spoken of in these volumes as the essential element of success in India, was nourished greatly by these family traditions. The men who went out to India in those old days of the East India Company did not regard themselves merely as strangers and sojourners in the land. They looked to India as a Home, and to Indian service as a Career—words often repeated; but as their repetition is the best proof of their truth, I need not be ashamed of saying them again. It is in no small measure because I wish that others should go forth from our English homes on the same mission, and with the same aspirations, that I have written these memoirs, and if I have induced even a few, contemplating these heroic examples, to endeavour to do likewise, I shall not have written in vain.

J. W. KAYE.

Norwood, May, 1867.

LIVES

OF

INDIAN OFFICERS.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

[BORN 1738.—DIED 1805.]

NOT of men of large estate, born to greatness, whom family influence and political power elevated to high official position, without the toilsome and the patient ascent, has it been my purpose to write in these Memoirs, but of men who, by the unaided force of their own personal characters, made their way to the front, along the open road of a graduated public service. But there can be no fitter prologue to these illustrations of native worth and noble self-reliance than that which may be found in the life of the man who made the public service of India what it has been and is in this nineteenth century. By Lord Cornwallis, who was three times selected by the King's Government to fill the chief seat of the Indian Government, and who twice discharged its duties, the civil and military servants of the Company were raised from a

band of adventurers, enriching themselves by obscure processes and doubtful gains, to a class of virtuous and zealous public functionaries, toiling ever for their country's good. There were, doubtless, brave and strong men before the coming of this Agamemnon; but official purity was almost unknown in those days, and rapidly to acquire wealth by dishonourable means was so uniformly the rule of the adventurer, that no one accounted it dishonour in others, or felt it to be dishonour in himself. Of the corruption, which then traversed the land, Lord Cornwallis sounded the death-knell. And from that time the great Company of Merchants, which governed India, was served by a succession of soldiers and civilians unsurpassed in rectitude of life by any whose names are recorded in the great muster-roll of the world. Therefore, I say, there can be no fitter introduction to such a work as this than a brief account of the soldier-statesman who, by purifying the public service of India, has enabled the historian to write of men as good as they were great, and to illustrate their careers in detail without any dishonest reserve or any painful admissions.

The family of Cornwallis is said to have been, as far as it can be traced backwards, originally of Irish stock; but its grandeur seems to have been derived, in the first instance, from the city of London. One Thomas Cornwallis settled himself in the great English capital, took successfully to trade, and in 1378 became one of the sheriffs of the City. Having amassed considerable wealth, he bought some broad

lands in Suffolk, to which his son John, who represented the county in Parliament, added by the purchase of the estate of Brome. From that time the family rose steadily in importance, being always steadfast in their loyalty to the Throne. In 1599, William Cornwallis was knighted at Dublin for his services against the Irish rebels, and in 1627, Frederick Cornwallis, his son, was created a baronet by Charles the First. After the death of Sir William Cornwallis, his widow married Sir Nathaniel Bacon, a half-brother of the philosopher, but only enjoyed a single year of this second state of wedded life. The marriage, however, had one important result. Sir Nathaniel Bacon, who died in 1615, left the estate of Culford, near Bury, in Suffolk, to his widow, from whom it in due course descended to Sir Frederick Cornwallis, and became the principal seat of the family. Having thus become an important member of the landed aristocracy of the county, and being distinguished for his loyalty to the Stuarts, Sir Frederick Cornwallis, on the 20th of April, 1661, was created Baron Cornwallis of Eye. On the 30th of June, 1753, the fifth Baron was raised to an earldom by the title of Earl Cornwallis and Viscount Brome.

He had married in 1722 a daughter of Lord Townshend; and five daughters in succession had been born to him, when just as the old year, 1738, was dying out, the Cornwallis family, then resident in Grosvenor-square, were gladdened by the birth of an heir to the title. On the 15th of January following the boy was baptized at St George's, Hanover-square, and received the name of Charles. Of his childhood it would appear that there is

no record; but whilst yet a little fellow Charles Cornwallis was sent to Eton, and made such good progress, that, when only half through his sixteenth year, he was near the top of the sixth form.* At school an accident befell him which might have had very serious consequences. It would seem that in those days the laws of 'hockey,' as played at Eton, were not instituted in accordance with those principles of safety which were observed at a later period. A schoolfellow, by a sad mischance, struck him on the eye with his hockey-stick, so violently as for a time to endanger his sight, and to produce 'a slight but permanent obliquity of vision.'† It was, not improbably, in consequence of this and similar accidents, that a rule was passed compelling the player to use his stick with both hands and never to lift the crook above the knee of the striker.

On leaving Eton, Lord Brome—for by this time his father had been promoted to an earldom—made free choice of the Army for his profession. At the age of eighteen a commission was obtained for him in the First Regiment of Guards; and he began at once to think seriously of doing his duty, with all his might, in the state of life to which he had been called; and, being a soldier, to make himself a good one. The Duke of Cumberland then com-

* I stated in this Memoir as originally published, that he went to Eton as Lord Brome. The same statement is made by Mr Ross in his most valuable and well-edited collection of Cornwallis papers. But as the title of Viscount Brome was not created until the young heir was far advanced in his fifteenth year, it is obvious that he went to Eton not as Lord Brome, but as Mr Cornwallis.

† Ross, p. 3 —The boy was Shute Barrington, afterwards Bishop, successively, of Llandaff, Salisbury, and Durham.

manded the Army, and from him permission was sought for the young Guardsman to travel on the Continent, and at some foreign Military Academy to qualify himself for the active duties of his profession. The desired leave was granted in a letter from his Royal Highness to Lord Cornwallis, without any stops in it, in which he paid Lord Brome a somewhat equivocal compliment by saying that he had 'less of our home education than most young men.' So, accompanied by a Prussian officer named Roguin, as his travelling tutor, the young nobleman left England, and after exploring some of the great continental cities, established himself at the famous Military Academy at Turin, where he entered upon a course of study profitable alike to body and to mind. He began his day's work at seven o'clock with dancing exercise in the public salon; at eight he took a course of German; from nine to eleven he spent in the riding-school; at eleven he was handed over to the Maître d'Armes; from twelve to three was devoted to dinner and recreation; at three he received private instruction in mathematics and fortification; and at five he had private dancing lessons. 'En suite,' said M. de Roguin, in an amusing letter to the Earl, written in very bad French, 'quelques visites, l'Opéra et le souper.' He made good progress in his exercises, especially in those of the more active kind, and evinced an excellent disposition, a power of self-control and resistance of evil, very unusual, at that time, in young aristocrats at the dawn of manhood.

But there was better training than that to be derived from scholastic life in any military academy, and Lord Brome was eager to gain experience in the great school of

active warfare. Events were taking shape which threatened, or, in the estimation of the young soldier promised, to turn the continent of Europe into a great camp. 'I see swarms of Austrians, French, Imperialists, Swedes, and Russians,' wrote Lord Chesterfield in August, 1758, 'in all near four hundred thousand men, surrounding the King of Prussia and Prince Ferdinand, who have about a third of that number. Hitherto they have only buzzed, but now I fear they will sting.' England was about to cast in her lot with the weaker side, and to espouse what to many on-lookers seemed a hopeless cause. 'Were it any other man than the King of Prussia,' said the same brilliant letter-writer, a few weeks afterwards, 'I should not hesitate to pronounce him ruined, but he is such a prodigy of a man that I will only say I fear he *may* be ruined.' Lord Brome was at Geneva when tidings reached him that an English army was about to be employed in Germany, and that the Guards were to take the field. This roused all his military enthusiasm, and he hurried through Switzerland, cursing the country for its want of posts, and arrived at Cologne only to find himself too late. 'Only imagine,' he wrote to his friend and relative, Tom Townshend, 'having set out without leave, come two hundred leagues, and my regiment gone without me!' What was to be done? He might offer himself as a volunteer to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, but it was reported that the King had forbidden, and that the Duke had set his face against, volunteering. He 'resolved, however, to try, and was received in the kindest manner.' Six weeks afterwards the English, under Lord

Granby, joined the camp at Dulmen, in Westphalia; and the General then appointed Lord Brome an aide-de-camp on his personal staff.

Nothing could have pleased the young soldier better than this, for there was an opportunity of seeing service under the happiest auspices. After little less than a year's campaigning, it was his fortune to be present at a great action, in which the English took a conspicuous part. On the 1st of August, 1759, the battle of Minden was fought—not wholly to our national glory—and Lord Brome rode beside the Commander of the British forces. Soon after this affair, he was promoted to a company in a newly-formed regiment, the Eighty-fifth, and was compelled to join it in England. There he remained until 1761, when, in his twenty-third year, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and placed in command of the 12th Foot, which was then with the army in Germany. Hastening to join the camp of Lord Granby, he found his old friend preparing for active operations against the enemy. The French General, Broglie, had been joined by the Prince de Soubise, and they were meditating an attack on the English and Hanoverian lines near Hohenower. On the evening of the 15th of July, Broglie flung himself with desperate resolution on Lord Granby's outposts, feeling well assured that he would carry everything before him. The English General, not forgetful of his old aide-de-camp, gave Lord Brome an opportunity of distinguishing himself, by sending him to the support of the picquets; and he did his work so well that the enemy were repulsed with heavy loss, and next day, when the action became general, were fairly beaten.

Throughout the remainder of this year and the earlier part of 1762, Lord Brome saw much service with his regiment in Germany, and was repeatedly engaged in minor affairs with the enemy. The Twelfth was one of the best regiments in the field, and was always in the front when there was work to be done.

But the famous Seven Years' War was now drawing to a close. France was exhausted; England was weary; and Prussia had gained, or rather retained, all that she desired. The time had come for serious negotiation tending to a favourable issue. In the personal history, too, of Lord Brome an important conjuncture had arisen. On the 23rd of July, 1762, his father died, and he became Earl Cornwallis. In the course of the following November he took his seat in the House of Lords. But his heart was with his old regiment, and he still clung to his military duties. He loved country quarters better than the atmosphere of Parliament and the Court, and he went with the Twelfth from one country town to another, with no wish to take part in the strife of political factions, or in the intrigues surrounding the throne of the young King. He was at no time of his life a very vehement partisan. Loyal to the core, he supported the Sovereign and his Ministers when he could do so with a safe conscience. If he followed any man, it was Lord Shelburne, with whom he had lived on terms of intimacy, when they were brothers-in-arms on the great battle-fields of Germany, and who had laid down the sword for the portfolio, and entered upon that career of statesmanship which led him in time to the Premiership of England.

In 1765, the Rockingham Ministry was formed, and

the new Prime Minister, being anxious to conciliate Lord Shelburne by serving his friends, appointed Lord Cornwallis a Lord of the Bed-chamber. A few weeks afterwards he was made an Aide-de-camp to the King. In the following year he was appointed Colonel of the Thirty-third Regiment, and one of the Chief Justices in Eyre, a conjunction of offices which may appear to the uninitiated reader strange and inconsistent, but the functions of the Chief Justiceship, which was a relic of old feudal times, mainly relating to the matter of forest rights, had long since fallen into desuetude, and the office had become a sinecure.

In the month of July, 1768, being then in his thirtieth year, Lord Cornwallis married a daughter of Colonel Jones, of the Second Regiment of Guards. With this lady, who was eight or nine years his junior, he lived for some time in a state of almost unclouded happiness. In March, 1769, a daughter was born to them. He does not appear to have taken, at this time, much part in public affairs. The American question was then beginning to assume gigantic proportions, and no man could help having, or avoid expressing, opinions on such a subject. The sympathies of Lord Cornwallis were with the Americans and Lord Chatham. In March, 1766, a few months before that great statesman was raised to the Peerage, the young Earl had voted in a minority of five against the asserted right of taxing the American colonies. It is probable, however, that he was not sorry to absent himself as much as he reasonably and properly could from the House of Lords, that he might not vote against the King. What was the precise character of his relations with Government it is impossible to say.

But in the early part of 1770, when the Duke of Grafton was Prime Minister, he was appointed to the lucrative office of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, the duties of which were performed by deputy, and before the end of the year he was made Constable of the Tower. There was something strange and inexplicable in his position, which did not escape remark; and the great anonymous writer, whose malignant vigilance nothing in high places could escape, fell upon him with remorseless vigour.*

* What Junius, under the acknowledged signature of 'Domitian,' said of him was this: 'My sincere compassion for Lord Cornwallis arises not so much from his quality as from his time of life. A young man by his spirited conduct may atone for the deficiencies of his understanding. Where was the memory of the noble Lord, and what kind of intellect must he possess, when he resigns his place, yet continues in the support of the administration, makes a parade of attending Lord North's levée, and pays a public homage to the deputy of Lord Bute? Where is now his attachment, where are now his professions to Lord Chatham, his zeal for the Whig interest of England, and his detestation of Lord Bute, the Bedfords, and the Tories? Since the time at which these were the only topics of his conversation, I presume he has shifted his company as well as his opinions. Will he tell the world to which of his uncles, or to what friend—to Phillipson or a Tory Lord—he owes the advice which has directed his conduct? I will not press him further. The young man has taken a wise resolution at last, for he is retiring into a voluntary banishment in hopes of recovering the ruin of his reputation.' This letter was dated March 4, 1770, at which time Lord Cornwallis was Irish Vice-Treasurer. The place, therefore, which he is said to have resigned must have been the Chief Justiceship in Eyre, which he had ceased to hold in the preceding year. The reference can scarcely be to the appointment in the Household, which he had resigned some four years before. Mr Ross says that it is 'impossible to explain' the letter of 'Domitian,' as Lord Cornwallis was present in the House of Lords as frequently as in former years, and all his votes on Ameri-

From the close of the year 1770 to the dawn of 1776, during which England drifted into the American war, there is but little trace of the public career of Lord Cornwallis. He continued to hold the office of Constable of the Tower, but in May, 1771, the Vice-Treasurership of Ireland passed from him. He was very happy in his domestic life, and his happiness was increased, in the course of the year 1774, by the birth of a son. If he had followed only his own tastes and inclinations at that time, he would have retired altogether from public life; for he was very little incited by ambition, and there was not a taint of avarice in his nature. But England was now on the eve of a great crisis, and the King had need of the best energies of all his servants. It was not a good cause for which Cornwallis was now again called upon to unsheath the sword; he had publicly, indeed, proclaimed his antipathy to the measures out of which had arisen the bitter strife which could now be allayed only by the last arbitrement of arms. In such a conjuncture there will, perhaps, always be some conflict of opinion among honourable men with respect to the right course of individual action. Lord Chatham, by temporarily withdrawing his own son from the King's army, demonstratively asserted the doctrine that no man ought to use his sword in an unrighteous cause. But Lord Cornwallis believed that it was his first duty, as a soldier, to obey the

can questions were 'adverse to the well-known wishes of the King.' It is suggested that 'absence from London on account of regimental duties,' might have, to some extent, interfered with regular attendance in Parliament, but this could not have extended beyond March, 1766, when Lord Cornwallis became a full Colonel.

orders of his King; and to render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, at any sacrifice both of private judgment and of private convenience. It was a sore trial to him, for his wife importuned him not to go, and even, it is said, by the help of a powerful relative, prevailed upon the King to release him from his obligations. But he would not avail himself of this permission to remain in England. He took up the commission of Lieutenant-General, which had been bestowed upon him, and at the beginning of 1776 took command of his division, which was under orders to embark at Cork.

The arrangements for embarkation were defective. There were unfortunate delays on shore; and then there was a long and disastrous voyage, at a time when it was beyond calculation important that the reinforcements should arrive in time to co-operate with Clinton for the defence of the loyalists in Carolina. Everything went wrong, and continued to go wrong. It was altogether a hopeless case even when first Lord Cornwallis arrived in America. A few weeks afterwards the Declaration of Independence was signed; and no efforts of the King's Government could then crush out the liberties of the nation. Our soldiers did their work, but as men oppressed and weighed down by the badness of the cause. Neither skill nor gallantry availed; nothing prospered with us; and there was not a general officer in the service who did not long to be relieved of his command, if he could honourably withdraw from the contest.

At that time Sir William Howe commanded the King's troops in America. The successes which he obtained

were more like defeats, for he never followed them up; and opportunities were lost never to be recovered. It seemed as though the English General had been sent out for the express purpose of letting the enemy escape. He never would cut them up himself, nor would he suffer the officers who served under him to be more prompt in their movements and more vigorous in their acts. Once Cornwallis had it within his power to inflict a blow upon Washington's army, from which it could never have recovered. The rebel troops, encumbered with a heavy train of artillery, were in panic flight before him, and he had been strongly reinforced; but just as the enemy seemed to be within his grasp, he received orders to halt at Brunswick, and before he had permission to advance again, the fugitives were beyond his reach.* This was in the earlier part of December, 1776; but, before the end of the month, Washington had sufficiently recovered to cross the Delaware, to surprise the English posts at Delaware, to capture our guns, to make prisoners of nearly all our men, and to occupy the place with rebel troops. The English and the Hessians had been keeping up Christmas somewhat freely,

* Sir William Howe, in his official account of this matter, says: 'In Jersey, upon the approach of the van of Lord Cornwallis's corps to Brunswick by a forced march on the 1st instant, the enemy went off most precipitately to Prince-town; and, had they not prevented the passage of the Raritan, by breaking a part of the Brunswick bridge, so great was the confusion among them, that their army must inevitably have been cut to pieces. My first design extending no further than to get and keep possession of East Jersey, Lord Cornwallis had orders not to advance beyond Brunswick, which occasioned him to discontinue his pursuit,' &c., &c.—*Cornwallis Correspondence. Ross.*

and the American General found them in a helpless state of drunkenness or sleep. Cornwallis had by this time put his troops into winter-quarters, and, believing that the operations of the season were at an end, was meditating a visit to England, when news of the enemy's success reached him at New York, and he at once abandoned his design. Starting on New-Year's day from New York, he reached Prince-town on the same evening, took command of the British troops in Jersey, and advanced to give battle to the enemy. Before nightfall on the 2nd he had reached Trenton. The Americans evacuated the place, and bivouacked on the opposite bank of a creek which ran through the town. The night was spent by the two Generals in reflections of a very opposite character. Cornwallis was thinking how best to bring on a general action next morning, whilst Washington, clearly seeing that the odds were greatly against him, and victory hopeless, determined to escape under cover of the night. He could not recross the Delaware, for a thaw had set in, so doubled back towards Prince-town, hoping to get into the rear of Cornwallis's army; but in the thick fog of the January morning he had the mischance to fall in with a body of British troops, who gave him battle, and, in spite of their inferiority of numbers, threw the American battalions into confusion, and inflicted a severe chastisement upon them. There were but two English regiments, and neither was numerically strong; so the advantage gained at the outset was not followed up, and before Cornwallis could proceed to their support, the enemy had made good their retreat, had crossed the Millstone river, and destroyed the bridge in their rear. It is not ne-

cessary to pursue the narrative. The winter was rendered disastrous to the King's party by the activity of Washington and the paralysis which had fallen upon Howe. Cornwallis received the especial thanks of his Sovereign; but he felt that there could not be a worse field of distinction than that which lay before him in the American provinces.*

But the time had passed for him to proceed to England during that winter; so the year 1777, almost to its close, saw Lord Cornwallis in the command of his division. Of the little that was done well during that year, he did the greater part. Sir William Howe was an easy, good-natured, popular man; but his qualities were rather of a social than a military character, and excessive sloth was the characteristic of the British army under his command. It was his habit to move too late and to halt too early for any useful purpose. The military annalists are continually reciting the successes which were within the reach of the British troops, but which were always abandoned just at the point of attainment. It is admitted, however, that Lord Cornwallis was more prompt and rapid in his movements than the other British Generals, and it appears that when there was real work to be done he was ever the man to be sent to the front. He did the work well, too—as far as he was permitted to do it. One instance will suffice to show the quality of the General. In

* I read with much pleasure your commendation of Lord Cornwallis's services during the campaign, and I am to acquaint you that the King very much applauds the ability and conduct which his Lordship displayed, &c., &c.—Lord George Germain to Sir W. Howe, March 3, 1777.—*Cornwallis Correspondence.*

the burning month of June, it seemed to the English Commander that circumstances were favourable for an attack on Washington's force; and Cornwallis was sent forward, in command of the van of the British army, to give him battle. He had not marched far before he fell in with the leading columns of the American army. No orders were now needed from higher authority, so Cornwallis flung himself upon the enemy with so much impetuosity that they staggered at the first onset, and were soon in a state of inextricable confusion. Leaving behind them their guns and their killed and wounded, they fled in disorder from the field.

But the winter came round again, and Cornwallis, disappointed in the preceding year, was now eager to return to England. Sir William Howe sent him home with a commission to communicate with the King's Government regarding the general history and conduct of the war. On the 18th of January, 1788, he disembarked from the *Brilliant*, and hastened to embrace his wife and children. The joy of meeting even then was clouded by the thought of the coming separation. Brief was the time of absence allowed to him, and there was much in that little time to be done. The months of February and March and the earlier weeks of April passed rapidly away in the transaction of business with the King's Ministers, in attendance at the House of Lords, and in sweet communion with his family. The prospect before him was not cheering. His sentiments were unchanged. He had heard with reverential sorrow the dying voice of Chatham lifted up in a last despairing effort to save his unhappy country from an ig-

nominious peace; but he did not the less deprecate the causes of the war, or disapprove of the manner in which it was conducted. He had seen everything going wrong, when there was only an undisciplined militia to be coerced by the best troops of the King, and now France was lending her aid to the cause of American Independence. It was true that General Howe, who had done so much to favour the triumph of the rebels, was about to resign the command of the King's forces in America. But the General's place was to be filled by one whom he did not like so well as a man, and whom he did not trust much more as a commander. So he went to the place of embarkation, at the end of the third week of April, in a state of sore depression of spirit, with nothing but the one abiding sense of his duty as a soldier to sustain him.

His wife and children accompanied him to Portsmouth. The parting was very painful, and Lady Cornwallis went back to Culford utterly weighed down by the burden of her grief. She had lived in strict retirement during the first absence of her lord, and now she relapsed into her old solitary ways, grieving and pining as one without hope, until her health gave way beneath the unceasing weight of her sorrow, and she said that she was dying of a broken heart. In this piteous state, a strange fancy seized her. She desired that a thorn-tree might be planted over her grave in the family vault at Culford, just above the spot where her poor broken heart would be laid, thus emblematizing the fate of one whom the 'pricking briars and grieving thorns' had torn and pierced in the tenderest parts

of her humanity. This was to be her epitaph. Not a word was to be graven on her tomb.

In the mean while Lord Cornwallis had rejoined the King's army in America. He found that Sir Henry Clinton was on the point of evacuating Philadelphia, and that there was small chance of his ever being able to co-operate harmoniously with his chief. He was now second in command, and he held a dormant commission to succeed, in the event of Clinton's death or retirement, to the chief command of all the forces. It is not very clear what was the main cause of that disagreement, which in time ripened into a bitter feud between the two Generals; but Cornwallis had been only a very few weeks in America when his position was so unbearable that he wrote to the Secretary of State, begging him to lay a humble request before his Majesty that he might be permitted to return to England. The request was not granted. His services could not be dispensed with at such a time; so he went on his work. But the official answer of the King's Government had scarcely been received, when tidings reached Cornwallis that his wife was dying. The year was then far spent, and the army was going into winter-quarters; so he determined to resign his command, and to set his face again towards England. The necessary permission was obtained from Clinton;* and, in a state of extreme anxiety and depres-

* Clinton put the best gloss upon the matter that he could. 'The Army being now in winter-quarters,' he wrote to the Secretary of State, 'and the defences of the different posts assigned, I have consented that Lieutenant-General Earl Cornwallis should return to England, where his knowledge of the country and our circumstances

sion, Cornwallis put himself on board ship. In the middle of the month of December he reached Culford. His wife was still alive; but all hope of her recovery had gone. It was now too late even for his presence to save. She survived her husband's return for two months, and then passed away to her rest.*

Then a great change descended upon the character, and influenced all the after-career of Lord Cornwallis. It is not to be doubted that the bent of his natural affections was towards a quiet domestic life, and it is probable that, if this great calamity had not fallen upon him, he would have endeavoured to detach himself from the public service. But all now was changed. That which had been a burden became a relief to him. He turned to the excitements of active life to fill the void that was left in his heart and to appease its cravings. After a brief interval of mournful retirement, he looked the world again in the face, and tendered his services to the King for re-employment in America.

The offer was eagerly accepted, and again Lord Cornwallis was appointed second in command and provisional

may during this season be as serviceable as I have found his experience and activity during the campaign.'

* Lady Cornwallis died on the 16th of February, 1779. The morbid fancy which she had expressed to be buried with a thorn-tree planted over her heart was complied with, and no name was engraved on the slab which marked the place in the vault at Culford where her remains were interred. Mr Ross adds, that 'the thorn-tree was necessarily removed in March, 1855, in consequence of alterations in the church: it was carefully replanted in the churchyard, but did not live more than three years afterwards.'—*Cornwallis Correspondence. Ross.*

Commander-in-Chief in America. He was now forty years of age, in the very vigour of his manhood; and if he was not stirred by any strong impulses of ambition, there was not one of the King's servants who was sustained by a higher and more enduring sense of duty. Duty, indeed, was now everything to Cornwallis. The wreck of his domestic happiness had endeared his work to him, and that which had before been submission to a hard necessity, now became, in the changed circumstances of his life, a welcome relief from the pressure of a great sorrow. Perhaps even certain painful peculiarities in his situation were not without their uses in distracting his mind, and breaking in upon the monotony of his distress.

How it happened I cannot very distinctly explain, but the King's Ministers had assuredly placed him in a position which rendered a conflict with Sir Henry Clinton sooner or later inevitable. As second in command, with a provisional commission to succeed to the chiefship of the army, it was not easy altogether to keep clear of jealousies and rivalries; but as the King's Government had authorized him to correspond directly with them, as though he held altogether an independent command, there was a vagueness about the limits of authority, which was sure to create perplexity and to excite antagonism between the two Generals. It is probable that Clinton foresaw this, for he asked permission to resign. If there were, however, any bitterness of feeling in his mind he veiled it with becoming courtesy. 'I must beg leave,' he wrote to Lord George Germain, 'to express how happy I am made by the return of Lord Cornwallis to this country. His Lordship's indefatigable

zeal, his knowledge of the country, his professional ability, and the high estimation in which he is held by this army, must naturally give me the warmest confidence of efficacious support from him in every undertaking which opportunity may prompt, and our circumstances allow. But his presence affords to me another source of satisfaction. When there is upon the spot an officer every way so well qualified to have the interests of the country intrusted to him, I should hope I might without difficulty be removed from a station which nobody acquainted with its conditions will suppose to have sat lightly upon me.' His resignation was not accepted; and the two Generals were left, to be drifted, by the first tide of hostile circumstances, into deadly collision.

But at no time did Lord Cornwallis dispute the superior authority of Sir Henry Clinton, or fail publicly to recognize that officer as his chief. He had not long returned to America, when, having heard that Clinton proposed to carry Charleston by assault, he offered his services to him, and sought permission to accompany the stormers. 'If you find,' he wrote, 'that the enemy are obstinately bent on standing a siege, I shall take it as a favour if you will let me be of the party. I can be with you in eight hours from your sending to me. I should be happy to attend my old friends, the Grenadiers and Light Infantry, and perhaps you may think that on an occasion of that sort you cannot have too many officers. I can only say that, unless you see any inconvenience to the service, it is my hearty wish to attend you on that occasion. As it may not be proper to commit to writing, if you should approve of it, your

saying "Your Lordship will *take a ride* at such an hour" will be sufficient.' It may be doubted whether it was the duty of Lord Cornwallis, holding such a commission as he held, to volunteer for a storming party; but it is very difficult to blame a soldier who thus for a time forgets his rank, and sinks the officer in the soldier.

But Charleston was not carried by assault; and there was General's, not Subaltern's, work to be done by Cornwallis. On the 12th of May, the American General, Lincoln, surrendered; and early in the following month Clinton moved to the northward, whilst Cornwallis took the command in South Carolina, with his head-quarters at Charleston. Whilst he was debating in his mind the course of future operations, news came that a strong body of the enemy, under General Gates, were advancing to attack the British troops posted at Camden; so he hastened to join the army, and placed himself at its head. It was plain that the Americans were in far greater force, but he at once resolved to give them battle. On the morning of the 16th of August, Cornwallis and Gates found themselves within reach of each other. The English General commenced the attack, and, after a sharp conflict, totally defeated the enemy, and took their guns, ammunition, and baggage. 'In short,' wrote the English General, 'there never was a more complete victory.' But victories, in those days, however complete, did not lead to much. After the battle of Camden, Cornwallis determined to execute the design, which he had previously formed, of advancing into North Carolina. But he had not proceeded farther than Charlotte-town, when he found that the situation of affairs

was such as to preclude all hope of the success of offensive operations. There was a scarcity of carriage; there was a scarcity of stores; and worse than all, there was such a scarcity of active loyalty in North Carolina, that even the most sanguine of generals could have seen but little brightness in the prospect before him. The militia of so-called 'loyalists,' raised in America, were not to be trusted. They were as likely as not to forsake the standard of King George in a critical moment, and go over bodily to his enemies. The people who would have remained true to the parent State were disheartened by the want of vigour with which the war had been prosecuted by the King's Government, and found that there was no safety for them except in adhesion to the 'rebel' cause. Whilst things were in this state, a serious disaster occurred to a detachment of loyalists under Major Ferguson, which dispelled all doubt upon the subject of the comparative strength of the two parties in North Carolina; so, as it was now the month of October, Cornwallis determined to take up a defensive position, and to place his army in winter-quarters. He had himself fallen sick; a severe fever had seized him; and he was incapacitated for a while for service in the field.

During the winter months, Lord Cornwallis remained inactive, with his forces, at Wynnesborough; but the advance into North Carolina had been deferred, not abandoned, and his mind was busy with the thought of the coming campaign. The new year found him with restored health and renewed eagerness for action. It was scarcely, indeed, a week old, when he wrote to Sir Henry Clinton that he was ready to begin his march. But the new cam-

paign rose, as the old had set, in a cloud of disaster. A force of all arms, sent forward under Colonel Tarleton 'to strike a blow at General Morgan,' received itself such a blow from the American, that it reeled and staggered, and was so sore-stricken that it never recovered again. At the first onset the enemy's line gave way, and retired; but when the King's troops were in pursuit, the 'rebels' faced about, and delivered such a sharp fire that both our Infantry and our Cavalry were thrown into confusion, and were soon in a state of panic flight. The Artillery, after the fashion of that branch of the service, stood to their guns, and surrendered them only with their lives.

This disaster at Cowpens was as serious as it was unexpected; and, although it incited Cornwallis to redouble his exertions, he never wholly recovered from its effects. When the news reached him, he pushed forward with all possible despatch, hoping to overtake Morgan; but the American General had a clear start, and was not to be caught. So Cornwallis planted the King's standard at Hillsborough; but, forage and provisions being scarce in the neighbourhood, he crossed the Haw River about the end of February, and posted himself at Allemanse Creek. There, at the beginning of March, he gained tidings of the movements of the enemy under General Greene, and was eager to give them battle. On the 14th, the welcome news came that the enemy had advanced to Guildford, some twelve miles from the British camp. The following morning saw the army under Cornwallis pushing forward to meet the American forces, or to attack them in their encampments. They were soon in sight of each other. An hour after

noon the action commenced. The country, bounded by extensive woods, was unfavourable to open fighting, and afforded little scope for any complicated generalship. But the simple dispositions of Cornwallis were admirable, and the English troops, among which, conspicuous for their gallantry, were the Guards, covered themselves with glory. They were greatly outmatched in numbers.* The American General had chosen his ground, had disencumbered himself of his baggage, and had ample time to concert his plans before the English had come within reach of his guns. In short, everything was against the English Commander. But his own coolness and confidence in the face of these heavy odds, and the unflinching courage of his men, made inferiority of numbers and disadvantages of position matters only of small account. Throughout the long series of military operations which preceded the disruption of the American colonies from the parent State, no battle was better fought by the English, no victory was more triumphantly accomplished, than that which crowned this action at Guildford. The Americans, disastrously beaten at all points, fled from the field of battle, and when, at a distance of eighteen miles from the scene, Greene was able to rally his disordered troops, he found that he had few except his Regulars with him. The American historians admit that this was a signal illustration of the steadfastness and courage of the English troops when effectively commanded; whilst

* In a letter to General Phillips, given in Mr Ross's work, Lord Cornwallis says that the enemy were 'seven times his number.' But his 'present state,' on the morning of March 15, shows that he had nearly two thousand men, and the enemy had about seven thousand.

the English annalists of the war relate that nothing grander was seen at Crecy, Poictiers, or Agincourt.* In this action Cornwallis was wounded; but he would not suffer his name to appear in the list of casualties.

But it was one of the sad and sickening circumstances of this unhappy war, that when the King's troops gained a victory—and they were victorious in well-nigh every pitched battle—they could never turn it to account. In effect, it was commonly more like a defeat. Regarding it solely in its military aspects, no success could have been more complete than that which crowned the day's hard fighting at Guildford; but it hurt the British more than the Americans. So shattered and sore-spent was Cornwallis's little army after that unequal contest, that to follow up the victory was impossible; nay, to fall back and refit was necessary. There was no forage in the neighbourhood; there was no shelter. The troops were without provisions, and the people in the vicinity were afraid to supply them. Having done the best he could, therefore, for his wounded,

* Stedman, after describing in glowing terms the victory of Guildford, says: 'History, perhaps, does not furnish an instance of a battle gained under all the disadvantages which the British troops, assisted by a regiment of Hessians and some Yagers, had to contend against at Guildford Court House. Nor is there, perhaps, in the records of history, an instance of a battle fought with more determined perseverance than was shown by the British troops on that memorable day. The battles of Crecy, of Poictiers, and of Agincourt—the glory of our own country and the admiration of ages—had in each of them, either from particular local situation or other fortunate and favourable circumstances, something in a degree to counterbalance the superiority of numbers; here, time, place, and numbers, all united against the British.'

which was but little, he determined to fall back to a more desirable resting-place. Three days after the battle he marched out from Guildford. But he could find no convenient halting-place nearer than Wilmington; so there he planted his army on the 7th of April, and in no very sanguine mood began to meditate the future of the war.

The prospects before him were anything but cheering. If it were true in this instance that those who were not with him were against him, nearly the whole of the population of the American colonies was now arrayed against King George. There was but little loyalty left in the country, and that little was afraid to betray itself. The colonists who would have supported the King's cause by passive submission, if not by active assistance, were weary of waiting for the deliverance they expected; and as his enemies were waxing stronger and stronger every day, and with increased strength gathering increased bitterness, it had become absolute ruin to be on the King's side. But, hopeless as was the issue, the King's Generals were constrained to continue the war as best they could; and to Cornwallis it seemed best to carry it into Virginia. 'If,' he wrote to Lord George Germaine, 'it should appear to be the interest of Great Britain to maintain what she already possesses, and to push the war in the Southern Provinces, I take the liberty of giving it as my opinion that a serious attempt on Virginia would be the most solid plan, because successful operations might not only be attended with important consequences there, but would tend to the security of South Carolina, and ultimately to the submission of North Carolina.' And there were immediate

considerations which rendered it expedient that he should put his plans into execution without any loss of time. 'My situation here is very distressing,' he wrote from Wilmington to his friend General Phillips, on the 24th of April. 'Greene took the advantage of my being obliged to come to this place, and has marched to South Carolina. My expresses to Lord Rawdon on my leaving Cross Creek, warning him of the possibility of such a movement, have all failed; mountaineers and militia have poured into the back part of that province, and I much fear that Lord Rawdon's posts will be so distant from each other, and his troops so scattered, as to put him into the greatest danger of being beat in detail, and that the worst consequences may happen to most of the troops out of Charles-town. By a direct move towards Camden, I cannot get time enough to relieve Lord Rawdon; and, should he have fallen, my army would be exposed to the utmost danger, from the great rivers I should have to pass, the exhausted state of the country, the numerous militia, the almost universal spirit of revolt which prevails in South Carolina, and the strength of Greene's army, whose continentals alone are at least as numerous as I am; and I could be of no use on my arrival at Charles-town, there being nothing to apprehend at present for that post. I shall, therefore, immediately march up the country by Duplin Court House, pointing towards Hillsborough, in hopes to withdraw Greene. If that should not succeed, I should be much tempted to try to form a junction with you.'* On the

* This letter is printed at length in the Appendix to Lord Cornwallis's 'Reply to Sir Henry Clinton's Narrative,' published in 1783.

following day he marched from Wilmington; but at that very time Lord Rawdon was in hot conflict with Greene at Hobkirk's Hill. The English troops, according to their wont, were victorious in action; but they could make nothing of their victory, and the enemy, though beaten, escaped.

The ground, however, was clear for Cornwallis's advance, and, during the space of three or four weeks, he marched uninterruptedly right through North Carolina into the Virginian provinces. He had spoken of the attempt, in the letter above quoted, to form a junction with Phillips only as a contingency, but he appears in reality to have determined upon it; and on the 20th of May he was at Petersburg. He arrived with a heavy heart; for, as he entered Virginia, he learned that his friend, whom he was advancing to relieve, and on whose co-operation he had relied, was lying cold in his grave. It was, indeed, a heavy loss both to himself and to his country, and it cast a cloud over the prospects of the campaign. He had at no time been very hopeful of the issue; but he saw that the only thing to be done was to carry the war into Virginia, and so he proceeded at once to map out his operations. 'I shall now proceed,' he wrote to Clinton on the 26th of May, 'to dislodge La Fayette from Richmond, and with my light troops, to destroy any magazines or stores in the neighbourhood which may have been collected either for his use or General Greene's army. From thence I purpose to move to the neck at Williamsburg, which is represented as healthy, and where some subsistence may be procured, and

keep myself unengaged from operations which might interfere with your plan for the campaign until I have the satisfaction of hearing from you. I hope I shall then have an opportunity to receive better information than has been in my power to procure relative to a proper harbour and place of arms. At present, I am inclined to think well of York.'* He had already, indeed, commenced his march, and was pressing on towards Richmond when he wrote. Once he contrived to draw La Fayette into battle, and gave him so warm a reception, that if night had not fallen on the conflict, he might have taken the Frenchman's whole corps. But from this time the tide of fortune turned, darkly and sadly, against the English Commanders. The eventual success of the King's troops had long become hopeless. All the seeds of a great failure were in the very nature of the business itself, and it needed but one adventitious circumstance to develop them speedily into a great harvest of disaster. Small chance is there that a military expedition should prosper at any time, when the leaders are divided against themselves. There was need, at this time, for the most perfect unity of action. But Cornwallis and Clinton were operating, in different parts of the country, without any common plan of action. The communications between the two forces were extremely defective,

* The truth is, that not feeling certain that he would succeed, he was unwilling to raise expectations in Phillips's mind which might not be realized by the result; but he wrote at the same time to the King's Government that he had 'resolved to take advantage of General Greene's having left the back part of Virginia open, and march immediately into that province to attempt a junction with General Phillips.'

and it is doubtful whether the Generals cared to improve them. It was for years afterwards a subject of vehement controversial discussion whether Clinton had or not approved of the expedition into Virginia at all. Irritated, and perhaps not without reason, by the permission given to Cornwallis to correspond directly with the King's Government, the Commander-in-Chief said sneeringly that he did not know but that his Lordship had received his orders from the Secretary of State; and Cornwallis declared that the style of Clinton's letters to him was so offensive, that he would have thrown up his command in disgust, had the circumstances of the war at that time been of a less critical character. It is not necessary to pursue the story of these dissensions. It is enough that whilst the power of the English was rapidly crumbling away, the Americans were gathering fresh strength for the contest. Large reinforcements were coming in from France; and the military genius of the colonists was in course of rapid development. It was plain that the Allies were meditating a grand attack upon the English forces; but so imperfect was our knowledge of their movements and their designs, that it was uncertain whether the great descent would be made on Clinton's position at New York or on Cornwallis's on the York River. So each General was eager to be reinforced by the other, and the energies of the British troops were wasted in embarkations and disembarkations and fruitless preparations for contingencies that never occurred.

All idea of offensive operations in Virginia had now been abandoned. Cornwallis had posted his troops at York and Gloucester, two small towns or villages on oppo-

site banks of the York River, and there he began at once to throw up defensive works. On the 22nd of August he wrote to Clinton, saying that 'his experience of the fatigue and difficulty of constructing works in that warm season, convinced him that all the labour that the troops there would be capable of without ruining their health would be required for at least six weeks to put the intended works at this place in a tolerable state of defence.' And as time advanced, and the works proceeded, it was manifest that he would have need of all the defensive power that he could create; for in the early autumn it became certain that Washington was about to concentrate all his energies upon a decisive attack on Cornwallis's position. In truth, he was now in imminent danger—and all that he could do was to work and to wait. 'While fleets and armies,' writes one of the historians of the war—'Frenchmen from Rhode Island and the West Indies, and Americans from North, South, East, and West—were gathering round him, Lord Cornwallis continued to fortify his positions as well as he could, and to indulge in the hope that Sir Henry Clinton would be enabled, by means of the arrival of Admiral Digby, to co-operate with him, and to bring round to the Chesapeake such a force of men and ships as would turn the scale entirely in favour of the British.' He was now, indeed, in the toils of the enemy, who were closing around him, and the success so eagerly looked for still seemed to be far off. If in that conjuncture he had wholly desponded, he would, as his own natural inclinations prompted him, have gone out to try conclusions with the enemy, and, in his despair, risked everything upon the gambler's throw;

but he still hoped that the promised relief would come, so he continued to stand upon the defensive.

What follows is a well-known passage in English history. As the autumn advanced, the French and American armies, strong in numbers, strong in all the equipments of war, with the best skill of European artillerymen and engineers, continued to close around Cornwallis's lines; and at the end of September they commenced the attack. York Town was but a poor village, and the King's troops had not been able so to strengthen their defences as to enable them to stand a regular siege. In this emergency the only substantial hope of success lay in the arrival of succours from Clinton's force. The tactics of the enemy, which had before been doubtful, were now fully developed beyond all questioning, and there was no longer any doubt respecting the point on which all the strength of the British should be concentrated. But the reinforcements, which might have saved him, did not come. Day after day, Cornwallis waited eagerly for tidings of the coming help that might turn a disastrous failure into a glorious success. Clinton had written to say that he was sending five thousand men to his relief. But the troop-ships from New York did not make their longed-for appearance in the Chesapeake, and, in the mean while, the heavy ordnance of the enemy was telling with mighty effect upon the British works. The courage and constancy of the besieged were of the highest order, and Cornwallis was not a man to be inactive if anything could be done by fighting. But never since the world began has there been so pitiful a record of wasted bravery as that which lies before us in the annals of our cam-

paigns in America. When our people made a gallant sortie upon the destroying batteries of the enemy, and spiked their guns, complete as was the first success of the brave exploit, it was as profitless as all our other successes. The guns were soon made serviceable again, and our position was more sorely pressed than before. Then Cornwallis saw clearly that there was no longer any hope of a successful issue to his defensive operations. The month of October was fast wearing away, and there was no appearance of the promised succours. There were only two ways of saving the army under his command. One was by surrender, against which his soul revolted, and the other was by cutting his way through the enemy; and this, hazardous as it was, had far greater attractions for him. So he resolved, under the cover of the night, to embark his troops, to cross the river, and to force his way through the enemy's lines on the opposite bank. It was a resolution worthy of a brave man; but Providence forbade its successful issue. The attempt was made, but it failed. A violent storm arose, and baffled the enterprise midway towards completion. The boats which had crossed the river with a portion of the force could not be sent back to bring over the remainder, and before the wind had moderated the favouring darkness had passed. All that Cornwallis could then do was to withdraw the regiments that had passed over from their perilous position on the opposite bank of the river, and to seek safety behind the lines of York Town.

But there was no longer any safety to be found there. The works were crumbling to pieces. The ammunition

in store was well-nigh exhausted. Sickness had broken out among the troops, and there was barely enough effective strength in garrison to man the lines. The longed-for succours were now past hoping for; and the last throw of despairing heroism had failed. In this extremity, on the 18th of October Cornwallis called a council of his chief officers and engineers; but no man could speak words of comfort to him, or fortify him with assurances that there were any means of resisting the assaults of the enemy, which were then hourly expected. 'Under all these circumstances, I thought,' he wrote afterwards to Sir Henry Clinton, 'it would have been wanton and inhuman to the last degree to sacrifice the lives of this small body of gallant soldiers, who had ever behaved with so much fidelity and courage, by exposing them to an assault which, from the numbers and precautions of the enemy, could not fail to succeed. I therefore proposed to capitulate.'

A letter was, therefore, addressed to Washington, who answered that, ardently desirous to spare the further effusion of blood, he would willingly discuss such terms of surrender as he might consider admissible. The terms agreed upon were that the British garrison should march out of York Town 'with shouldered arms, colours cased, and drums beating'—the cavalry with swords drawn and trumpets sounding—and that then they were to ground their arms, and to become prisoners of war. The officers, however, were to be allowed to retain their side-arms.* In effect, this humiliating reverse brought the war in America to a

* There were several other subsidiary articles, but it is necessary only to recite the above.

close, though it was feebly maintained for a space of more than another year. Cornwallis had attempted to negotiate terms, permitting the officers and men under him to leave America for England or Germany on parole. To this Washington would not accede, and so the prisoners of war were to remain on the scene of the disaster, under the supervision of the allies. The French in this conjuncture behaved with a generosity that it is pleasant to record. 'The treatment in general,' wrote Cornwallis, a few days after his surrender, 'that we have received from the enemy has been perfectly good and proper; but the kindness and attention that have been shown to us by the French officers in particular—their delicate sensibility of our situation—their generous and pressing offers of money, both public and private, to any amount—has really gone beyond what I can possibly describe, and will, I hope, make an impression on the breast of every British officer, whenever the fortune of war should put any of them into our power.' Good words, and worthy to be remembered; a generous recognition of conduct right generous in an enemy, becoming the chivalry of the two foremost nations of the world.

But Cornwallis was not doomed to remain long a captive in America. It happened that one of the commissioners appointed by Washington to negotiate the terms of capitulation was Colonel John Laurens, whose father, Henry Laurens, President of Congress, had been captured by the English, and was then a prisoner in our hands. Nay, more—having been committed to the Tower, he was nominally in the custody of Lord Cornwallis, who still retained the office of Constable. So it was thought that an exchange

of these two illustrious prisoners might be effected. Cornwallis, therefore, was allowed to leave America on his parole. He arrived in England a few days after the dawn of the new year. But the negotiation of the exchange was a long and weary business, and dragged painfully all through the year. The Americans denied that they had promised to release Cornwallis in exchange for Laurens, and having taken another English General,* who might be exchanged for their countryman, thought it would be well to continue the parole of the first, and at one time threatened to recall him to America. All this disquieted him greatly. There was at the same time, too, another source of trouble. Sir Henry Clinton had returned to England, and had commenced a war of pamphlets, in which Cornwallis felt himself obliged to take part in self-defence. The main question so acrimoniously discussed was whether Clinton had, or had not, sanctioned the operations in Virginia which were brought to so disastrous a close. A large mass of correspondence was produced by both disputants in support of their several assertions, with the result that generally attends paper-warfare of this kind. Neither party was convinced by the other; public opinion was divided; and the question remained at the end of the controversy in the same state as when it was commenced.

But the discussion came to an end without a duel, and at last Cornwallis was released from his parole. He then became eager for re-employment in the line of his profession. He had little taste for party politics, and his position was not a pleasant one, for the most cherished of his per-

* General Burgoyne.

sonal friends, and those with whose sentiments he most sympathized, were in Opposition;* and as he held an appointment under Government,† he considered it his duty to take a decided course, and to place his office at the disposal of the Crown. The King had at first declined to accept his resignation; but, in the beginning of 1784, Cornwallis felt that he could no longer hold the office with honour. 'You will agree with me,' he wrote to his friend Colonel Ross, in January, 'that in the present state of parties in this country it was impossible for me to hold it long without becoming contemptible to all sides, and that, perhaps, I had already held it too long; indeed, I am convinced that I ought to have resigned on the coming in of the Coalition.'‡ He had now fully made up his mind, and although, as he said, he should 'lose a much greater part of his income than he could afford,' he resigned the Constableship, and Lord George Lennox was appointed to succeed him. But the King had not many good soldiers in those days; and Cornwallis was not a man to be shelved. If no great success had attended his operations in America, it was generally conceived that he had done better than any one else. He was a brave soldier, and, when opportunity offered, he had proved himself to be a good general. But, above all, he was a man of true nobility of nature, and thoroughly to

* Lord Shelburne, whom he always regarded as his political leader, was Prime Minister from July, 1782, to April, 1783, when his ministry was overthrown.

† The office of Constable of the Tower was then a civil office.

‡ This was the coalition between North and Fox, which drove Lord Shelburne from office, and afterwards, in the face of much regal reluctance, was permitted to form a Cabinet.

be trusted. The King's Government, indeed, had unabated confidence in him, though the 'fortune of war' had been adverse, and were anxious again to re-employ him on some service of responsibility, and sounded him as to his willingness to go to India. Lord Shelburne had been the first to enter into friendly communication with him on the subject; but whilst he was on his parole, Cornwallis would not suffer himself even to think of employment abroad. It was not, however, the partiality of a friend that dictated this proposal. When Shelburne was driven from office and the Coalition were in power, Lord North* and Mr Fox seemed to be equally anxious to secure the services of Cornwallis. Fox, indeed, though in no wise his friend, private or political, paid him the highest possible tribute in the course of his speech on the India Bill.† But there was a

* 'Lord Hinchinbrook,' wrote Lord Cornwallis to Mr Ross, Oct. 26, 1783, 'whom I saw when I was at Eton, told me that the King said to him that Lord North had asked whether I would go to India. He answered that he supposed I would, if it was proposed to me to go in a proper situation. As, however, I have heard nothing from Lord North, with whom I have such easy communication, I conclude that nothing is seriously meant. As the time of year for talking on the terrace was over, I could not conveniently see his Majesty.'—*Cornwallis Correspondence. Ross.*

† 'A learned gentleman (Mr Dundas) last year proposed to give the most extraordinary powers to the Governor-General; he at the same time named the person who was to fill the office. The person was Earl Cornwallis, whom he (Mr Fox) named only for the purpose of paying homage to his high character. The name of such a man might make Parliament consent to the vesting of such powers in a Governor-General; but certain he was that nothing but the great character of that noble Lord could ever induce the Legislature to commit such powers to an individual at the distance of half the globe.'

change of Ministry, followed by a general election; and the reins of empire were now securely in the hands of Mr Pitt. The new year found Cornwallis manifestly reluctant to take service in India. 'Should any proposals be hereafter made to me relative to India,' he had written to Colonel Ross in December, 'I do not feel at all inclined to listen to them. I am handsomely off, and in the present fluctuating state of affairs at home, with violent animosities about India, I can see no prospect of any good. I am aware that present ease may have some weight, but it requires great resolution to engage a second time in a plan of certain misery for the rest of my life without more substantial encouragements.' The change of Ministry rendered it certain that the offer would be renewed; and as soon as the abatement of popular excitement at home allowed Mr Pitt and his friends to give a thought to the remote dependency of India, they began to sound him as to his willingness to turn his face towards the East Indies.

It appears to have been, at this time, in contemplation to invite Lord Cornwallis to assume the chief command of the army in that country. But the idea was not an attractive one to him. 'The more I turn it in my mind,' he said, 'the less inclination I feel to undertake it. I see no field for extraordinary military reputation, and it appears to me, in every light, dangerous to the greatest degree. To abandon my children and every comfort on this side the grave; to quarrel with the Supreme Government in India, whatever it might be; to find that I have neither power to model the army or correct abuses; and, finally, to run the

risk of being beat by some Nabob, and being disgraced to all eternity, which from what I have read of these battles appears to be a very probable thing to happen—I cannot see, in opposition to this, great renown and brilliant fortune.' But when his sentiments were known, the King's Government, as represented by William Pitt, was willing to place both the civil and the military power in his hands. This changed the complexion of affairs—because it now appeared to him that there were prospects of more extensive usefulness in India. 'My mind is much agitated,' he wrote shortly afterwards to Colonel Ross. 'I can come to no resolution till I know the plan; yet inclination cries out every moment, "Do not think of it; reject all offers; why should you volunteer plague and misery?" Duty then whispers, "You are not sent here merely to please yourself; the wisdom of Providence has thought fit to put an insuperable bar to any great degree of happiness; can you tell, if you stay at home, that the loss of your son, or some heavy calamity, may not plunge you in the deepest despair? Try to be of some use; serve your country and your friends; your confined circumstances do not allow you to contribute to the happiness of others, by generosity and extensive charity; take the means which God is willing to place in your hands." . . . After all I have said, I can hardly think the India business will come in such a shape as to oblige me to accept. I will, however, give my reason as free scope as possible to act by boldly combating my passions, and hope I shall decide for the best.' And again, a few weeks afterwards, he wrote: 'I am sensible that finding I can live comfortably in England, and having every reason to expect

comfort from my children, who are now nearly arriving at an age when an anxious and affectionate father would wish to be constantly watching them, I should, by going to India, sacrifice all earthly happiness without even gratifying my favourite passion, which has hitherto excited me to quit ease and enjoyment for mortification and anxiety; yet I flatter myself I shall have fortitude enough to do my duty, if I should see a prospect of being really serviceable to my country.'* In this sentence we see the very key-stone of his character—a prevailing sense that he was not sent into the world only to please himself, but commissioned to do an appointed work; and that it was his duty to do it manfully and with all his might.

But he was very doubtful at this time whether the conditions of the proffered employment in India would be such as to satisfy him that he could be of substantial use to the State. His American experiences had painfully impressed upon him the fact that there are conditions of service which may frustrate the best efforts of zeal and ability of the highest order; and the reports from India, which from time to time had reached him since his return from the West, did much to confirm this impression of the evil of divided authority and responsibility, and the impossibility of escaping unsoiled from the antagonism of jealous rivals. Pitt was now about to bring in a new India Bill, and much would depend upon the extent of the power to be conferred upon the Governor-General. The bill was a very good bill;†

* Cornwallis Correspondence. Ross.

† Lord Russell, in his Memoirs of Charles Fox, has observed

but the framers of it had striven rather to perfect the machinery of the Home Government, and to establish just relations between its several parts, than to introduce a system of government in India so contrived as to prevent those desperate collisions which had yielded such a growth of scandals during the protracted administration of Warren Hastings. The bill did not fulfil the conditions under which alone Lord Cornwallis believed that he could be serviceable to the State. Even before it had passed through committee, the King's Government had offered him any appointment under it that he might be inclined to accept. He might go out as Governor-General, or he might go out as Commander-in-Chief; but he could not hold both offices. The 'favourite passion,' of which he had spoken in the letter quoted above, was a desire for military glory.

with infinite truth: 'It was easy for Mr Fox, with his vast powers of reasoning, long exercised on this subject, to prove that these two authorities must be always in conflict; that, with two supreme heads confronted, confusion must ensue, and that the abuses of the Indian Government must be perpetuated under so strange and anomalous a system. The experience of seventy years, however, has blunted arguments which could not be logically refuted. The real supremacy of the Ministers of the Crown, usually kept in the background, but always ready to be exerted, has kept in check the administration of the Company, and placed the affairs of India under that guarantee of Ministerial responsibility by which all things in Great Britain are ordered and controlled. The Directors of the East India Company have not ventured to connive at acts which a Minister of the Crown would not sanction, and a Minister of the Crown would not sanction acts which he could not defend in Parliament. Thus silently, but effectually, the spirit of the British Constitution has pervaded India, and the most absolute despotism has been qualified and tempered by the genius of representative government.'

He was very reluctant to leave the line of his profession. But he could not bring himself to accept the chief command of the Indian Army, because, as he said, 'in the present circumscribed situation of the Commander-in-Chief, without power or patronage, an officer could neither get credit to himself nor essentially serve the public;' and, as to the Governor-Generalship, he said that if he should relinquish the profession to which he had devoted his life from his youth upwards, and had 'abandoned every consideration of happiness,' he might find himself 'in competition with some person whose habits of business would render him much more proper for the office.' * Lord Shelburne had offered him the Governor-Generalship, together with the Chief Command of the Army, and he was now resolute, for these reasons, to accept both offices or none.

The decision was conveyed in August to his old friend Lord Sydney, then Secretary of State.† Cornwallis had distinctly declared, on this and other occasions, his desire for promotion in the military service of his country, to which, as both the King and the King's Ministers freely admitted, no man had a better claim. George, indeed, had blurted out that it was a shame that Lord Cornwallis had not a better military appointment. But when some vacancies occurred at this time—as the Colonelcy of the

* Lord Cornwallis to Lord Sydney, August 4, 1784.—*Cornwallis Correspondence. Ross.*

† Lord Sydney was the Tom Townshend of Cornwallis's boyhood days. The 'dear Tommy' to whom he addressed the letter quoted at page 6.

Grenadier Guards and the Governorship of Plymouth—the King's Ministers, in a spirit of the most inexcusable jobbery, nominated men whose pretensions were confined to their family connections or political influence. This injustice Cornwallis resented with becoming dignity. He told Lord Sydney, and he told Mr Pitt, that if they had informed him it would be for the benefit of the King and the King's Government that his claims should be ignored in favour of others, he would not only have consented cheerfully to the arrangement, but have given up a part of his fortune, if required, to the recipients of the royal patronage. But he had been rudely set aside without explanation. So he left the presence of Lord Sydney, who had stammered out some lame excuses, with an intimation that the friendship between them was at an end; and he wrote to Mr Pitt, saying, 'I still admire your character. I have still hopes that your abilities and integrity will preserve this distressed country; I will not be base enough, from a sense of personal injury, to join faction, and endeavour, right or wrong, to obstruct the measures of Government; but I must add—and with heartfelt grief I do it—that private confidence cannot easily be restored.' But it was restored—after a lapse of only two days. Cornwallis and the young Minister met by the request of the latter; and Pitt offered him the post of Constable of the Tower, which he had before held for many years. Cornwallis declined the offer. But when Pitt said that nothing had been further from his intention than to slight one who had rendered such distinguished service to his country, and that if he had unwittingly offended, he could only ask pardon, and offer any repara-

tion in his power, the generous nature of the soldier was satisfied; he accepted the appointment; and there was an end of the rupture between him and both Sydney and Pitt.

This was in November, 1784. The new India Bill was by this time in full working order; and Mr Dundas had become the Indian Minister, as the working member and real autocrat of the Board of Control. Cornwallis did not predict that much good would result from the arrangement; for he thought that Dundas, though 'a very clever fellow,' was 'but a short-sighted politician.' But the latter was sufficiently far-seeing to be anxious to secure for India the services of so good a man as Cornwallis; and the new year was not many weeks old, when Pitt wrote a friendly, flattering letter, pressing the Governor-Generalship again upon him, and earnestly requesting an interview. The result was, that Pitt asked him to talk the matter over with Dundas. When he met the Minister, Cornwallis thought that he espied trickery and intrigue; that it was intended to smooth down some ministerial difficulty, and had little reference either to what was due to him or what was due to the public. In order to propitiate him, Dundas said that it would be easy to amend certain provisions of the India Bill which restricted the powers of the Governor-General. But Cornwallis still thought that the whole affair savoured of an arrangement; and so, after deliberating with himself for four-and-twenty hours, he respectfully declined the offer.*

* Lord Cornwallis to Colonel Ross, Feb. 23, 1785.—The words of the letter are: 'I easily found out from him (Dundas) that, after

On the 8th of February, 1785—almost at the very time when Pitt was pressing the Governor-Generalship on Lord Cornwallis *—Warren Hastings, amidst a shower of valedictory addresses, carrying with him the good wishes of large bodies of people, of all races and professions, walked down to the river-side at Calcutta, and embarked on board the pinnace which was to convey the departing Governor-General to the vessel then waiting to bear him to England. He was succeeded in the government by Mr John Macpherson, the senior member of Council. In the course of the summer of that year, Lord Macartney, who had been Governor of Madras, went round to Calcutta, where, being determined to set the young gentlemen of the settlement an example of frugality and endurance, he walked out in the sun without an umbrella, and nearly died from the effects of his devotion. This was not, however, the only incident which distinguished his visit to Bengal. He received there a letter from the Court of Directors address-

having lost sight of my going for six months, it was now taken up to prevent some disagreement of the Cabinet. He told me that if I would say I would go, many things which I objected to in the bill should be altered. I was well aware of the danger of a declaration of that sort, and indeed from their manner of conducting business ever since their bill passed, their disagreements at home, and the circumstances attending the appointment of their generals, and the present sudden application to me, merely to get rid of a momentary rub among themselves, I was convinced it would be madness in me to engage; so that, after taking twenty-four hours to consider, I gave a very civil negative.'—*Cornwallis Correspondence. Ross.*

* In the above letter, dated Feb. 23, it is said that Pitt made the offer 'a fortnight ago.'

ed to him as Governor-General.* The refusal of Lord Cornwallis to accept the office had been followed by the nomination of Lord Macartney, who had the claim of good Indian service, and who was on the spot to take up the reins of office. But the arrangement was not palatable to all the members of the King's Government; and I suspect that the 'momentary rub among themselves,' of which Cornwallis had spoken as the cause of the renewal of the offer to him, was in reality a difference of opinion regarding the expediency of selecting Lord Macartney. But the latter nobleman had no greater desire than the former to be the successor of Warren Hastings. He required rest; he required, after the dangerous experiment of walking in the sun, a visit to a milder climate for the restoration of his shattered health; so he turned his face towards England, and left the interregnum of Mr Macpherson to continue for another year.

In the mean while, work of another kind had been found for Lord Cornwallis. The continental relations of Great Britain were at that time in a state which it was impossible to regard without some apprehensions of evil. We were in a condition of most discouraging isolation. Our only friend and ally was Prussia; and Frederick was not very eager to boast of the connection. It was thought, however, that he might be persuaded to put aside the over-cautious reserve which stood in the way of a closer alliance between the two countries, and that this object might more readily

* Lord Macartney was appointed Governor-General of India by a resolution of the Court, dated Feb. 17, 1785. The votes for and against were equal, and the decision was arrived at by lot.

be attained through the agency of some unaccredited Englishman of rank, than through the ordinary official channel of the British Minister at Berlin. It happened that Lord Cornwallis had been contemplating a continental tour with the avowed object of improving his professional knowledge by visiting the great Prussian Reviews. He was just the man, therefore, for the purpose, as one not likely to awaken the suspicions of the King. Solicited by our Ministers, he readily undertook to do his best, and at the end of the summer he crossed the Channel. His instructions inculcated caution. He was to listen rather than to talk; to receive rather than to give; to draw Frederick into an avowal of his wishes rather than to declare those of his own Court. But it was soon apparent to him that he was not likely to make much political progress in Prussia. He was disappointed with everything; disappointed with his reception, disappointed with the reviews, and very glad when the time came to return to England. Before he set his face homewards, however, he had accomplished an interview with Frederick, which resulted in a clear declaration of the views and wishes of the great King. The growing infirmity of monarchs is the best security for peace. What Frederick might have said, years before, we can only conjecture; but, in his decrepitude, he longed to be left to his repose, and the policy which suited him best was that which was most certain to have a pacific issue. He said, in effect, that England and Prussia were not strong enough to contend with France, Austria, and Russia, and that any open alliance between the two first-named powers might result in a disastrous war. If Russia could be weaned from the

Austrian connection, a tripartite alliance might do something; but England and Prussia alone would be powerless against those three great states, with all their lesser allies. England would have to bear the brunt of the war by sea, and Prussia by land; and the astute monarch saw plainly that nothing but ruin could result from such a combination against him.*

Lord Cornwallis returned to England before the end of the year. On the 9th of January, 1786, Lord Macartney arrived from India. The question of the Governor-Generalship was now to be definitively settled. Lord Macartney had been formally appointed Governor-General; but he desired to attach to his acceptance of the office certain conditions to which the King's Ministers demurred. He was an Irish Peer. He asked for an English Peerage. The Government thought that this should be rather a reward for good service done than a 'bid' for good service to be done,

* Memorandum by Lord Cornwallis.—*Cornwallis Correspondence. Ross.*—The following extract from the 'Heads' of Conversation is interesting, on more than one account. 'The King said that he knew France was trying to hurt us everywhere; that she had sent people to India to disturb the tranquillity of that country, but they had returned without effecting anything; that she was busily employed in Ireland. He hoped we would lose no time in putting our affairs there on so safe a footing as to be in no danger of a civil war, which, on an appearance of a foreign one, France would not fail to use her utmost efforts to foment.' This interview took place on September 17, 1785. Carlyle, in his 'History of Frederick the Great,' makes no mention of it; but it was well worthy of mention. He, however, speaks of a royal dinner-party, on a previous day, after a review at Gross-Tinz, at which entertainment were present 'La Fayette, Cornwallis, and the Duke of York.'

and therefore refused to comply with his request. It would seem that they were not sorry to split with him. He had some enemies in the Cabinet, and external influences had been brought to bear against his succession.* Moreover, there was a growing conviction that Lord Cornwallis was the right man to be sent to India, if his scruples could be overcome. He had always believed that unless large powers were vested in him, he could render no service to his country. He desired to hold in his own hands both the supreme civil and the supreme military authority; and seeing that, if thwarted, as Hastings had been by a factious opposition in the Council, he would have no real power of any kind, he declared it to be an essential condition of his acceptance of the office that he should be empowered on great occasions to act upon his own responsibility, against the votes of the majority of the Council. To these conditions Pitt and Dundas readily consented. They could not have

* This is very clearly stated in the following passage of a letter from Mr Dundas, given in 'Barrow's Life of Macartney:' 'You are rightly informed when you suppose that the appointment of Lord Macartney was not a favourite measure with several members of the administration. Neither was it popular with a great body of the directors and proprietors of the East India Company. I need not mention that it was not agreeable either to the partisans of Mr Hastings or of Sir John Macpherson. When, therefore, against such an accumulation of discontent and opposition Mr Pitt was induced by me to concur in the return of Lord Macartney to India as Governor-General, it was not unnatural that both of us should have felt hurt that he did not rather repose his future fortunes in our hands than make it the subject of a *sine quâ non* preliminary. And I think, if Lord Macartney had known us as well then as he did afterwards, he would have felt as we did.'

placed these extended powers in any safer hands than those of Lord Cornwallis; and in safe hands this extension of authority could not be other than a public good. So at last Cornwallis consented to be Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India.* 'The proposal of going to India,' he wrote on the 23rd of February to Colonel Ross, 'has been pressed upon me so strongly, with the circumstance of the Governor-General's being independent of his Council, as intended in Dundas's former bill, and having the supreme command of the military, that, much against my will, and with grief of heart, I have been obliged to say yes, and to exchange a life of ease and content, to encounter all the plagues and miseries of command and public station. I have this day notified my consent, and shall go down to-morrow for a few days to Culford.'† It was all settled now. There was an end to the doubts, and questionings, and obstinate self-conflicts of years.

Of the two nominees, the rejected one was, probably, far the happier of the two. Lord Macartney is said to have been delighted with the result. 'That he had a strong disinclination to accept the appointment,' says his biographer, Mr Barrow, 'and that the conditions on which only he could accept it were made solely on public grounds, the following anecdote, obligingly communicated by Lady Macartney, is an unequivocal proof. Her ladyship being one evening at a large party, Lord Macartney came in, and

* Lord Cornwallis was appointed Governor-General by an unanimous resolution of the Court of Directors, dated February 24, 1786.

† Cornwallis Correspondence. Ross.

being impatient to communicate some intelligence to her, took out a card, and wrote with a pencil on the back of it as follows: "*I am the happiest man in England at this hour. Lord Cornwallis, I hear, is Governor-General of India.*" The card is still in her ladyship's possession, with the pencil writing upon it.'*

The King's Ministers kept their promise, and prepared at once to bring in a supplementary Act of Parliament, explaining or amending the objectionable clauses in the India Bill of 1784.† It was certain that it would be opposed.

* Barrow's Life of Macartney.

† The following is the portion of the bill which relates to the extension of the powers of the Governor-General. It was 'enacted, that when and so often as any measure or question shall be proposed or agitated in the Supreme Council at Fort Willlam, in Bengal . . . whereby the interests of the said United Company, or the safety or tranquillity of the British Possessions in India, are or may be essentially concerned or affected, and the said Governor-General . . . . shall be of opinion that it will be expedient either that the measures so proposed or agitated ought to be adopted or carried into execution, or that the same ought to be suspended, or wholly rejected, and the several other Members of such Council then present shall dissent from such opinion, the said Governor-General, . . . and the Members of the said Council, shall communicate in Council to each other in writing, under their respective hands (to be recorded at large on their Secret Consultations), the respective grounds and reasons of their respective opinions; and if, after considering the same, the said Governor-General, . . . and the other Members of the said Council, shall severally retain their opinions, it shall and may be lawful to and for the said Governor-General . . . to make and declare any order (to be signed and subscribed by the said Governor-General . . . .) for suspending or rejecting the measure or question so proposed or agitated, in part or in whole, or to make and declare such order and resolution for adopting and carrying the measure so proposed or agitated into

The party who saw, or pretended to see, only a constitutional safeguard in such opposition as that with which Francis and Clavering had held in restraint the independent action of Governor-General Hastings, were alarmed and indignant at the thought of placing such large powers in the hands of a single man. It was to establish a gigantic despotism. So against this measure Edmund Burke lifted up his voice, declaring that it contemplated the introduction of an arbitrary and despotic government into India, on the false pretence of its tending to increase the security of our British Indian possessions, and to give fresh vigour, energy, and promptitude to the conduct of business, where before had been only weakness, decrepitude, and delay. To this Dundas replied in a convincing speech, which must have touched, in a sensitive place, Philip Francis, who had endeavoured to introduce a bill of his own—that arbitrary and despotic government might result from the action of two or three, no less than from the action of one; and that it was certain that all the mischief and misfortune that had, for many years, afflicted India, had arisen from the existence of party feelings and factious behaviour among the different Members of Council. The bill was passed by large majorities in both Houses of Parliament.

execution, as the said Governor-General . . . shall think fit and expedient; which said last-mentioned order and resolution, so made and declared, shall be signed, as well by the said Governor-General . . . as by all the other Members of the Council then present, and shall be as effectual and valid to all intents and purposes as if all the said other Members had advised the same, or concurred therein.' The words omitted relate to the extension in like manner of the powers of the Governor of Madras and Bombay.

Before this bill had passed into law, Lord Cornwallis had sailed for India. He embarked on board the *Swallow* packet in the first week of May,* accompanied by his staff, which then consisted of his dear friend, Colonel Ross, Captain Haldane, and Lieutenant Madden. It happened that among the passengers on board the *Swallow* was one of the ablest and most esteemed members of the Company's Civil Service. After many years of good work in India, where he had chiefly distinguished himself in the Revenue Department, John Shore had returned to England in the hope of ending his days there in the enjoyment of the very moderate competence which he had earned by honest exertion. But the high character which he carried home with him had recommended him to the Court of Directors for employment in a more important situation than any which he had yet held; and they had invited him to return to India to fill a coming vacancy in the Supreme Council. He had accepted the offer with manifest reluctance; but he had not proceeded far on his voyage, when the prospect before him sensibly brightened, and the regrets with which he had abandoned ease and happiness in England began to lose half their poignancy. He was soon in habits of intimacy with Lord Cornwallis—of intimacy cemented by mutual esteem; and there was in the disposition of the new Go-

* Lord Teignmouth, in his Life of his father, says that Mr Shore 'sailed from Portsmouth on the 12th of April;' but it is obvious, from a letter in the Cornwallis Correspondence, that the vessel had not left Portsmouth on the 30th. It is probable that Shore went on board in the river, and that the vessel sailed *for* Portsmouth on the 12th. The point, however, is of no importance.

vernor-General, and in the high sense of public duty which he was carrying out to his work, ample assurance that the Future of the Government of India would in many material points differ, most honourably, from the Past.*

Mr Shore, who had served under the administration of Warren Hastings, knew well what kind of relations might subsist between a Governor-General and a Member of his Council. He had taken some part—undesignedly, perhaps, for he was eminently a man of peace—in the fierce dissensions which had agitated the settlement, and had for a time sided with Francis, rather on public grounds than by reason of any personal sympathies, for he had instructed the Councillor in Revenue matters, and was supposed to have written some of his minutes.† But he had returned to

* 'Lord Cornwallis is a most amiable man, and fully deserves the character which he holds with the rest of the world. I am proud to say that my sentiments on political business and public principles correspond with his. He treats me with all possible regard and confidence, and I could not live on happier terms with him. He was also pressed into the service contrary to his inclinations. Colonel Ross, Captain Haldane, and Lieutenant Madden, are all respectable friends and agreeable companions.'—*Correspondence of John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth.*

† A contemporary pamphleteer (Captain Price) says, 'That at one time Messrs Anderson and Ducarrell were out of Calcutta, and Mr Hastings, knowing that Mr Shore was the only man that Mr Francis had left to assist him in drawing up minutes, contrived, as it was reported, to order Mr Shore on an Embassy to the Rajah of Kishnagur, with whom he had once resided, as collecting chief. Mr Francis, having not one of his assistants at hand, fell sick, and could not attend at the council-table, but desired that he might have all minutes sent to him, and he would consider them, and give his opinion at a future meeting. After Mr Hastings had laughed at him for his

England in the vessel which carried Warren Hastings from India, and on board ship a close friendship had grown up between them. Hastings had turned the dreary inactivity of life at sea to account by devoting himself to literary pursuits, and among his other efforts in the Humanities he had paraphrased an ode of Horace into an affectionate poetical address to his friend. And Shore had seen quite enough, since his return to England, to cause him to regard the violent conduct of Hastings's opponents with disapprobation and dislike. He clearly discerned the malignant injustice with which the great Indian statesman was pursued; and no man knew better the eminent services which he had rendered to his country. But he had a keen sense, also, of the errors which Hastings had committed both in his public and his private life, and he felt that the political and social morality of the English in India alike demanded a sweeping reform.

Upon general subjects of this kind, and upon more particular questions of administration, Shore had so much to say, and Cornwallis was so well disposed to inquire and to listen, that the new Governor-General found that his voyage to India by no means covered a period of lost time. When he reached Calcutta, he was as well informed on Indian

schoolboy truancy for ten days or a fortnight, he wrote privately to Mr Shore to return to Calcutta. This Mr Shore let Francis know, and he instantly grew better. This recovery Mr Wheler announced at the Council Board. Mr Hastings said that he had known as much two days before, adding, that Mr Shore was coming down. Whether Mr Wheler comprehended the jest or no, I know not; but Mr Francis, after having taken a few doses of salts, to save appearances by making pale his visage, returned to his duty.'

affairs as any man could be who had been fighting the battles of his country so long in the opposite hemisphere, and had never thought that Providence would cast his lot in the Eastern world. But even in circumstances the most favourable, it is a strange and perplexing situation in which a man, whose experience of other countries, however great, can neither guide nor help him, finds himself, when first called upon to administer the multitudinous affairs of our Eastern Empire. That empire, compared with the extent which it has now attained, was, when Cornwallis entered upon its government, one of very limited dimensions. But that which then contracted the sphere of our internal administration enlarged the scope of our foreign policy, and the unsettled state of our relations with the Princes and Chiefs of the neighbouring dominions was a source of even greater anxiety than the disorders which obstructed the domestic government of our own possessions. To be a little staggered and bewildered at first is the necessary condition of humanity in such a conjuncture; and Lord Cornwallis was not one to form more than a modest estimate of his individual power to cope with the difficulties which beset his position.

On the 11th of September, 1786, the *Swallow* anchored in the Hooghly, and on the following morning Lord Cornwallis disembarked with his staff. All the principal people of the settlement, headed by Mr Macpherson, went down to the river-side to welcome him and to conduct him to the Fort, where his commissions were read, and he took the oaths of office.* It was a great event for Bengal; a

* The following is the account of the Governor-General's arrival,

great event for India. For the first time, an English nobleman of high rank and high character had appeared in Bengal, fresh from the Western world, knowing nothing of India but what he had read in books or gleaned from conversation; bringing a new eye, a new hand to the work before him; and having no regard for the traditions and the usages which had given the settlement so unsavoury a reputation. What had been heard of him before his coming was not much; but the little was of a nature to win the respect of some, perhaps to excite the alarm of others, and there was a general feeling of a coming change. It was known before his arrival, that in England, beset by petitioners for place and patronage as he was from the very moment of his acceptance of office, he had resolutely

as given in a contemporary Calcutta journal. I am indebted for it to an interesting volume of extracts from the Indian newspapers of the last century, published by my friend Mr Seton-Karr, now a judge of the High Court of Calcutta:

'*Thursday. Sept.* 14, 1786. *Calcutta.*—On Monday last arrived in the river the Right Honourable the Earl Cornwallis, and on Tuesday morning he came on shore. His Lordship was met at the water-side by a party of the body-guard; from thence he walked into the Fort, where he was received by the late Governor-General with every respect due to the dignity of his rank and character. The troops were under arms, and received his Lordship as their future Commander-in-Chief with all the military honours. His Lordship's commission investing him with the extensive powers of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief was then read, after which he retired to breakfast, when several gentlemen had the honour of being introduced to his Lordship. With Lord Cornwallis came Mr Shore (though indisposition prevented him from attending his Lordship in person), Colonel Ross, Captain Haldane, and Mr Madden, a nephew of his Lordship.'

refused to make any promises even to his nearest friends.* And now it soon became apparent that he was proof against all similar importunities in India. He knew that he had a great work before him, and that he could do it only with the cleanest hands. If he had been followed to India by wistful hangers-on and hungry parasites he could have accomplished little; but the purity and disinterestedness of his conduct were so apparent from the beginning, that people soon began to acquiesce in that which, however inconvenient to them, they knew had its root only in the public virtue of their new ruler.

He was a kind-hearted man, hospitable and courteous, and the social amenities ever due from the Governor-General to his companions in exile were dispensed with no niggardly hand. At that time, the spacious and imposing edifice on the skirts of the great plain of Calcutta, which now receives the Viceroys of India on their arrival, was only a design for future execution. Lord Cornwallis occupied a house of inferior pretensions to many that were held by the leading servants of the Company. But he was always averse

* 'Earl Cornwallis has conducted himself, since his appointment, with singular reserve. To the numerous solicitations which have been poured in upon him from all quarters, he has given the most peremptory refusal, and has informed his friends that it is his determined purpose not to make any arrangements, nor to give any appointments, until he is seated in his government. The noble Earl takes out but three friends: Colonel Ross, who is to be his secretary, Captain Halden, and Captain Maddox. Colonel Tarleton has come home in the prospect of securing an appointment from Lord Cornwallis, but the Colonel has received the same answer with all the other applicants, that the noble Lord had it not in his power to make a single appointment in England.'—*Calcutta Gazette.*

to pomp and display, and was well content to divest himself as much as possible of the accessories of State. 'My life is not a very agreeable one,' he wrote soon after his arrival, 'but I have ventured to leave off a good deal of the buckram, which rather improves it.' The inconvenience of limited space, as an impediment to hospitality on a grand scale, was obviated by a resort on great occasions to one of the public buildings of Calcutta. The guests of the Governor-General were received in the 'Old Court House.' * At these entertainments there was no lack of geniality, but an example of moderation was set which permanently influenced the social usages of the English in India. It was soon known that hard drinking and high play were distaste-

* The following is the account of the English Government House, given by a contemporary French writer, M. Grandpré: 'The Governor-General of the English settlements east of the Cape of Good Hope resides at Calcutta. As there is no palace yet built for him, he lives in a house on the Esplanade, opposite the Citadel. The house is handsome, but by no means equal to what it ought to be for a person of so much importance. Many private individuals in the town have houses as good; and if the Governor were disposed to any extraordinary luxury, he must curb his inclination for want of the necessary accommodation of room. The house of the Governor of Pondicherry is much more magnificent.' There is a question at this time as to the spot on which the old Government House stood. An ingenious writer in the *Calcutta Review* (the Rev. Mr Long, I believe) says: 'Opinions differ as to the precise locality of the old Government House. Some say it was where the Treasury is now, and others at the south-east corner of Government-place.' The 'old Court House,' which also did duty for a town-hall, stood on the site now occupied by the Scotch church. It was pulled down in 1792.

ful to Lord Cornwallis, and would be discountenanced by him. And from that time a steady improvement supervened upon the social morality of the Presidency. People began to keep earlier hours; there was less of roystering and of gambling than before his arrival, and, as a natural result, less duelling and suicide, both of which were fearfully rampant at the time of Lord Cornwallis's arrival in Calcutta.

He was a tolerant and charitable man, too; and he was fain to attribute the irregularities, which forced themselves on his notice, in a great measure to the 'intense heat and unhealthiness of the climate.' He had arrived in the worst month of the year—the month in which the heavy rains of the preceding quarter begin to intermit, and the saturated plains exhale a steamy fog more deleterious to European health than the fierce sun and the arid wind of the summer solstice. His correspondence during the first few months of his residence in India indicate the lassitude which falls on all men in that trying interval between the hot and the cold seasons. But his health was not injuriously affected by the climate, and his only complaint was that it was not pleasant. Perhaps, in his inmost heart, he sometimes repented of the step that he had taken, and wished that he was again at Culford. It is certain that his 'heart untravelled' often turned fondly towards the children whom he had left behind him, and it was only by a strong effort that he could reconcile himself to his lot, by thinking that his tenure of office in India would enable him, for their sakes, to increase his fortune. He had not been many days in India when he

wrote to Lord Brome, saying, 'I am always thinking of you with the greatest anxiety. I have no fear but for your health. If that is good, I am sure everything will be right. You must write to me by every opportunity, and longer letters than I write to you; for I have a great deal more business every day than you have upon a whole school-day, and I never get a holiday. I have rode once upon an elephant, but it is so like going in a cart that you would not think it very agreeable.' * A little later, he wrote to his boy about the Order of the Garter, which, shortly after his departure from England, the King had spontaneously conferred upon him. 'You will have heard that soon after I left England I was elected Knight of the Garter, and very likely laughed at me for wishing to wear a blue riband over my fat belly. I could have excused myself in the following lines:

> Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
> Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
> Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
> A little louder, but as empty quite;
> Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
> And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age.

But I can assure you, upon my honour, that I neither asked for it nor wished for it. The reasonable object of ambition to a man is to have his name transmitted to posterity for eminent services rendered to his country and to mankind. Nobody asks or cares whether Hampden, Marlborough, Pelham, or Wolfe were Knights of the Garter.' This is very pleasant in its good sense, its good feeling, and,

* Cornwallis Correspondence. Ross.

above all, its undeniable truth. It is, moreover, essentially characteristic of the writer; for he was the least ambitious and self-seeking of public men, and if he could only serve the State and benefit his family, he was content. The Blue Riband was really nothing to him. He could afford to laugh at it. 'I am a Knight and no Knight,' he wrote in another letter to his son; 'for my stars, garters, and ribands are all lost in Arabia, and some wild Arab is now making a figure with *Honi soit qui mal y pense* round his knee.* I hope you have got French enough to construe that, but I own it is not a very easy sentence. If I continue to hear good accounts of you, I shall not cry after my stars and garters. . . . I think, upon the whole, as you intend your bay horse for a hunter, you were right to cut off his tail.'

Thoughts of this kind keep men alive in India. In few breasts have the domestic affections been more deeply rooted

* They seem, however, to have been recovered, or another set of insignia was sent; for the *Calcutta Gazette* of the 15th of March, 1787, says: 'We had the pleasure of announcing to the public in last *Gazette* the arrival of the Blue Riband, and all the insignia of the Order of the Garter, for the Right Honourable the Governor-General. His Lordship, having been authorized to make his own choice of the persons to perform the ceremony of investiture, was pleased to nominate the Honourable Charles Stuart and John Shore, Esquires, two members of the Supreme Council, to execute that office, and to fix on Thursday last for the purpose. Accordingly, in presence of a numerous and splendid company, his Lordship was invested at the Government House with the Riband by Mr Stuart, and by Mr Shore with the Garter, when a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from Fort William, and his Lordship received the congratulations of the company present, on being honoured with so distinguished and well-earned a mark of his royal master's regard and approbation.'

than in that of Lord Cornwallis. The burning sun of India took nothing from their greenery and freshness. Amidst the incessant toil and anxious responsibility of his twofold office, he was sustained by thoughts of his Suffolk home. 'Let me know that you are well, and that you are doing well,' he wrote to his children, 'and I can be happy even in Calcutta.' He had found that his work was very onerous and his duties very unpleasant—especially unpleasant, it may be said, to a good-tempered, kindly-hearted man, who was always very happy when he was doing some good office to another—for his public duty was continually bringing him into conflict with private interest. There was necessarily much perplexity in the newness of his situation, and many points upon which time alone could enable him to form self-satisfying and conclusive opinions. But amidst all the doubts and uncertainties which distracted him, one clear demonstrable truth gleamed out from the surrounding darkness. He had an overpowering conviction that the prosperity of the British Empire in India depended more upon the character of the European functionaries employed in its administration than upon anything in the world beside. He could see, somewhat indistinctly, perhaps, at first, that the system itself was bad; but he knew that the best system in the world must fail if its agents were wanting in wisdom and integrity. What Mr John Macpherson had called—a little too blandly, perhaps—the 'relaxed habits' of the public service of India was an insuperable obstacle to successful administration. There was nothing strange or inexplicable in the state of things which then existed. In good truth, it was the most natural

thing in the world—to be accounted for without any large amount of philosophic penetration. The East India Company had not at that time learnt to appreciate the great truth, which soon afterwards became the very root of their marvellous prosperity, that good pay is the parent of good service. They had granted to their servants only a small official pittance, with the tacit understanding that the small pay was to be atoned for by the great opportunities of official position. It was a very old story; but so curious, that even now it may be worth telling in detail.

When, in the reign of James the First, Sir Thomas Roe went out as Ambassador to the Court of the Mogul, and took a comprehensive survey of the Company's establishments, his quick eye hit the blot at once. He saw that their servants, being permitted to trade on their own account, neglected the affairs of their masters. How could anything else be expected? What did they leave their homes for? —for what did they banish themselves to a wretched country, and consent to live far away from all the amenities of civilization? The Private Trade was naturally more to them than the Public Trade. The ambassador, therefore, recommended the Company to prohibit it altogether, and to grant sufficient salaries to their servants. 'Absolutely prohibit the private trade,' he said, 'for your business will be better done. I know this is harsh. Men profess they care not for bare wages. But you will take away this plea if you give great wages to their content; and then you know what you part from. But then you must make

good choice of your servants, and have fewer.' He was a great man—obviously in advance of his age. But it took nearly two centuries to ingraft this truth on the understanding of the Company.

And so their servants, as they settled down, first in one factory, then in another, took their bare wages, and made what money they could by trade. It had not been made worth their while to be diligent and honest servants; and, cut off from their employers by thousands of miles of sea, which it then took five or six months, and often more, to traverse, they did not stand in much fear of the controlling authority at home. Every now and then some one was sent out with special powers to set the different factories in order, and to reform the establishments; but it was a mercy if, in a little time, he did not mar what he was sent to mend, and, being more powerful than all the rest, become more profligate too.

Still, if there was not much order, there was some form. A system of promotion was established which, with but slight variation, lasted not far from two centuries. It was laid down in London in the following terms, and carried out at all the factories: 'For the advancement of our apprentices,' said the Court of Directors, 'we direct that, after they have served the first five years, they shall have £10 per annum for the two last years; and, having served these two years, to be entertayned one yeare longer as writers, and have writers' sallary; and having served that yeare, to enter into the degree of factors, which otherwise would have been ten years. And, knowing that a distinction of titles is in many respects necessary, we do

order that when the apprentices have served their times, they be stiled *writers;* and when the writers have served their times, they be called *factors;* and factors having served their times, to be stiled *merchants;* and merchants having served their times, to be stiled *senior merchants.*' After a time, the style and rank of apprentice ceased, but the title of 'writer,' 'factor,' 'junior merchant,' and 'senior merchant,' lasted long after the civilians had ceased altogether to trade—lasted, we may say, almost as long as the Company itself.

A clear idea of one of the Company's establishments, at the end of the seventeenth, or the beginning of the eighteenth century, may be derived from a little volume of travels written by one Charles Lockyer, and published in 1711. The most flourishing of their settlements at that time was Madras. Mr Lockyer says, 'that it was the grandest and the best ordered. As it surpasses their other settlements in grandeur, so the orders of the Council are more regarded and punctually executed, and each member has a respect proportionably greater than others shown to him.' The civil establishment consisted of a president, with a salary of £200 per annum, and gratuity of £100; six councillors, with salaries from £100 to £40 a year, according to rank; six senior merchants, £40 each; two junior merchants, at £30 per annum; five factors, at £15; and ten writers at £5 per annum. Married men were allowed 'diet money' besides their pay, at a rate of from five to ten pagodas (say from £2 to £4) a month. 'But for inferior servants, who dine at the general table, they have only washing and oyl for lamps extraordinary.' The

Company's servants lived together in the old fort. 'The Governour's lodgings,' says Mr Lockyer, 'take up about a third part of the inner fort, is three stories high, and has many apartments in it. Two or three of the Council have their rooms there, as well as several inferior servants; the 'countant's and secretary's offices are kept one story up; but the consultation-room is higher, curiously adorned with fire-arms, in several figures, imitating those in the armory of the Tower of London.' There were two common tables; one at which the Governor and the higher servants dined; another appropriated to the factors and writers—'differing only in this,' says Mr Lockyer—'here you have a great deal of punch and little wine; there what wine you please, and as little punch.' The Governor went abroad with an escort of native peons, 'besides his English guards to attend him,' with two Union flags carried before him, and 'country musick enough to frighten a stranger into a belief the men were mad.'*

This account of the factory at Madras may, with slight variations, be held to describe also the factory at Surat, the only one which at that time could vie with it. The salaries were nearly the same, and the customs of the settlement almost identical. It would appear, however, that all the Company's servants (sitting according to their rank) dined at one table, which is said to have been kept up in great style—'all the dishes, plates, and drinking-cups being of

* This writer gives a minute account of the trade carried on by the Company's servants. He says, that as it was no uncommon thing to make fifty per cent. by a venture, money borrowed at twenty-five per cent. from a native capitalist turned out very well.

massive and pure silver.'[1] A band of music attended the President at dinner, and when the kabobs came in after the soup, and the curry after the kabobs, there was a flourish of trumpets to announce each arrival.

The cost of all this was doubtless very small, and the parade thereof very modest, judged by the standard of the present times. But those were the early days of the Company, who started from small beginnings, and were proceeding upon what was then called a 'purely mercantile bottom.' They were, therefore, not very well pleased when the ship-captains carried home to them grievous accounts of the pomp and extravagance of their servants; and so they set themselves to work, heart and soul, to correct this licentiousness. Next to the matter of good investments, it was for a long time to come their leading idea to inculcate personal economy and purity of life; and though the thrift was somewhat exaggerated, it cannot be said that there was not some reason for the uneasiness that they felt.

The seventeenth century closed in darkly and turbulently upon the Company's establishments in all parts of India. East and West it was all the same. Bengal vied with Surat in the lawlessness and licentiousness of the English factories. The fierce internecine contentions which arose among the Company's servants were the greatest scandal of all. Now-a-days, when members of Council fall out, they write strongly-worded minutes against each other, content with a war of words. At the end of the eighteenth century they 'went out,' according to the most approved laws of honour, and fired pistols at each other; but at the close of the seventeenth they used their fists, supplemented by an occasional

cudgel—the *argumentum baculinum* being held in great esteem in the English councils. The President kept his councillors in order with a staff, and sometimes enforced his authority with such a lavish expenditure of blows, that human nature could not bear up without complaining. One unfortunate member of the Civil Service of the period complained that he had received from the President 'two cuts in the head, the one very long and deep, the other a slight thing in comparison to that; then a great blowe on my left arme, which has enflamed the shoulder, and deprived me of the use of that limbe; on my right side a blowe in my ribs, just beneath the pap, which is a stoppage to my breath, and makes me incapable of helping myself; on my left hip another, nothing inferior to the first; but, above all, a cut on the brow of my eye.' Truly a hazardous service; but there were greater dangers even than these cudgelings, for it was reported home to the Company, in 1696-97, that there had been a plot among their servants at Surat to murder the President. 'There is strong presumption that it was intended first that the President should be stabbed; when hopes of that failed by the guards being doubled, it seems poison was agreed upon, and all bound to secresy upon a horrid imprecation of damnation to the discoverer, whom the rest were to fall upon and cut off.' *

In Bengal, matters were in no better state. That settlement was not then what it afterwards came to be—the chief seat of English trade and English government—but was looked upon, by reason of its remoteness, as a sort of outlying factory of no great credit or promise. The Company's

* MS. Records.

establishment was then at Chuttanutty, which has since come to be called Calcutta, a place then of no great account; and the Company's servants, under the chieftainship of Job Charnock, had not lived together more peacefully than their brethren at Surat. Charnock appears to have been a bold bad man, half a heathen, immoderately addicted to fighting, and not only contentious himself, but the cause of contention among others. As a man of business he was slothful in the extreme, hated writing letters and recording 'consultations' for the perusal of his masters at home, and therefore threw himself into the hands of a fellow named Hall, 'captain of the soldiers,' who kept a punch-house and a billiard-table, and soon came to rule the settlement. There were besides, at that time, among the chief servants of the Company, a Mr Ellis, who is said to have been as ignorant as Charnock was slothful; and one Charles Pale, who was as fond of fighting as his chief, and 'whose masterpiece,' it is said, 'was to invent differences between man and man, and deeply swear to the most extravagant lies he could invent.' Things were, indeed, in so bad a state, that Sir John Gouldsburgh went round from Madras to reduce them to order. Before he arrived, Charnock and Pale had died; and so two obstacles to the reformation of the settlement were removed.

The equanimity of the Company was at this time much disturbed by the bad writing and the bad morals of their servants. Whether there was any connection discovered between the two is not very apparent, though more unlikely relationships have ere now been detected. It would be hard to judge by their penmanship some public men whom

I could name. But in the early days of the East India Company's establishments, bad writing may have been the direct result of bad morals—the feeble, shaky, indistinct letters of the morning clearly reflecting the debauch overnight. Be this as it may, the managers at home wrote out in their general letter of the 5th of January, 1710-11: 'We find the papers, in the packets and other writings, are very badly performed. We expect this to be remedied; and if any of the writers don't write so good hands as might be expected, we hope they will improve and do better. If, through pride or idleness, they, or any other with you, will not, give them fair warning, and if they don't mend, dismiss them our service. The same we say of all that are immoral and won't be reclaimed. And let this be a general rule for all time to come.' * This, at all events, is short, sharp, and decisive. But the Company had, in addition to these general orders, some specific rules to prescribe. They were always steady advocates and promoters of the messing system. They believed that a general table tended greatly to good morals as well as to public economy. But the Company's servants, in spite of orders from home, were continually drifting into more independent habits. The restraint of the general table was irksome to them; they liked better to receive 'diet money,' and to provide for themselves. The Company thought that this was provocative of extravagance and licentiousness, so they wrote out to Bengal, saying: 'We observe in your letter by the *Recovery*, you keep no general table, which we don't like, for the following reasons: Our factors and writers are thereby exposed to a

* MS. Records.

loose way of living, to loss of time, and ill company, which, by being at a general table, would be prevented; but business is not so likely to be well minded, and they have specious pretences for their absence if found fault with. Besides, when they are every day at meals, under the eye of their superiors, they will be necessitated to observe a better decorum; and if any of them are careless, extravagant, and otherwise blameworthy, they will be soon reclaimed, when they know that they must every day expect to hear of it from you, the President and Council; and then we are sure we shall be at a less charge by a general table, if any tolerable care be taken therein, than we are by making allowances to each severally.' * The thrift of the Company was sure to creep, sooner or later, into these admonitions; but it is to their credit that we soon find them falling back upon the moralities, for they go on to say: 'We have reason to believe what is told us, that those allowances give some of our servants the temptations, and, of consequence, expose them to drunkenness and lasciviousness; and we would take away the temptation, looking upon it as a certain rule, if they once lose their virtue, we have no reason long to expect their fidelity. For all these reasons, we require you to restore the general table; and if you can give us any that you think have greater weight to the contrary, when we hear them you shall know our minds in future.' Then the instruction proceeds in a right good paternal spirit: 'Our main danger in this is to remove all occasions from our servants of debauchery, and being tainted by ill example, which is very infectious to young people; also, to keep

* MS. Records.

them under a regular and virtuous course of living, and thereby to have our own business better minded, and the interest of the Company promoted. And to render this our design more effectual, we direct that you, the President and Council, do, at certain standing seasons, set apart a time to inquire into the behaviour of all our factors and writers, of the persons under whom they are; and, calling them severally before you, let them know the account you have of them, and, as they deserve, either admonish or commend them.' Then comes another practical remedy for licentiousness. It was thought as desirable that the younger Company's servants should lodge under a general roof as that they should board at a common table: so the Company issued a prohibition against promiscuous lying, or, as they called it, *laving*, up and down in the town: 'We positively direct that all our unmarried young people do lodge in our own factory, if there be accommodation for them, and not lay up and down in the town, which exposes them to several inconveniences.' Neither these rules nor these admonitions appear to have had much effect; for the Company soon afterwards were driven to prescribe a penalty for the infraction of their mandates. If any Company's servant proved to be incorrigible, he was to be sent home. 'If any factor or writer,' says the Court's general letter of the 2nd of February, 1712-13, 'proves not diligent, but idle or vicious, send them home; don't let them stay to infect others; we know no better way to deal with them.'

Meanwhile, however, the President and Council of Bengal contrived to give their masters some 'reasons that have greater weight to the contrary,' in respect of the

alleged advantages of the 'general table,' especially protesting that it was by no means an economical institution; so the Court gave way, especially, they said, 'as in your consultations you make it plain that we shall, in your opinion, be great savers by the diet money.' 'Let us find,' they add, 'you will all be faithful and diligent for us, and not make our benefit always give place to yours, as though the proverb was, "*Self—and then the Company.*"'

This was written in 1714-15. Some twelve or thirteen years later, sad news came to England of the addiction of the Company's servants to the vice of gambling. These tidings greatly disquieted the souls of the worthy managers of Leadenhall, who determined to check by stringent measures the destructive practice. So they wrote out a general letter, saying: 'We are greatly concerned to hear that the mischievous vice of gaming continues, and even increases, among our covenant servants, free merchants, and others, residing at our settlements in India, for great sums of money, and that the women also are infected therewith; by which means many persons have been ruined, as well on board ship as on shore. Of this there are several flagrant instances. By Act of Parliament, all gaming here above £10 is strictly prohibited, under severe penalties. That we may do what in us lies to prevent the evils which, sooner or later, generally attend all gamesters, and frequently prove their ruin, we do hereby peremptorily forbid all manner of gaming whatsoever, in any of our settlements or elsewhere in India, to the amount of £10, or upwards; and if any of our covenant servants, or others in our employ—whether civil, maritime, or military, or

any free merchants under our protection—shall have been discovered to have played at any sort of game, for the value of £10 sterling, or upwards, at a time, and be thereof convicted before you by two creditable witnesses (which witnesses we require that you shall be always ready to hear and admit of them), such offender, be he who he will, and in what station soever, shall, *ipso facto*, be sent home and dismissed the Company's service by the first shipping, as likewise all free merchants, and all women, married or unmarried, whether belonging to our covenant servants, or who are under our protection.'*

It is easy to drive a coach-and-four through such prohibitory enactments as these; and in all probability, therefore, they were found as dead letters. A man who may play for £9 19*s*. 'at a time' may win or lose a large sum of money in the course of a night. For whatever the intended meaning of the interdict may have been, the actual prohibition seems only to have extended to the staking of £10, or upwards, on any one game. Any difficulty on this score, however, does not seem to have occurred to the Company, who regarded rather the obstacles in the way of the detection of the offenders, and therefore offered a premium to those who would inform against their comrades. 'We easily foresee,' they wrote, 'that the reproach of being an informer may keep back persons who may know of such gaming from discovering of it: to prevent this, we direct and order that you enter into your consultations a particular account, from time to time, of the persons who shall be proved guilty of such gaming'

* MS. Records.

[they were before ordered to be sent home]; as also of the accuser or accusers; and for the encouragement of such accuser, if he be a covenant servant, we direct that he shall have a year's standing allowed him in our service, and be further entitled to our favour as a person inclined to check this vile practice.' This was clearly an error, and a very base one. If the Company were to have either gamesters or informers in their service, I would have given them the former for choice. Did the Company think to take away 'the reproach' of betraying a friend and companion by paying the betrayer for the dirty job? Would 'a year's standing' wash him white? He, who would take the forty pieces, would not only game but cheat at cards or at dice.

But gaming was only one kind of extravagance of which the Company's servants were, in the opinion of their masters, guilty to a most reprehensible extent. There were others which demanded suppression by the strong hand of authority. The civilians were waxing proud, ostentatious, and self-indulgent—keeping many servants, horses, and equipages, in a faint attempt at Oriental pomp. Quiet homely men were they in Leadenhall-street, and they could not tolerate the airs of their factory servants. So, in December, 1731, they wrote out to Bengal, saying, that none the least of the complaints from that place were of the 'extravagant way of living' common among their servants. 'We can only recommend it very seriously,' they said, 'to our President, that he shows a good example of frugality, by keeping a decent retinue, such as formerly was practised, for the dignity of his station, and not fall

into the foppery of having a sett of musick at his table, and a coach-and-six, with guards and running footmen, as we are informed is now practised, not only by the President, but some of the inferior rank.' The sultanizing process, it appears, was already going on bravely; and I am not quite sure that it was sound policy in Leadenhall-street to endeavour to restrain it.

Perhaps, indeed, notwithstanding their thrift, there was some glimmering perception in the minds of these city merchants that pomp and parade might have its uses in India, for they wrote out soon afterwards, not without some logical confusion, saying: 'That a distinction and decorum ought to be kept for the President and Council we think it reasonable, and this we ourselves would encourage, but should be glad that this was brought down to the old standard, when a President used to be satisfied with a palanquin, and two men only went with arms before; and in that time we don't find that our President had less respect shown him by the natives than now. However, as times are altered, and that it may be thought necessary to make some more outward show than formerly; we first recommend to you, if possible, that you bring it back to the old standard, and exercise in every respect frugality, as well in outward show as in your private way of living. . . . . If you should think it fit, by the alteration of times, or any other reasons, to keep up the dignity and honour of your employers by making some show when you appear abroad, it is our positive order that none of you, or any of our servants, shall exceed the rules we now lay down, which are, that the President, at his own expense,

may make use of a coach-and-four, and each of the gentlemen in council a coach-and-pair, and that any of our other servants, and the free merchants under our covenants who think they can afford it, a single chaise or saddle-horse.' And, the better to enforce this rule, the President was instructed to send home every year an exact list of every person under him, and of the equipages and horses kept by each, 'that we may judge whether such persons are fit to be continued in our service.'

Neither these admonitions nor these warnings had much effect upon the Company's servants, who grew more licentious and more troublesome as time advanced, living extravagant lives, and running into debt with native merchants, 'so as to bring you under dependency to them.' The Company were continually writing out to their Presidents to set a good example to their junior servants, and to report their misdeeds. But the Presidents appear to have done neither the one thing nor the other. So the Company again wrote out, in language of grave remonstrance to their servants. In the Court's general letter of the 8th of January, 1752, they say: 'Much has been reported of the great licentiousness which prevails in your place [Bengal], which we do not choose particularly to mention, as the same must be evident to every rational mind. The evils resulting therefrom to those there and to the Company cannot but be apparent, and it is high time proper methods be applied for producing such a reformation as comports with the laws of sound religion and morality, which are in themselves inseparable. We depend upon you who are principals in the management

to set a real good example, and to influence others to follow the same, in such a manner as that virtue, decency, and order be well established, and thereby induce the natives round you to entertain the same high opinion which they formerly had of the English honour and integrity—a point of the highest moment to us.' But these sermons were worse than profitless; for instead of their producing any reformatory effect upon the lives of the Company's servants, the rebellious civilians laughed at their masters, and ridiculed their homilies outright. It would appear that there were never wanting persons to inform the Directors at home of what was going on in their distant settlements. These were, probably, the ship-captains who brought home the news of the factories, together with the merchandise of the East, and probably ingratiated themselves with their employers by condemning the irregularities of their brethren. At all events, the Court were credibly informed of the manner in which the letter last quoted was received in Bengal: 'We are well assured,' they wrote out again, in January, 1754, 'that the paragraph in our letter of the 8th of January, 1752, relating to the prevailing licentiousness of your place, was received by many of our servants in superior stations with the greatest contempt, and was the subject of much indecent ridicule; but whatever turn you may give to our admonitions—call it preaching, or what you please—unless a stop is put to the present licentious career, we can have no dependence on the integrity of our servants, now or in future; for it is too melancholy a truth that the younger class tread too closely upon the heels of their superiors, and, as far as circumstances will admit, and even

farther, copy the bad examples which are continually before their eyes.' It was plainly, the Directors continued, no use to expostulate any further, so, as supreme masters, they were determined to put forth their authority, and to dictate commands which 'all who value their continuance in our service' were called upon to obey. I now give these commands in their integrity. They illustrate very forcibly the simplicity of the Directors of those days, who appear readily to have believed that such instructions as these would have a mighty effect upon the morals of their servants:

'That the Governor and Council, and all the rest of our servants, both civil and military, do constantly and regularly attend the divine worship at church every Sunday, unless prevented by sickness or some other reasonable cause, and that all the common soldiers who are not on duty, or prevented by sickness, be also obliged to attend.

'That the Governor and Council do carefully attend to the morals and manner of life of all our servants in general, and reprove and admonish them when and whenever it shall be found necessary.

'That all our superior servants do avoid, as much as their several situations will allow of it, an expensive manner of living, and consider that, as the representatives of a body of merchants, a decent frugality will be much more in character.

'That you take particular care that our younger servants do not launch into expenses beyond their incomes, especially upon their first arrival; and we here lay it down as a standing and positive command, that no writer be allowed

to keep a palanquin, horse, or chaise, during the term of his writership.

'That you set apart one day in every quarter of the year, and oftener if you find it necessary, to inquire into the general conduct and behaviour of all our servants below the Council, and enter the result thereof in your Diary for our observation.'

The conquest of Bengal imparted a new aspect to the character of the Company's service. Indeed, it may almost be said that the Civil Service proper dates from that momentous epoch. Up to that point in the history of our Indian Empire the Company's servants had been almost exclusively merchants. Then they grew into administrators. What were known as the 'Company's affairs' had been simply affairs of trade—buying and selling, the provision of investments. But after this new compact with the Soubahdar there was revenue to be collected, and justice to be administered, and relations with native Princes to be established. It was a great turning-point; and if the Company had been wise in their generation, they would have looked the position in the face, and placed their servants on an entirely new footing with respect to their permitted sources of emolument. Nearly a century and a half had passed away since Sir Thomas Roe had recommended them to give 'great wages, to the content' of their servants; 'for then you know what you part from,' but they had not taken the hint. And even now, when they found that they had emerged from the proprietorship of a few factories into the sovereignty of great provinces, they still could not recognize the wisdom of detaching their servants from

trade, and depriving them, by the grant of liberal salaries, of all pretexts for receiving bribes from the natives of the country. In 1758 they thought they were straining their liberality by raising the pay of a writer to £40 per annum. 'We do hereby direct,' they wrote out to Bengal, 'that the future appointment to a writer for salary, diet money, and all allowances whatever, be four hundred current rupees per annum, which mark of our favour and attention, properly attended to, must prevent their reflection on what we shall further order in regard to them, as having any other object or foundation than their particular interest or happiness.' They then referred to their letter of the 23rd of January, 1754, the instructions contained in which they were determined to enforce, 'from a persuasion that the indigence of our junior servants, which may too often have been the effect of their vices and the imitation of their seniors, hath not a little contributed to increase that load of complaints which have been so strongly and repeatedly urged by the Nabob in regard to the abuse of *dusticks*, a practice we have ever disclaimed; and are determined to show in future the strongest marks of our resentment to such as shall be guilty of, and do most positively order and direct (and will admit of no representation for your postponing the execution of it) that no writer whatsoever be permitted to keep either palanquin, horse, or chaise during his writership, on pain of being immediately dismissed the service.'

In this despatch the Company spoke of 'the distressed situation of our once-flourishing settlement of Fort William.' But the settlement was flourishing as it had never flourished

before. The Company's servants had taken up a trade beside which every other was poor and unremunerative. They had become king-makers, and untold wealth was flowing into their coffers. The English were now the dominant race in Bengal, and there was nothing that they could not do. For the first time they knew their power, and they turned their knowledge to profitable account. The feeble natives could not resist the white men, but they could buy them. It was soon seen that they all had their price. The situation was new to the Company's servants, and it dazzled them, so that they could not, or they would not, see right from wrong. Large fortunes were made in an incredibly short space of time. It was the blackest period of all in the whole history of the Indian service.

There is nothing strange in the picture. The Company's servants were unaccustomed to power, and they did not know how to exercise it with moderation. Between the date of the conquest of Bengal and Clive's return to Calcutta in 1765, there was more money made and more wrong done by the Company's civilians than in any like number of years twice told. But Clive went out again, resolute to 'cleanse the Augæan stable;' and whilst he was instituting great reforms, the honest Directors in Leadenhall-street were still maundering about the irregularities of their younger servants. It always distressed them greatly to think that their young writers were not so thrifty in their habits or so regular in their lives as they might have been; and they were continually exhorting their high functionaries to bring the mischievous youngsters to account. Send us home the names, they said, of those who will not

obey you. But Clive was sending home his lists at this time, and they contained the names of men, not low down in the roll of the Company's establishment, but up among the great merchants. Still the Company kept to their text; and, still solicitous for the morals of their young men, wrote out to the Governor, in 1765, that all superior servants were to lodge in the new fort so soon as accommodation could be provided, and not, as they did of old, 'to lay up and down in the town.' Of course Government were no longer to make them 'an allowance of house-rent.' Although this was imperatively directed to be a standing order, it does not appear to have been very strictly obeyed; for it is certain that when John Shore went out to India soon afterwards, he lodged, not in the fort, but in the town of Calcutta.

The measures which were taken to check illicit gains appear to have compelled some of the servants of the Company to draw bills on their friends at home. When news of this reached the Directors, they were greatly distressed, for they suspected that such as had not these resources were getting into debt to their native Banyans, and thus rendering themselves 'liable to be tempted to infidelity in the offices they were trusted with.' But instead of deducing from these things the inference that their servants should have better pay, they still clung to the old idea of the excessive extravagance of the writers, and again strenuously insisted on the necessity of sumptuary regulations. It was imperatively enjoined that no writer should keep a palanquin unless 'absolutely necessary for the preservation of health;' that no writer should keep 'more than one

servant besides a cook;' that no writer should be permitted to keep a horse without the express permission of the Governor; and that no writer should be permitted, either by himself or jointly with others, to keep a country-house. 'With respect to table liquors,' they added, 'we cannot pretend to form regulations for them,' nor 'with respect to general extravagance in dress,' of which sad accounts had reached home; but the Governor was to keep a watchful eye upon them, and to see that they conformed to that system of economy which had been so often prescribed.*

Lord Clive's cleansing mission to India did much to put an end to the reign of the adventurers, who had no connection with the graduated service of the Company. Ever since the conquest of Bengal the cupidity of England had been excited, and men of all kinds had gone forth with letters of introduction in their pockets, and perhaps a clue to some desperate job, by which they might enrich them-

* These sumptuary regulations were always a chronic source of amusement to the Company's servants, who evaded them, and sometimes with a good deal of humour in the manner of evasion. For example, at Madras, where the restrictions appear to have been greater than at Calcutta, an order had gone forth against the use of umbrellas as protections against the sun. These sunshades, principally made of broad leaves or split bamboos, were called roundels, from their shape. These being prohibited by name, the young writers had their umbrellas made square, and set forth that, although they knew that *roundels* were prohibited, there was nothing in orders against *squaredels*. On another occasion, a regulation having gone forth against the use of gold lace on the coats of the writers, a young civilian, when brought up for infringing the law, and asked if he did not know the regulation, said that he was aware of an order against gold lace, but he did not think that it was *binding!*

selves in a year or two, and return to England as nabobs of the real mushroom type.* These interlopers were in the way of the regular service, whom they deprived of some of the best pickings which the country afforded. A letter from a Minister in England, or from an influential member

* The following anecdote, very illustrative of the history of the adventurers of those days, was related by Macaulay, in his speech on the second reading of the India Bill of 1853: 'These were the sort of men,' he said, 'who took no office, but simply put the Governor-General to a species of ransom. They laid upon him a sort of tax—what the Mahrattas call chout, and the Scotch black-mail; that is, the sum paid to a thief in consideration that he went away without doing harm. There was a tradition in Calcutta, where the story was very circumstantially told and generally believed, that a man came out with a strong letter of recommendation from one of the Ministers during Lord Clive's second administration. Lord Clive saw that he was not only unfit for, but would positively do harm in, any office, and said in his peculiar way, "Well, chap, how much do you want?" Not being accustomed to be spoken to so plainly, the man replied, that he only hoped for some situation in which his services might be useful. "That is no answer, chap," said Lord Clive; "how much do you want? Will one hundred thousand pounds do?" The person replied, that he should be delighted if by laborious service he could obtain that competence. Lord Clive then wrote out an order for the sum at once, and told the applicant to leave India by the ship he came in, and, once in England again, to remain there. I think the story is very probable, and I also think that the people of India ought to be grateful for the course Lord Clive pursued; for though he pillaged the people of Bengal to give this lucky adventurer a large sum, yet the man himself, if he had received an appointment, might both have pillaged them and misgoverned them as well.' I have taken this passage, *verbatim*, from Hansard; but I believe that the sum named should have been, not a hundred thousand pounds, but ten thousand pounds. My own recollection of the speech—and sitting under the gallery I heard it most distinctly—is, that Macaulay used the words, 'a lakh of rupees.'

of the Court of Directors, often stood in lieu of all covenants and indentures. But, as a body, the latter were convinced that these irregular appointments were injurious to their interests; and in 1773, having expressed their satisfaction that their settlement in Bengal had been 'put into a train of reform,' wrote out that the next thing to be done was 'to revert to the old system, when the business of your Presidency was principally performed by our own servants, who then had knowledge of our investments, and every other department of our concerns. You will, therefore, fill the several offices with the writers and factors on your establishment.' And from that time the Company's own servants had it pretty well to themselves.

But a far more powerful body of men than the Court of Directors of the East India Company were now seriously considering the character and conduct of the Company's servants. The Houses of Parliament, instructed by the King's Ministers, had begun to take heed of the dark histories on which then a new light had been thrown, and among other great reforms instituted by them they prohibited all further acceptance by the Company's or other servants of presents from the Princes or other inhabitants of India. The famous Act of 1773 declared 'that, from and after the first day of August, 1774, no person holding or exercising any civil or military office under the Crown or the Company in the East Indies shall accept, receive, or take, directly or indirectly, by himself or any other person or persons on his behalf, or for his use or benefit, of and from any of the Indian Princes or powers, or their ministers or agents (or any of the natives of Asia), any present,

gift, donation, gratuity, or reward.' On conviction of any infraction of this law, the offender was to forfeit double the value of the present, and to be amenable to deportation from the country.*

The reforms introduced by Lord Clive, and the severe orders of the Court of Directors, now backed by Parliamentary enactments, reduced the primary advantages of the service to a very low state. Mr Shore, who had then been for some years in India, wrote to England complaining that 'the road to opulence grows daily narrower.' 'The Court of Directors,' he added, 'are actuated with such a spirit of reformation and retrenchment, and are so well seconded by Mr Hastings, that it seems the rescission of all our remaining emoluments will alone suffice it. The Company's service is, in fact, an employ not rendered very desirable. Patience, perseverance, and hope are all I have left.' His pay as a writer, he tell us, was, when he first entered the service, eight rupees, or less than a pound, a month—a statement which I do not know how to reconcile with the Court's orders, quoted previously, fixing the allowance of a writer at £40 a year. That the young civilians of that period, however, underwent considerable hardship, may be learned both from Mr Shore's Memoirs and from

* In 1784 these penalties were rescinded; but the Act of 1793 made the demanding or receiving presents of any kind, even for the use of the Company, a misdemeanor. In 1833 this was again modified, and the offence limited to the receipt of presents 'for his own use.' And so the matter stands at this time. Large quantities of presents are received from the native Princes and chiefs; but they are thrown into a common store and sold, and from their proceeds return-presents are purchased to be given to the donors.

those of Mr Forbes, who served the Company in Western India. Most readers are familiar with the statement of the latter gentleman, that he was often compelled to go to bed before nightfall, because he could not afford the expense of a candle.

If we are to believe Captain Joseph Price, who, about the year 1780, wrote certain pamphlets on Indian affairs, to which I have already alluded, the young civilians of that period were, on the whole, very well conducted. 'There are, no doubt,' he says, 'vices in some constitutions which no climate can control, and a warm one the least of any. On this I shall say nothing more than that, in all societies, some few individuals will run riot. Time, and time only, is able to rein in some of our natural passions. But as for the accidental ones of wine and gaming, if they are enjoyed anywhere in moderation, and without gross abuse, it is in the East Indies; for I never knew a young man guilty of either who did well in the Company's service, for they are by no means countenanced in such excesses by men in power.' The logic of this must be admitted to halt a little; but, at all events, it shows that during the government of Warren Hastings excesses of this kind were discouraged by the higher servants of the Company. In the next paragraph, however, Captain Price goes beyond this, for he asserts that the young civilians were much less profligate than youths of the same standing at home. 'The study of the country languages,' he says, 'and the daily duties of the office to which they are, from their first arrival, allotted, find employment enough for the most active mind; and in Asia, as in all other parts of

the world, the man who best attends to the duties of his station and situation succeeds best in life. But as to dissipation, and corruption of manners and morals, a merchant's or banker's clerk of twenty years old in London is further gone than the Company's servants in Asia during their whole life.' It is right to add that this statement, though of questionable accuracy, is confirmed by another writer, Mr Robert Lindsay, of the Company's service, who tells us that idleness rather than extravagance was the besetting sin of the civilians at that time. 'It was not then the fashion,' says this writer, 'to fatigue ourselves with hard labour; there were abundance of native scribes in all the offices to do the drudgery, and our taskmasters were not strict. Under these circumstances, it was not a matter of surprise if many of us were more idle than otherwise. I followed the tide, and a merrier set could not be found. There was fortunately little or no dissipation amongst us.' Elsewhere, Mr Lindsay says that 'the public business was transacted by a few able individuals, and the younger servants had full leisure to amuse themselves.' *

And they had not only leisure to amuse themselves, it would appear, but they had still leisure, and were allowed, to enter into commercial speculations on their own account. Mr Lindsay had large dealings in salt, taking in a native capitalist as his partner, 'provided I would appear as the

* A very good idea of the state of civilianism in India, during the administration of Warren Hastings, may be derived from these autobiographical notes of the Hon. Robert Lindsay, which are given in the third volume of that very entertaining work, the 'Lives of the Lindsays.'

ostensible person.' By one fortunate speculation, or, as he calls it, 'well-timed energy,' he was enabled to pay off all the debts he had contracted during a long residence in Calcutta, and 'to put a few thousand rupees in his pocket.' Encouraged by this venture, he launched, whilst a revenue collector in the Dacca district, 'into various speculations in trade.' His pay was only £500 a year, so he 'contemplated with delight the wide field of commercial speculation opening before him.'* And he soon afterwards naïvely informs us, that from the 'conspicuous advantage he derived from the great command of money to carry on his commercial pursuits,' he dates the origin of the fortune he acquired in the Company's service.†

In this we see fairly reflected the state of the Company's Civil Service before the time of Cornwallis's arrival in India. The Honourable Robert Lindsay may be taken as a good type of his order. He was an honourable, well-meaning man, wise after his kind, and he only did what was sanctioned by universal usage. For a civil servant of

* Among other speculations in which he engaged was ship-building; but this does not appear to have been very successful. His mother wrote out very pleasantly that she had no doubt he was a very scientific ship-builder, but that she had one request to make of him, which was that he would not come to England in a ship of his own making.

† This sketch of the rise and progress of the Indian Civil Service is printed, with certain alterations, from some papers which I contributed, in 1861, to *Blackwood's Magazine*. The information was derived from old India House records.

the Company, at that time, was a hybrid monster, half a public functionary and half a private trader. If he had attempted to live on his official salary, he must have starved, or been eaten alive by rats and mosquitoes. Thus cast upon their own resources, the better men traded with their employers' money; the worse grew rich by the more rapid process of peculation and corruption. The India Bill of 1784 prohibited private trade on the part of the Company's servants;* but they evaded the act by putting forward some native underling or other person as the ostensible trader. All this was to be deplored. But it was clearly impossible to create a public service in India without paying the servants in proportion to the risks which they incurred, and the inconveniences to which they were subjected. To Lord Cornwallis this was so apparent that he could not wonder at the 'relaxed habits' of the agents of Government, and could scarcely condemn what had its root deep down in an evil system for which they were not responsible. There was but one remedy for the evil, and that he determined at once to apply. He was convinced that it would be a wise economy in the end to place within the reach of the Company's servants such lawful and recognized gains as would enable them to disregard the temptations and opportunities which surrounded them. So he decreed that they should receive high official salaries, and should be wholly cut off from personal trade. 'I am sorry to say,' he wrote to Mr Dundas at the Board of Control, 'that I have every reason

* They were forbidden to 'have any dealings or transactions, by way of traffic or trade, at any place within any of the provinces in India.'

to believe that at present almost all the collectors are, under the name of some relation or friend, deeply engaged in commerce, and by their influence as judges and collectors of Adaulut, they become the most dangerous enemies to the Company's interests and the greatest oppressors of the manufacturers. I hope you will approve of the additional allowances and the commission that we have given to the collectors, for without them it was absolutely impossible that an honest man should acquire the most moderate competency.' * And at a later period he wrote to the same correspondent, with reference to the Company's civil servants, 'There are some as honourable men as ever lived. They have committed no fault but that of submitting to the extortion of their superiors. They have no other means of getting their bread. . . . I sincerely believe that, except-

* In another letter (addressed to the Court of Directors) he said: 'When you consider the situations of your servants in this country, the very high responsibility now more particularly annexed to the office of collector, the temptations of the situation, the incessant labour of his office, and the zeal which must be exerted to promote the prosperity of the revenues and country at large; when, on the other hand, you advert to the solemn restrictions imposed upon him by the Legislature, as well as those in the public regulations and the separate orders already noticed, absolutely precluding him from any emolument whatever, excepting such as are publicly allowed, and when you are further pleased to consider that, excepting instances of extraordinary merit, your servants cannot in future expect to obtain the office of a collector under a period of twelve years spent in your service, we trust that we shall be found to have consulted your true interests with every compatible attention to economy, and that you will approve the allowances and commission fixed by us for your servants in the Revenue Department.'

ing Mr Charles Grant, there is not one person in the list who would escape prosecution.'

To the earnest recommendations of the Governor-General—recommendations which, indeed, he had practically anticipated—the Court of Directors gave their assent, but it was a grudging one. They had great notions of economy; but their economy was based upon the extravagant principle of 'penny-wise, pound-foolish.' They were slow to comprehend the truth, that of all things in the world that which is best worth paying for is good service, and that even in its narrowest financial aspect it is wise and prudent for the State to consider the prosperity of those upon whom its own prosperity depends. So convinced was Cornwallis of this, that he wrote to Dundas, that the Company might advantageously save the salary of the Governor-General if they would not give better pay to their inferior servants, for that under the old system it would be easy to find a man to take his place for nothing. 'If the essence of the spirit of economy,' he said, 'of the whole Court of Directors could be collected, I am sure it would fall very short of my earnest anxiety on that subject. But I never can or shall think that it is good economy to put men into places of the greatest confidence, where they have it in their power to make their fortune in a few months, without giving them any salaries. If it is a maxim that no Government can command honest services, and that pay our servants as we please they will equally cheat, the sooner that we leave this country the better. I am sure that, under that supposition, I can be of no use, and my salary is so much thrown away: nothing will be so easy as to find a Go-

vernor-General of Bengal who will serve without salary.' *

In another letter, written at a later period, he said: 'I have been a most rigid economist in all cases where I thought rigid economy was true economy. I abolished sinecure places, put a stop to jobbing, agencies, and contracts, prevented large sums being voted away in Council for trumped-up charges, and have been unwearied in hunting out fraud and abuse in every department. As a proof that I have succeeded, you will see this year, what never happened before, that our expenses have fallen short of our estimates. But I shall never think it a wise measure in this country to place men in great and responsible situations, where the prosperity of our affairs must depend upon their exertions as well as their integrity, without giving them the means, in a certain number of years, of acquiring honestly and openly a moderate fortune.'

But, do what he might in India, it was difficult to restrain the tide of attempted jobbery, which was continually pouring in from England. From all the high places at home—from the King's Court, from the council-chamber of the King's Ministers, from the Houses of Parliament, from the lobbies of the India House—solicitations on behalf of all sorts of people kept streaming into Calcutta. Men and women of rank and influence in London had been so long accustomed to get rid of troublesome petitioners for place and patronage by sending them out to India with a letter of recommendation in their pockets, and the plan on many occasions had been found so successful, that the evil habit was not to be readily abandoned. To Cornwallis, who would not

* Cornwallis Correspondence.—*Ross.*

perpetrate a job to please the King himself, and who could with difficulty find honourable employment for these adventurers from England, all this was very distressing. His correspondence bears the impression of the vexation which it occasioned him. 'Lord Ailesbury (Queen's Chamberlain),' he wrote to his friend Lord Sydney, 'has greatly distressed me by sending out a Mr Ritso, recommended by the Queen; but I have too much at stake. I cannot desert the only system that can save this country even for sacred Majesty.' And again: 'I told you how Lord Ailesbury had distressed me by sending out Mr Ritso. He is now writing in the Secretary's Office for two hundred or two hundred and fifty rupees a month, and I do not see the probability of my being able to give him anything better, without deserving to he impeached. I am still persecuted every day by people coming out with letters to me, who either get into jail or starve in the foreign settlements. For God's sake do all in your power to stop this madness.' He was a very kind-hearted man, but the state of things was so bad, and it was so necessary to arrest it, that he wrote to the men himself who came begging to him for a place, after this formula: 'If I was inclined to serve you, it is wholly out of my power to do it, without a breach of my duty. I most earnestly advise you to think of returning to England as soon as possible. After the 1st of January next, I shall be under the necessity of sending you thither.' If anything in the world could have arrested the evil, this would have done it. The remedy was severe, but it was effectual.

The Company, I am afraid, were not much better than

the Court. The Directors were not disinclined to perpetrate little private jobs of their own. But to applications from Leadenhall-street the Governor-General sent back only threats of resignation. 'I must beg leave,' he wrote to a member of the Direction, 'to observe that I do not conceive any man can have behaved with more proper respect to the Court of Directors than I have done ever since I have held my present station; but I must freely acknowledge that before I accepted the arduous task of governing this country, I did understand that the practice of naming persons from England to succeed to offices of great trust and importance to the public welfare in this country, without either knowing or regarding whether such persons were in any degree qualified for such offices, was entirely done away. If, unfortunately, so pernicious a system should be again revived, I should feel myself obliged to request that some other person might immediately take from me the responsibility of governing these extensive dominions, that I might preserve my own character, and not be a witness to the ruin of the interests of my country.'* So the Com-

* It does not appear either that the activity of Party Politics in the direction of rank jobbery was less notorious than that of the Court or the Company. Perhaps the rankest jobs ever attempted, and in some measure perpetrated, were those by which Mr Edmund Burke's brother William was to enrich himself. It was said, and not without some show of probability, that Warren Hastings's neglect of William Burke added much to the rancour, if it did not originate the enmity, of his assailants. It appears that Lord Rawdon, who was a good deal behind the scenes, thought it advisable, in the interests of friendship, to give Cornwallis a hint of this. Nothing daunted, however, the Governor-General replied: 'I am much obliged to you for your friendly hint about William Burke. Although I may perhaps suffer

pany's protégés were sent away as empty-handed as those who came from the King and Queen.

A consistent perseverance in a course of this kind, though at the outset it may alarm and irritate, will in the end secure general respect and admiration, and extract unwilling tributes of applause even from those whose immediate interests have been injuriously affected by it. The correspondence of Mr Shore in the years 1786-87 indicates that the new Governor-General soon lived down

a little in the opinion of the great personage to whom you allude, for my predilection for what I think great qualities and eminent services to his country in Mr Pitt, I should on all other points most earnestly wish to give every proof of the most sincere attachment and anxious desire to do what I should have every reason to believe would be agreeable to him. I have, ever since I have been in India, treated William Burke with the greatest personal attention; and I have done little favours, such as ensigncies in the King's service, &c., to his friends. But it is impossible for me to serve him essentially—that is, put large sums of money into his pocket, without a gross violation of my public duty, and doing acts for which I should deserve to be impeached. He has himself suggested to me two modes of serving him, which I will explain to you. The first is, that he should receive money here, and be allowed to manage the remittances for the payment of the King's troops at Madras and Bombay. I found him in possession of such a remittance to Madras when I first arrived, which was given to him by Macpherson (in order to pay his court to Edmund Burke), and fixed at the scandalous exchange of 410 Arcot rupees for 100 pagodas, by what he, Macpherson, called a committee of respectable merchants, consisting of William Burke himself (the Company's Military Paymaster-General), an intimate friend of Burke's, and a principal proprietor in the bank through which he remitted his money, and poor ——, who, I believe, to this day scarcely knows the difference of value between a rupee and a shilling.'

the unpopularity which attended his first efforts to purify the administration. 'I live upon the happiest terms with Lord Cornwallis,' wrote the Councillor in November, 1786. 'I love and esteem his character, which is what the world allows it. The honesty of his principles is inflexible; he is manly, affable, and good-natured; of an excellent judgment; and he has a degree of application to business beyond what you would suppose. I could not be happier with any man. His health is sound; for he has not had an hour's indisposition since first I saw him. If the state of affairs would allow him to be popular, which he is most eminently at present, no Governor would ever enjoy a greater share of popularity. . . . Natives and Europeans universally exclaim that Lord Cornwallis's arrival has saved the country.'

And again, writing a few months afterwards to Warren Hastings, he said: 'The respect, esteem, and regard which I have for Lord Cornwallis might subject my opinion of his government to a suspicion of partiality. Yet I cannot avoid mentioning that it has acquired the character of vigour, consistency, and dignity. The system of patronage which you so justly reprobated, and which you always found so grievous a tax, has been entirely subverted. The members of Government, relieved from the torture of private solicitations, have more time to attend to their public duties; and the expenses of Government are kept within their established bounds. On these principles, I acknowledge it difficult to gratify my wishes with respect to my own friends, or those who, from recommendations, have claims upon me; and I cannot expect to escape re-

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proaches for a conduct which the interest of the Company renders indispensable. With Lord Cornwallis I have had the happiness to live constantly on terms of the most intimate confidence, and on this account, as well as by a knowledge of his character, I am precluded from making any solicitations but such as are warranted by the strictest propriety. You will learn from others how well his time is regulated, and of his unremitted application to business. . . . . His situation was uncomfortable on our arrival; he now receives the respect due to his zeal, integrity, and indefatigable application.'*

In August, 1787, Lord Cornwallis started on a tour in the provinces—eager to see for himself the state of the country and the progress of the administration, and to inspect the troops under his command. Holding, as he did, the double office of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, and his natural tastes, no less than his antecedent experiences, inclining him towards military rather than civil affairs, he had from the first taken into his consideration the condition of the army, which was at that time not very encouraging. 'I am now going up the river to visit the military stations,' he wrote to his friend

* *Life of Lord Teignmouth, by his Son.*—In another letter, written in 1789, the same writer said: 'The task upon which Lord Cornwallis and myself embarked was reformation and improvement. We had inveterate prejudices and long-confirmed habits to encounter. To serve our constituents, it was necessary to retrench the emoluments of individuals, and to introduce system and regularity where all before was disorder and misrule.'

Colonel Fox, with whom he had attended more than one review of the Prussian Army. 'The Company's Europeans are not exactly like what we saw two years ago. On the whole, everything goes on in this country as well as I could reasonably expect. I have made great and essential reforms, and, I think, without unpopularity. Bad as the evil was, I think the abuses of the army were the greatest, not one of which Sloper* had attempted to correct.' He wrote this on board his pinnace working up the river. It was a propitious season for clearing off arrears of private correspondence; and amongst others to whom he wrote, as the government party tracked up the Ganges, was his old friend Lord Shelburne, now Lord Lansdowne, to whom he said: 'As I must lay my coming to India to your door, and as you are consequently in a great degree responsible for my conduct, I think it fair to tell you that I flatter myself I have not yet disgraced you. I can safely say that

* General Sloper had been sent out as Commander-in-Chief to Bengal before the appointment of Lord Cornwallis, and had been superseded by that nobleman. He had been tried in the balance, and found wanting. He had exhibited in his conduct an almost unexampled aptitude for jobbery. On his supersession, he went home, and was received with open arms by the Prince of Wales. A contemporary journalist says: 'The reception of General Sloper by the Prince of Wales was flattering to the General beyond conception. The Prince met him in Pall-Mall, as the General was going into London. He rode up, stopped the chaise himself, shook the General by the hand, and seemed overjoyed to see him; and in every place where they have met since, his Royal Highness has paid him the most pointed and marked attention.' No one, after reading this, will be surprised to learn that Lord Cornwallis had the worst possible opinion of him.

I have not been idle; I have selected the ablest and honestest men in the different departments for my advisers, and I am not conscious that I have in any one instance sacrificed the public good to any private consideration. . . . . I have already told you that I had patronized Fonbelle; I have likewise brought forward the two Kenneways, who are both very deserving men; the soldier is my aide-de-camp, the other I have put into the Board of Trade, where he is rendering most essential services. . . . . I am now going to visit the Upper Provinces and the stations of the army, which is, I am sorry to say, still in a most wretched condition, almost, indeed, without subordination.' *

In those days travelling in India was slow and tedious. The river was full after the rains, and everything was in his favour; but it was held to be a great achievement that he reached Benares on the 29th of August, 'in the course of a month from the day on which he left the Presidency' †

* 'Lord Cornwallis is gone up the country to review the military stations, and has left Stuart and myself to go on with the business. . . . . What I feel most is the distress of numbers with whom I am connected. The former extravagance of the service has produced this consequence. . . . The principles upon which we act will make me more enemies than friends; but how can I help it? There is no serving God and Mammon.'—*John Shore to H. I. Chandler, August* 3, 1787. *Life of Lord Teignmouth, by his Son.*

† 'By the last accounts received from some of the Right Honourable the Governor-General's suite, we have the pleasure to announce his Lordship's arrival at Benares on the 29th ultimo. His Lordship has had a very favourable passage, as, including the several days he has stopped at different settlements, he will have got to Benares in

—a distance now accomplished in twenty-four hours. In the middle of the following month he was at Allahabad. He visited Futtehgurh, Cawnpore, and other principal stations, where he inspected the troops in cantonments, and formed an opinion not very favourable to any part of the Company's establishment, except the Artillery. But if the Commander-in-Chief was active at this time, the Governor-General was thoughtful. For as he proceeded up the country, vague rumours of hostile designs on the part of the great Mahomedan usurper of Mysore came to him from Southern India. They greatly disquieted him. He was a soldier, right soldierly; but he had lived so much in the camp, he had seen so much of the stern realities of actual warfare, that his desires were all for peace. Experience has since shown that the soldier-statesmen of India have ever been more moderate in counsel, and more forbearing in act, than her civil rulers. Lord Cornwallis saw clearly that there was a great work before him, which war would disastrously interrupt; but, 'equal to either fortune,' he began to meditate hostile contingencies, and to turn his visit to the provinces to the best account. On the 5th of September, 1787, he wrote, from Chunar, to Mr Stuart, senior member of his council: 'I wish, with all my soul, that my apprehensions could be quiet respecting the Carnatic. Should the worst happen, and Tippoo actually break with us, I think it may prove ultimately fortunate that I am at present in this part of the country. I can take immediate measures to endeavour to form a

the course of a month from the day he left the Presidency.'—*Calcutta Gazette, Sept.* 6, 1787.

close connection with the different chiefs of the Mahrattas, and to incite them to attack Tippoo on their side to recover the territories that he and his father had wrested from them during their internal dissensions. Every other means must likewise be taken to carry on the war against him with the utmost vigour, and to provide against any foreign interference.' On the 15th of October he wrote to Mr Shore: 'I lose no time in assuring you and Mr Stuart that I most perfectly approve of your having resolved to support the declaration of the Madras Government, and of its being our determination to protect the Rajah of Travancore as one of our allies. If it will give you the smallest satisfaction, you may put my concurrence on record. . . . . We must, no doubt, make every preparation in our power. . . . . It is impossible to enter into particulars, until we are acquainted with the manner in which Tippoo means to carry his designs into execution.' A month later, he wrote to Mr Dundas in England, saying: 'There appears such a jealousy and coldness in the disposition of the Mahrattas towards us, that I do not flatter myself, in the event of a breach with Tippoo, that we could derive any immediate assistance from them. The timidity of the Nizam, and the wretched state of his army and his country, do not render his intrigues with the French and Tippoo very formidable, and I think they may alarm the jealousy of the Poonah Ministry, and welcome them more readily to take part with us.'

He was then sailing down the river, on his return journey to Calcutta. Among the other duties which he had imposed upon himself, was a visit to Oude, then, and for

years afterwards, in a state of disorder, aggravated by the intense jobbery of English adventurers, sometimes with the stamp of the Company upon them, who entangled the unfortunate Newab-Wuzeer in half-fraudulent pecuniary transactions, and then endeavoured to obtain the aid of the sword of Government to cut the Gordian knot of the complications they had adroitly contrived for their own advantage. This was not the only evil. The connection between the Company's Government and the Newab was one which was certain, in the end, to ingulf him and his people in ruin. Lord Cornwallis brought a clear unbiased judgment to bear upon the past history of Oude; and he could not help sympathizing with the distressed condition of the ruler of that fair province. 'I was received at Allahabad,' he wrote to the Court of Directors, 'and attended to Lucknow, by the Vizier and his Ministers with every mark of friendship and respect. I cannot, however, express how much I was concerned during my short residence at his capital, and my progress through his dominions, to be witness to the disordered state of his finances and government, and of the desolated appearance of the country. The evils were too alarming to admit of palliation, and I thought it my duty to exhort him in the most friendly manner to endeavour to apply effectual remedies to them.' And then, after some further observations on the disorganization of that unhappy province, he said, with the unflinching sincerity which distinguished all his utterances, 'I shall avoid making any remarks upon the original grounds, or supposed right, which induced us to interfere in the details of that unfortunate country, and shall only say that I am afraid it has done us

no credit in Hindostan; but that the imperfect manner in which we did or could interfere could hardly fail of being attended with the consequences that have been experienced —that of giving constant disgust and dissatisfaction to the Vizier, without producing a shadow of benefit or relief to the body of the inhabitants.' He was the first, indeed, to hit that great glaring blot, which afterwards was discerned for more than half a century, and was the source of all kinds of protests, remonstrances, and menaces, but which at last could be removed only by the sharp knife of annexation.

Early in December Lord Cornwallis was again in Calcutta. 'I was so fortunate,' he wrote to the Duke of York, on the 10th of that month, 'in wind and weather, that I completed my expedition, during which, by land and water, I travelled above two-and-twenty hundred miles in less than four months, without omitting any material object of my tour, civil or military.' He had brought back with him, from this tour of inspection, a very high estimate of the military qualities of the Company's Sepoys, but the worst possible opinion of their Europeans. 'A brigade of our Sepoys,' he said, 'would easily make anybody Emperor of Hindostan.' 'The appearance of the native troops,' he added, 'gave me the greatest satisfaction; some of the battalions were perfectly well trained, and there was a spirit of emulation among the officers, and an attention in the men, which leaves me but little room to doubt that they will soon be brought to a great pitch of discipline . . . .; but the Company's Europeans are such miserable wretches that I am ashamed to acknowledge them for countrymen.' To any one considering the manner in which the Company's

regiments were recruited, there could be nothing surprising in this. The refuse of the streets was swept up and shovelled at once into the ships. Embarked as rabble, they were expected to land as soldiers. No experiment could be more hopeless. Yet it was clear to Lord Cornwallis that the permanence of our Indian Empire depended upon its defence by a fixed establishment of well-ordered European troops. 'I think it must be universally admitted,' he said, 'that without a large and well-regulated body of Europeans our hold of these valuable dominions must be very insecure. It cannot be expected that even the best of treatment would constantly conciliate the willing obedience of so vast a body of people, differing from ourselves in almost every circumstance of laws, religion, and customs; and oppressions of individuals, errors of government, and several other unforeseen causes, will, no doubt, arouse an inclination to revolt. On such occasions it would not be wise to place great dependence upon their countrymen, who compose the native regiments, to secure their subjection.' He wrote this, in a strongly-worded letter, to the Court of Directors, telling them that it was absolutely necessary, for the correction of this evil, that a better system of recruiting in England should be established, and that the officers of the Company's Europeans should be permitted to rank equally, according to the dates of their commissions, with those of his Majesty's troops. He saw that the depressed state of the Company's officers at that time was most injurious to the public interests, and that nothing could be more fatal to the general efficiency of the army than the 'jealousies subsisting between the two services.' 'I recommend,' he wrote, to

the Court, in another letter, 'that they may be put, as nearly as possible, on a footing of equality in every respect, whenever they may happen to be employed together on the same service.'

Whilst these recommendations were travelling to England, Lord Cornwallis, at the head-quarters of his government, was assiduously superintending the details of its internal administration. There was still much to be done in the way of what was called 'the correction of abuses;' and in this he had a zealous and an active fellow-labourer in Mr Shore. It was a happy circumstance that at this time all immediate apprehensions of a war with Tippoo had passed away with the old year. On the 7th of January, Cornwallis wrote to England, saying: 'Our alarm from Tippoo's preparations has ceased, and there is no reason to believe from General Conway's* conduct that he has any desire to foment disturbances to promote a war in this country. . . . No man can be more seriously interested in the continuance of peace than myself; we have everything to lose, and nothing to gain, by war; and a peace for these next three years will enable me to put this country into such a state, that it will be a difficult task even for a bad successor to hurt it materially.' 'If, however,' he wrote a few days afterwards, 'the politics of Europe should embroil us with the French, I lay my account that Tippoo will be ready at the shortest notice to act in concert with them against the Carnatic.' It was therefore necessary to make quiet pre-

* General Conway, a French officer of Irish extraction, was then Governor of Pondicherry.

parations for the too probable contingency of war. But there was abundant time for the business of administrative details, and in the years 1788-89 Lord Cornwallis assiduously applied himself to them, eager to reform altogether the revenue and judicial systems of the country. In this great work of amelioration he had, on all questions of land-tenure, the advice and assistance of Mr Shore. In matters connected with the administration of justice, and generally with the law or regulations of the British settlements, he was guided primarily by the advice of Mr George Barlow,* one of the Government secretaries, and one of the ablest and most promising members of the Company's Civil Service. Cornwallis had from the first discerned Barlow's great merits, and had placed unbounded confidence in him. With the exception, perhaps, of Mr Charles Grant, whom to know was to honour, and Mr Jonathan Duncan, who was rising into eminence as an administrator, mainly by the force of an overflowing humanity and an honesty and simplicity of character rarely surpassed, there was no man in the Company's service of whom Lord Cornwallis entertained a higher opinion than of George Barlow. And it may be added that, with the exception of the members of his own 'family,' or staff, there was no man for whom he felt a warmer affection. Barlow worked with all his might at the elaboration of a new Code of Regulations. And there was another man from whom, in legislative difficulties, the Governor-General was fain to

* Afterwards Sir George Hilaro Barlow, Governor-General *ad interim*, and subsequently Governor of Madras.

apply for advice and assistance—a man whose name is very dear to literature and to learning, the accomplished Sir William Jones.

I do not purpose, at this point of the narrative, to write in detail of the administrative reforms which were instituted by the Government of Lord Cornwallis. It is enough to say that these two years were spent by him in hard, continuous work, not unenlivened by the exercise of those social amenities which are among the duties, as they are among the privileges, of the Chief of the Government of India. He had it very much at heart to improve the social morality of the English in India; for though very much better than it had been some years before, it was, notwithstanding the assertions of Captain Price and Mr Lindsay, considerably in want of reform. The narrow limits of his residence, as I have before observed, compelled him to entertain the society of Calcutta in one of its public buildings. The newspapers of the day contain frequent notices of Lord Cornwallis's banquets and balls.* It may

* Take the following (from a Calcutta newspaper), drawn from Mr Seton Karr's volume, as an example of Cornwallis's hospitality: 'A very large and respectable company, in consequence of the invitation given by the Right Honourable the Governor-General, assembled on Tuesday (New Year's Day) at the Old Court House, where an elegant dinner was prepared. The toasts were, as usual, echoed from the cannon's mouth, and merited this distinction from their loyalty and patriotism. In the evening the ball exhibited a circle less extensive, but equally brilliant and beautiful, with that which graced the entertainment in honour of the King's birthday. Lady Chambers and Colonel Pearse danced the first minuet, and the succeeding ones continued till about half-after eleven o'clock, when the supper-tables presented every requisite to gratify the most refined epicurean. The

be gathered from a variety of contemporary sources, that, though greatly respected as one who had the true nobleman stamp upon him, he was very popular in the settlement. For he was one who ever maintained the dignity of his station, without personal arrogance or exclusiveness; and who rendered his own good example more potential for good by the kindly consideration with which he treated his inferiors. The kindness of his heart and the courtesy of his manners compelled his countrymen to regard him with equal affection and respect.

And year after year—it might not untruthfully be said, month after month—a progressive improvement was observable in the morality of English residents in Bengal, which was soon communicated to the other presidencies. One characteristic illustration of this is worthy of notice. At the Calcutta balls, before the coming of Lord Cornwallis, there had seldom been much, if any, dancing after supper. The gentlemen-dancers were commonly too far gone in drink to venture upon any experiments of activity demanding the preservation of the perpendicular. But, when Lord Cornwallis set his mark on Anglo-Indian society, all this was changed. The Indian journals remarked that many 'young bloods,' who had before remained at the supper-table, returned to the dancing-room, and the ladies had all proper respect. At the same time there was a manifest diminution of gambling; and as

ladies soon resumed the pleasures of the dance, and knit the rural braid, in emulation of the poet's sister graces, till four in the morning, while some disciples of the jolly god of wine testified their satisfaction in pæans of exultation.'—*January*, 1788.

necessary results of less drink and less play, duelling and suicide ceased to furnish the ghastly incidents of the preceding years.*

The personal habits of Lord Cornwallis were at all times very simple. He was not at all addicted to official display, and perhaps on the whole, in his daily life, fell somewhat short of the outer stateliness which should environ the position of a Governor-General. He was fond of horse-exercise, and he had a partiality for high-trotting horses, perhaps because he was sensible that it would profit him to check his natural tendency to obesity. His companion in these rides was commonly his dear friend and cherished associate, Colonel Ross, whose society was a continual solace to him. Between the morning and the evening rides he worked hard. He told his son that it was all clockwork. 'My life at Calcutta,' he wrote, in January, 1789, to Lord Brome, 'is perfect clockwork. I get on horseback just as the dawn of day begins to appear, ride on

* An English clergyman named Tennant, who wrote a book about India under the title of 'Indian Recreations,' speaking of the improvements in the social morality of the English in India at the end of the last century, says: 'A reformation, highly commendable, has been effected, partly from necessity, but more by the example of a late Governor-General, whose elevated rank and noble birth gave him in a great measure the guidance of fashion. Regular hours and sobriety of conduct became as decidedly the test of a man of fashion as they were formerly of irregularity.' (The writer means to say 'as irregularity formerly was.') 'Thousands owe their lives, and many more their health, to this change, which had neither been reckoned on, nor even foreseen, by those who introduced it.' I have not the least doubt, however, that Lord Cornwallis clearly foresaw it.

the same road and the same distance, pass the whole forenoon after my return from riding in doing business, and almost the same exactly before sunset, then write or read over letters or papers of business for two hours, sit down at nine, with two or three officers of my family, to some fruit and a biscuit, and go to bed soon after the clock strikes *ten*. I don't think the greatest sap at Eton can lead a duller life than this.'

But the dulness was not to continue much longer. Already were there ominous mutterings of a coming storm. The peace which had been so long threatened was now about to be broken by the unscrupulous conduct of Tippoo Sultan of Mysore, who was eager to swallow up the territories of our faithful ally, the Rajah of the Travancore. This was not to be borne. There was no difference of opinion in the council-chamber of Calcutta. The honour and the safety of the British empire in India alike demanded that we should resort to arms. But, unfortunately, there was at that time a very feeble state of government at Madras. Mr Holland, though continually warned that war was not merely probable, but inevitable, had done nothing to prepare for it. Lord Cornwallis knew that in such an emergency he was not to be trusted, so he determined to proceed to Madras, and take charge of the civil government and the command of the army. But, before he was able to execute this design, he received intelligence that his friend General Medows had been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Madras. The tidings were received by Lord Cornwallis with mingled emotions of gratification and regret. He rejoiced

that his old friend Medows was coming to the Coast, but he could not help being sorry that there was no longer a laudable pretext for taking personal command of the army which was about to march into Mysore. His sentiments have been so clearly recorded in an official minute which he wrote on receiving intelligence of the appointment of General Medows, that I cannot do better than transcribe his words. After speaking of the deplorable state of the Madras Government, he proceeded to say: 'Under the impressions which I have described, I thought myself called upon by a sense of duty to the Company, as well as by an attention to the general interests of my country, to stand forth and endeavour to avert the misfortunes with which negligence and misconduct, or jealousies between the civil and military departments, might be attended. With that view, and upon the ground of state necessity, it was my intention to take the responsibility of an irregular measure upon myself, and to propose that the Board should invest me with full powers to take a temporary charge of the civil and military affairs at the Presidency of Fort St George, by exercising the functions of Governor as well as those of Commander-in-Chief. . . . . It is, however, with great satisfaction that I congratulate the Board on the arrival, in the mean time, of the advices by the *Vestal* frigate, by which we have been informed that the commission appointing General Medows to be Governor of Fort St George was on board that vessel, and as the *Vestal* proceeded from Agengo to Bombay on the 3rd ultimo, there is every reason to hope that he will be able to take charge of the Government

before, or at least as soon as, it would have been possible for me to have reached Madras. The grounds upon which I formed my first resolution are, therefore, in a great measure or entirely done away. For, as it would have been incompatible with the station which I hold in this country to have rendered myself in any way subordinate to the Government of Madras, and as General Medows is a man of acknowledged ability and character, and regularly invested by the Court of Directors with the offices of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Presidency of Fort St George, I will not venture to say that, by relinquishing the immediate direction of the supreme government after a knowledge of the appointment of General Medows, I should not be justly exposed to blame and censure for executing a determination which had been made a few days before under the belief of the existence of different circumstances.'

In a private letter to his brother, the Bishop of Lichfield, the Governor-General expressed clearly the sentiments with which he regarded the concession to General Medows of the command of the army in the field. 'I wish,' he wrote, 'it (the news of Medows's transfer to Madras) had arrived either three months sooner or three months later; in the first case, I believe that we should have had no war, for I am convinced that Tippoo was encouraged by the weakness and corruption of Mr Holland's government; and, in the second, without any disparagement to Medows, whose character and abilities I highly respect, I think I could, for a time, have conducted the civil and military business of the Carnatic with more ease and advantage than

he could, from the greater experience I have had in the general affairs of India. I must now be satisfied with being Medows's commissary, to furnish him with men, money, and stores; to get no share of credit if things go well, and a large portion of blame if they do not succeed. All this I felt severely, but I could not think it justifiable to leave my own government in order to supersede such a man as Medows.' And then, after speaking of his own private affairs, he gave utterance to the very natural lament of the successful administrator, who sees all the great structure of his financial reforms swept away by a sudden tempest: 'It is a melancholy task to write all this, and to see all the effects of my economy and the regulation of the finances, which cost me so much labour, destroyed in a few months. But I am pretty well inured to the crosses and vexations of this world, and so long as my conscience does not reproach me with any blame, I have fortitude enough to bear up against them.' *

I must pause here to devote a few sentences to the brave and noble-hearted man to whom Cornwallis was now prepared to delegate the command of the army of Mysore. He was one of the most chivalrous of soldiers, and the most generous and gentle of men. He had served with distinction in the American war, and had built up a character in the eyes of his comrades, in which a masculine courage, almost reckless in its hardihood, was not less conspicuous than a womanly kindness of heart and tender-

* Cornwallis Correspondence.—Ross.

ness of manner. He was so much beloved by the soldiery, that there was not a man who, having once served under him, would not have followed him delightedly all over the world. When he was first ordered to America, having been appointed to a new regiment, he received permission to take as many men from his old corps as might volunteer to accompany him. Accordingly, he drew up the regiment in line, and, after a few words of explanation, stepped on one side, and exclaimed, 'Let all, who choose to go with me, come on this side.' The whole regiment to a man accepted the invitation; the corps went over bodily to the spot on which their beloved commander was standing—a proof of their attachment which affected so sensibly his warm heart that he burst into tears.'

On service, wherever danger was to be found, Medows was sure to be in the thick of it. In the battle of Brandywine, when leading on his grenadiers to the charge, with orders to reserve their fire, he received in the sword-arm, just above the elbow, a shot, which went out at his back; and, falling from his horse, he broke his collar-bone on the other side. Major Harris* found him in this situation almost insensible; but the well-known voice of his friend seemed to restore him; he tried to extend a hand, but neither was at his command. 'It's hard, Harris,' he said; but presently added, 'it's lucky poor Fanny (his wife) does not know this.'

Another anecdote, still more characteristic, may be given in the words of Mr Lushington, the biographer of Lord Harris: 'The General (Medows), acting upon that principle

* Afterwards General Lord Harris.

which continually influenced his military career, and which taught him that it made little difference in the chances of a soldier's life whether he did his duty cautiously and shabbily, or promptly and handsomely, exposed himself to the hottest fire wherever he could. On one occasion he persevered so heedlessly in doing so, that Colonel Harris and the other officers with him implored him to come down from the position where he stood as a mark to the enemy. He disregarded their remonstrance, when Colonel Harris jumped up and placed himself beside him, saying, "If you, sir, think it right to remain here, it is my duty to stand by you." This act of generous friendship had an immediate effect upon the noble heart of General Medows, and he descended from his perilous station.'

Nor was the humanity of the General less conspicuous than his gallantry and devotion. It was one of his favourite maxims—one which he never neglected an opportunity of enforcing upon the troops under his command—that 'an enemy in our power is an enemy no more; and the glorious characteristic of a British soldier is to conquer and to spare.' Even when opposed to the most barbarous and remorseless enemy against whom we have ever taken up arms, he still preached the doctrine of 'no retaliation' to his followers.[1] Contending with enemies of a different description, no man was more anxious to acknowledge their merits than General Medows. At St Lucie he issued an order, commencing with the following words: 'As soon as our gallant and generous enemy (the French) are seen to advance in great numbers, the troops are to receive them with three huzzas,

and then to be perfectly silent and obedient to their officers.' *

In the course of the year 1788, General Medows, mainly on the recommendation of Lord Cornwallis, was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Bombay. Accompanied by Colonel Harris as his Secretary,† he sailed in the early part of the year for that Presidency; but he had not long discharged the duties of his station, when he was transferred in a similar capacity to Madras. This change had

* This was in 1778. Medows commanded a brigade. An amusing account of the operations is given by the Honourable Colin Lindsay ('Lives of the Lindsays'), in which the reciprocation of courtesies between the English and French officers is pleasantly represented. Following their example, an English soldier took a pinch of snuff from a French sentry, and got into trouble for it.

† The circumstances of this appointment are worthy of record, especially in connection with the history of the conquest of Mysore. Happening shortly after his appointment to meet Harris in St James's-street, General Medows asked his old friend and comrade what he had been doing. Harris replied that he had been to the Army Agents to arrange the sale of his commission, and that he was about to make preparations to emigrate with his family to Canada, as he saw little chance of advancement in the service. The General heard the story with manifest vexation and impatience, and then asked his friend if the sale had been actually effected and the money paid? The reply was that there would be a day's delay, owing to the death of the Princess Amelia. 'Then,' said Medows, 'you shall not sell out. I am going as Governor to Bombay, and you shall go with me as secretary and aide-de-camp. I will stop the sale of the commission.' He did so at once, and consummated his kindness by lending his friend a large sum of money to enable him to insure his life. And from this accidental meeting in St James's-street came the gradation of circumstances and events which turned the despairing soldier into the conqueror of Mysore and the founder of an illustrious family.

been in contemplation from the first, and indeed the King's Ministers had intended that he should eventually succeed to the Governor-Generalship—an arrangement which, it was felt, would be gratifying to Cornwallis.* But Medows, who was no courtier, and who scorned to purchase promotion by servility, contrived to give offence to the Directors in Leadenhall-street, and for some time it appeared to Lord Cornwallis that his friend had thrown away his chance of succession. In April, 1790, however, General Medows was formally appointed, on the recommendation of Mr Pitt, to 'succeed to the Government-General of Bengal, upon the death, removal, or resignation of Earl Cornwallis.' †

* The following extract of a letter from Mr Dundas to Lord Cornwallis, dated July 22, 1787, places this beyond a doubt: 'We are all agreed that military men are the best of all Governors for India, and our wish is to persuade General Medows to accept the Government of Bombay, with a commission of Commander-in-Chief of that settlement. He will remain till Campbell leaves Madras, and can be appointed to that settlement when Campbell leaves it; and there he can remain till you leave India, and be ready to succeed you when you choose (which I hope will be as late as you can) to leave it.' What Cornwallis thought of the plan is equally clear: 'I should now be inclined to say,' he wrote to Mr Dundas, 'you had better stick to your plan of military Governors, and have done with the civil line, if I did not remember there have been some military characters in this country that have not been very correct. I hope, however, at all events, that Medows will be my successor—not that I mean to run away whilst the house is on fire; for much as I wish to return to England next year, I would not do it unless the Company's possessions were in a state of security,'—*Cornwallis Correspondence. Ross. Feb.* 7, 1790.

† Pitt's letter is dated April 28, 1790. He wrote to the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman, saying: 'As you expressed a wish that I should communicate to you, in writing, my sentiments respecting the

In the spring of 1790, as already stated, General Medows disembarked at Madras, and lost no time in placing himself at the head of his army. On the 25th of May the order-book contained his first characteristic address to the troops under his command, dated from Head-Quarters Camp, Trichinopoly Plain: 'The Commander-in-Chief, Major-General Medows, is happy to find himself at the head of that army whose appearance adorns the country, he trusts their bravery and discipline will save. An army that is brave and obedient, that is patient of labour and fearless of danger, that surmounts difficulties, and is full of resources, but above all, whose cause is just, has reason to hope to be invincible against a cruel and ambitious tyrant, whose savage treatment of his prisoners but too many present have experienced. However, should the fortune of war put him in our hands, uncontaminated by his base example, let him be treated with every act of humanity and generosity, and enlightened, if possible, by a treatment so much the reverse of his own. To a generous mind, a fault acknowledged is a fault forgot; and an enemy in our power is an enemy no more. That the army and Commander-in-Chief may

nominations for the Governments of Bengal and Madras, I think it right to state to you, that as far as I am enabled to form an opinion on that subject, I think no arrangement can be made under the present circumstances which will be more for the public service than the appointment of General Medows to be Governor-General.' . . . . . The Court's resolution was passed on the same day. On the 28th April, 1790, Major-General William Medows was appointed by the Court of Directors 'to succeed to the Government-General of Bengal, upon the death, removal, or resignation of Earl Cornwallis.'—*MS. Records.*

understand each other—and the sooner the better, as there is nothing on earth that he idolizes more than a well-disciplined army, so there is nothing on earth that he detests or despises more than the reverse—he is, therefore, determined to make the severest examples of the few that may dare to disgrace the army in general by a different conduct. No plunderers will be shown the smallest mercy; he is resolved to make examples severe, in the hope of making them rare, and would think it one of the greatest blessings he could enjoy to make none at all. Among the first wishes of his heart is the army's reputation and success; but it must be prepared for hardships, and to endure them—for difficulties, and to surmount them—for numerous enemies, and to beat them.'

But the noble soldier is not always the accomplished General, and the high qualities which distinguished Medows were not those which command success in such operations as were now confided to him. He took the field under many disadvantages. His army was ill equipped; the country and the mode of warfare were new to him. He was imperfectly acquainted with the resources of the enemy, and was too eager for action in detail to take a comprehensive view of the general demands of the campaign before him. He was blamed for dividing his forces in such a manner as to expose them to disaster by the impossibility of supporting them when engaged with superior bodies of the enemy; and it is not to be doubted that the army was harassed and wearied without attaining any proportionate results.* Lord Cornwallis had from the first entertained

* The following passage in Major Price's narrative, drawn from

some private misgivings as to the wisdom of his friend's plan of operations; but he had waited patiently for the fuller development of the scheme, and had passed no hasty judgment upon it. But month after month passed, and it was plain that Medows was making no way towards the subjugation of Tippoo, and, in spite of his eager wish for hard fighting, had failed to bring the Sultan to a general action. At last, the imminent danger to which the force under Colonel Floyd was exposed, in the half-glorious, half-disastrous affair of Sattemengulum, where the gallantry of our troops was far more conspicuous than their success, roused the Governor-General from his generous delusion that the conduct of the war was in good hands. Moreover, it required good and experienced management to keep our allies, the Nizam and the Peishwah, up to the mark of good faith and vigorous action under the depressing influences of an unsuccessful campaign. So, after much self-communing and some consultation with his colleagues in the government, Lord Cornwallis determined to take command of the army in the field.

But he was very careful of the reputation of his friend, and with some—perhaps excusable—obscuration of the truth, recorded in his public despatches that he did not

his contemporary journals, is significant: 'On this subject I find it here rather boldly remarked for a subaltern of nine years' standing, how much it derogated from the judgment of the Roman Brutus, to whose vigorous example General Medows had some time since referred, to have thus exposed his army to be cut off in detail by placing so valuable a division of it, in defiance of so many fatal examples, so far beyond the possibility of support. It was, however, the general opinion at the time.'

supersede General Medows on account of any distrust of his military skill.* 'I entertain,' he wrote to the Court of Directors on the 17th of November, 'too high an opinion of General Medows's professional abilities, and feel too great a confidence in his zeal to promote the public good, to imagine that the war will be conducted with more success under my own immediate direction; but as Tippoo may have it in his power, during a temporary inactivity on our part, to turn his whole force against our allies, and, unless counteracted by us, may intimidate or otherwise prevail upon them to treat for a separate peace, I have thought it incumbent upon me, on this occasion, to step beyond the line of regular official duty, upon the supposition that my presence on the coast may operate in some degree to convince them of our being determined to persevere in a vigorous prosecution of the war, and by that means encourage them to resist the common enemy with firmness until the north-east monsoon shall break up, and we shall, in other respects, be prepared to act with efficacy in co-operating with them.' To Mr Dundas he wrote about the same time, saying: 'It is vain now to look back; we must only consider how to remedy the evil, and to prevent the ill effects which our delay may occasion in the minds of our allies. It immediately occurred to me that nothing would be so likely to keep up their spirits, and to

* In a letter to his brother, Lord Cornwallis says: 'Our war on the coast has hitherto not succeeded so well as we had a right to expect. Our army, the finest and best appointed that ever took the field in India, is worn down with unprofitable fatigue, and much discontented with their leaders, and the conduct of both Medows and Musgrove highly reprobated.'

convince them of our determination to act with vigour, as my taking the command of the army; I have accordingly declared my intention of embarking for Madras in the first week of next month.'

It was a fortunate circumstance that General Medows ever regarded Lord Cornwallis with the warmest feelings of admiration and esteem, and that, with all his eager desire for military glory, he did not receive with a sentiment of jealousy the tidings of his supersession by the Governor-General. It is possible, indeed, that he may have seen in this new distribution of authority increased opportunities of personal distinction; for he was one who, in these days, would covet a Victoria cross more than a peerage, and a wound received at the head of a storming party more than all the prize money in the world. By Lord Cornwallis himself the noble bearing of his friend was held in all due honour. 'I hope,' he wrote to Dundas, 'you will give Medows full credit in England for his generous and noble conduct on the trying occasion of my superseding him in his command. I knew the excellence of his temper and of his heart, but he has really, in this instance, surpassed my expectations. It is, besides, but justice to him to observe that, owing to untoward accidents, the first intelligence he received of my coming was attended with the most mortifying circumstances; for although I had, out of delicacy, kept my resolution a profound secret for three weeks after I had written my intentions to him, it unluckily happened, owing to the interruption of the posts, that he first heard of it from the Madras Board.'

On the 12th of December, 1790, Lord Cornwallis arrived at Madras. He found in the civil administration of that Presidency greater abuses than he had discovered in Bengal. 'The whole system of this Presidency,' he wrote, 'is founded on the good old principles of Leadenhall-street economy—small salaries and immense perquisites; and if the Directors alone could be ruined by it, everybody would say they deserved it; but unfortunately it is not the Court of Directors, but the British nation that must be the sufferers. We must, however,' he continued, 'put an end to the war before we can attempt any serious reform, and my thoughts for some months to come will be wholly occupied in endeavouring to reduce the overgrown power of Tippoo.'

From Madras, on the 22nd of January, 1791, he wrote to Mr Barlow, after some observations on the new scheme of civil administration: 'I have led a life of the greatest anxiety, in the first place from the disappointment in the arrival of our ships, and the total failure of the monsoon, which has not, perhaps, occurred for the last forty years, and afterwards from the General's having brought too small a force from Arnee to insure the safe conveyance of so great a train of artillery and provisions as we must take from hence. The latter is now set right, after its having caused me many sleepless nights, and we have now provided bullocks to enable us to march, even if none should arrive from Bengal. What fools are men, for wishing for power and command; and how much greater a fool am I, for embarking in all these troubles and anxieties without wishing for either. Tippoo in person has gone either against

the Mahrattas or Abercromby; but his numerous horse have committed, and still commit, the most shocking cruelties in the Carnatic. I shall march from hence on the 4th or 5th of next month for Bangalore and Seringapatam; and everything is so arranged that I do not expect to meet with any great obstructions, either from the want of stores or provisions.'

Before the end of the month Cornwallis met General Medows at Vellout, and assumed command of the army. On the 5th of February, they broke ground for Vellore. On the 12th he wrote from that place, saying that by the 5th or 6th of March he hoped to invest Bangalore. On the 23rd of February he wrote to his brother, saying that he had brought all his heavy artillery and stores over the mountains without accident. 'Two or three months,' he added, 'must probably bring this war to a crisis, and I shall then be able to form some judgment about the time of my going home.' There was small prospect at that time of such a consummation, for he had talked to Medows about the succession to the Governor-Generalship, and the General had shown no inclination to go to Bengal at the end of the war.

Cornwallis kept his word to the letter, and on the 5th of March he invested Bangalore. Two days afterwards the pettah, or town, was carried, to the astonishment of Tippoo, who had been entirely outmanœuvred by the English General; and then preparations were commenced for the capture of the fort. The operations of the siege were continued until the 20th of March, when everything was ready for the assault. There was a stout and gallant re-

sistance; but the steady gallantry of the English forces prevailed. Bangalore was taken by assault. Large numbers of the enemy were bayoneted in the works, and Tippoo, surprised and disheartened by the seizure of so valued a stronghold, withdrew the force with which he had hoped successfully to support the besieged, and fell back towards Seringapatam.*

A more cautious general than Lord Cornwallis—one less eager to do his work by bringing the enemy to action—would now, perhaps, have hesitated to attempt to bring the campaign to a close in the existing season. The line of country before him was far more extensive than that which he had already traversed, and his resources were far less.

* The best account with which I am acquainted of these operations, which belong rather to history than to biography, is to be found in a letter written by Sir Thomas Munro, when a young officer with the army. He says that Lord Cornwallis, 'from his uniform steady conduct, deserved success: he never lost sight of his object to follow Tippoo; neither did he, in the different cannonades, ever permit a shot to be returned.' 'On the 17th, in the morning, Lord Cornwallis was visiting the batteries, when, about eight o'clock, fifteen guns opened suddenly on the left wing. The nature of the country, which is full of hollow ways, had enabled Tippoo to advance unperceived, and the report of the guns was the first notice that General Medows had of his being so near. The line formed without striking tents, and the troops sat on the ground whilst the enemy kept up a brisk cannonade, which, though distant, did a good deal of execution among the followers crowded together in the centre of the camp, between the two lines of infantry, and it also killed or wounded fifty or sixty men in the ranks, which so far got the better of his Lordship's temper that he determined to advance, and was giving directions to that effect when Tippoo drew off his army.'—*Gleig's Life of Sir Thomas Munro.*

During the operations against Bangalore, he had lost a considerable part of his carriage cattle. Large numbers of his draft bullocks had been killed to supply his European troops with food, and a still greater number had died. But these formidable obstacles did not deter Cornwallis from advancing. He knew the chances and the cost of failure, but he balanced them against the immense advantages of success. At any moment a letter might have been brought into his tent announcing that France and England were again at war with each other—in which case the French in India would have given their best help to the Sultan of Mysore. So he determined, after forming a junction with the Nizam's cavalry,* to push forward into the very heart of Tippoo's dominions, to invest the capital, and to dictate terms of peace under the walls of Seringapatam. Before the middle of May, he was within ten miles of that city; but, although he was strong enough to beat the enemy fairly 'in the open,' he saw at once that he had not the means of carrying so formidable a place as that which now stood, in proud defiance, before him. On the 15th of May he was in some measure rewarded for all the toil and anxiety of his difficult

* I cannot help thinking that this was by far the greatest error which Cornwallis committed. He lost exactly a month by it, when time was everything to him, by going round to pick up a body of horse, whose co-operation was not likely to be of much use to us when obtained. Munro says: "We had already seen that they would distress us greatly by destroying our forage, as they would not venture beyond our outposts to collect it; and that they could have been of no use to us, as the whole of them would not face five hundred of the enemy's horse.' This statement is amply confirmed by Lord Cornwallis's own correspondence.

march to the Mysore capital, by the occurrence of the long-coveted opportunity of drawing Tippoo into action in the field. He accomplished this, and aided by the Nizam's troops, who fought better than he had expected, he fairly beat and dispersed them. But he was not in a position to follow up the victory. The junction which he had expected to form with General Abercromby, the Bombay Commander, was not immediately practicable. The elements were hostile, and the material resources of the army were failing him. Bitter, indeed, was the mortification which overwhelmed him, when he found that just at what he had believed to be the point of victory, he was compelled to retire. But he had neither stores nor provisions for a long siege; and to have attempted, at the end of May, to carry the place with such insufficient means, would have been only to court a disastrous failure. So he determined to break up his siege train, and to fall back upon Bangalore.*

Then Lord Cornwallis began to experience, in all their

* Munro thus describes the situation of Cornwallis's army: 'We had by this time lost the greatest part of our cattle; the guns had for the two last marches been brought forward with much difficulty by the assistance of the troops, and the battering-train has seldom got to its place before ten at night. The weather, too, which had been unfavourable ever since our leaving Bangalore, had now all the appearance of a settled monsoon. The remaining bullocks, it was apprehended, would hardly be able to drag the field-pieces back to Bangalore, and we had only twelve days' rice at half allowance. In this situation it became absolutely necessary, on the 22nd, to burst our heavy cannon, to bury the shot, to throw the powder into wells, and to destroy all the other besieging materials.'—*Gleig's Life of Sir Thomas Munro.*

bitterness, the horrors of a hot-weather campaign in India, with insufficient appliances for the maintenance and protection of his army. An epidemic disorder broke out among his cattle. Numbers fell by the way, and the remainder with difficulty struggled on with their burdens. Grain was so scarce, that the famished camp-followers were compelled to feed on the diseased carcases of the bullocks. The cavalry horses were reduced to such a state that they could not carry their riders, and many were shot as useless encumbrances. The officers, who had given up the greater part of their private carriage for public uses, suffered so severely that in many cases they were compelled to ask for the rations which were served out to the privates. The tents were little better than tinder; and the clothes of officers and men were reduced to mere rags. 'The ground at Camiambuddy,' wrote Major Dirom, the historian of the war, 'where the army had encamped but six days, was covered in a circuit of several miles with the carcases of cattle and horses; and the last of the gun-carriages, carts, and stores of the battering-train, left in flames, was a melancholy spectacle which the troops passed as they quitted the deadly camp.'

It was not strange that, in such distressing circumstances, the spirits of the commander should begin to droop. There was a necessary suspension of operations, for the rains had set in; and there is nothing so wearisome and enervating as the inactivity of camp-life in an unhealthy season of the year. His constitution, on the whole, bore up bravely; but continued anxiety began to tell upon him. 'My health,' he wrote to his brother on the 13th of July, 'has not suf-

fered, although my spirits are almost worn out, and if I cannot soon overcome Tippoo, I think the plagues and mortifications of this most difficult war will overcome me.' Six long, dreary weeks of waiting passed away; and he still felt sad and sick at heart. 'If Tippoo,' he wrote to his son, on the 8th of September, 'does not offer reasonable terms before that time, I hope to oblige him to do so by a successful attack on Seringapatam in November next; but however favourable a turn our affairs may take, I cannot now expect, consistently with the duty I owe to my country, to leave India before January, 1793, and I trust that my evil stars cannot detain me longer than that period. I grow old and more rheumatic, and have lost all spirits, and shall only say when I return:

> 'A soldier, worn with cares and toils of war,
> Is come to lay his weary bones among you.'

'You remember Wolsey's speech, but I shall have an easier conscience than he, probably, had.' And on the same day he wrote to his friend Mr Grisdale, saying: 'God knows when our war will end—I hope and trust it will end soon, or it will end me. I do not mean that I am sick. I have stood a burning sun and a cold wind as well as the youngest of them; but I am plagued and tormented and wearied to death.'

The time, however, had now come for the commencement, at least, of those minor operations which were necessary to secure the success of the grand march upon Seringapatam. Some forts were to be taken at no great distance from Bangalore, where the army was encamped; stubborn,

obstinate places, of immense natural strength, which the enemy believed to be impregnable. One of these places, known as Nundydroog, was to be carried at the end of September. The fortress was described as standing on a rocky mountain, 1700 feet in height, 'three-fourths of its circumference being actually inaccessible.' After some weeks, however, a practicable breach was made, and then General Medows, who had all this long weary time been panting for an opportunity of personal distinction, offered his services to command the detachment that was to proceed to the assault, and Lord Cornwallis accepted them. On the 18th of October everything was ready for the advance of the stormers. General Medows placed himself at the head of his men, and the word had been given to move forward upon the breach, when some one vociferated that there was a mine beneath it. 'If there be a mine,' cried Medows, 'it is a mine of gold;' and he called on his men to push forward. And amidst a continued hail of heavy stones from the impending precipice, more formidable than the fire of the guns, the storming party entered the breach; and so a place which, in the hands of the Mahrattas, had defied Hyder Ali for three years, was wrested from his sons after a siege of a few weeks.

The cold weather, so eagerly looked for, came at last; and the interval of repose, wearisome and dispiriting though it was, had been turned to the best possible account. The army which was now about to take the field, was very different from the army with which, in the hot weather, Lord Cornwallis had retired from Seringapatam. Great preparations had been made for the renewal of the war. Bengal

had been drawn upon for artillery and carriage cattle—especially elephants. A large supply of specie had come from England. Success was now almost a certainty. The army was set in motion again, and, as it advanced, the spirits of Lord Cornwallis rapidly revived. There was something to be done before the great crowning work of the investment of the Mysore capital was to be accomplished. The great stronghold of Savindroog—more formidable, even, than that of Nundydroog—was to be carried by assault. As long as it remained in the enemy's hands our lines of communication could not be secured, and our convoys might, at any time, have been intercepted. Tippoo had laughed to scorn the idea of such a place being carried by human agency; and the garrison, which he had posted in it, relied mainly on its natural strength. But the batteries which opened on the 17th of December had soon effected a practicable breach, and on the 22nd the place was carried by assault. Cornwallis was overjoyed at the result. 'I have been fortunate,' he wrote to his brother on the 29th, 'in taking, in a very few days, and with very little loss, the important fortress of Savindroog, the possession of which was absolutely necessary to enable us to maintain a secure communication with Bangalore when we advance to the attack of Seringapatam. The speedy reduction of this place, which has been considered all over India as impregnable, has struck great terror into the enemy's other garrisons; for, in the three days subsequent to the assault of Savindroog, three other strong forts in its neighbourhood, each of them capable of making a good resistance, fell into our hands. By these successes we have now a frontier-line by which our supplies may

with ease be brought forward within fifty miles of the enemy's capital. God send that we may soon see a happy termination of this war, of which I am most heartily tired.'

The new year found the army full of heart and hope, eager to advance. The arrangements of our Native allies, always tardily effected, were at last complete, and the armies of the Nizam and the Peishwah were ready to accompany us to the Mysore capital. On the 25th of January the junction with the Confederates had been formed, and everything was ready for a combined advance on the capital of Mysore. The army marched, and on the 5th of February Seringapatam was again in sight. No painful doubts and anxieties now assailed the mind of the Commander. Confident of success, he was eager to do his work quickly; and whilst Tippoo was congratulating himself on the thought that time would be his best ally, Cornwallis was taking it by the forelock, and making his dispositions for an immediate attack on the enemy's camp. Seringapatam stands at one extremity of an oblong island formed by two branches of the Cauvery river. Between the northern bank of the river and a strong 'bound hedge,' Tippoo's army was posted, under the shelter of the guns of the fort and the batteries of the island. Once assured of their position, Cornwallis determined to dislodge them. His best hope lay in a prompt and vigorous movement at an unexpected time; so in the course of the 6th of February he made his arrangements for a night attack by a lightly-equipped body of Foot on the enemy's camp and the works which they were constructing. General Medows was to command the right, Colonel Maxwell the left, whilst Cornwallis

himself took command of the centre division of the force.

To our Native allies this movement seemed to be nothing less than a spasm of madness. That a few regiments of Infantry, without guns, should be sent forward to attack the enemy in position in a fortified camp, under the shelter of their guns, and that the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief should go with the fighting party, as though he were a common soldier, were eccentricities of warfare unaccountable in their eyes save by the hypothesis of the insanity of the Lord-Sahib. But never in his life did Cornwallis go about his work more sanely—never with a cooler calculation on the chances, or a juster appreciation of the immense advantages, of success. He started in high spirits. It was a fine, still, moonlight night, and unencumbered as they were they moved forward rapidly and quietly, and soon came in front of Tippoo's astonished army. The story of that eventful night has often been told before. The left and the centre divisions were completely successful; but the right division, under General Medows, 'by one of those accidents to which all operations in the night must be liable,' failed to accomplish the work intrusted to it. Medows found himself before a well-defended redoubt, the assault of which was not a part of the intended plan of operations, and before he could carry it, and proceed to support the Commander-in-Chief, day had broken, and Lord Cornwallis had done his work.*

* During a great part of the operations, Cornwallis was personally exposed to the fire of the enemy. He was wounded in the hand, but not severely. It is related that when Medows joined him, he said, alluding to the mistake he had made, 'I, my Lord, not you, should

But although the English General had accomplished more than he had ventured to hope, and Tippoo, who had seen, first with incredulity and then with dismay, the long line of English Footmen advancing under the silence of the night into the very heart of his camp, had shut himself in his fort, the daylight did not bring with it any cessation of the strife. Our troops had effected a lodgment on the island of Seringapatam, and detachments there and on the other side of the river in rear of Tippoo's camp were now exposed to the attacks of the enemy, who in vain endeavoured to dislodge them. There was some hard fighting throughout the day, the result of which made it clear to the Sultan that the game must now be played out by him behind the walls of Seringapatam; so he withdrew his troops from all the outlying redoubts, and abandoned every part on the north side of the river. So that now, in the words of the military historian of the war, 'the proud city of Seringapatam, which we could scarcely discern from our first ground, was now in forty-eight hours strongly and closely invested on its two principal sides; the enemy's army broken and dispirited; ours in perfect order, and highly animated by their success.'

Preparations were now made for the commencement of the siege. But Tippoo had, by this time, measuring rightly the resources of the English, begun to think of the expediency of not risking conclusions with the formidable force which had just routed his best troops, and was now

have had that rap over the knuckles.' The main brunt of the fighting must have fallen on the centre division, for it lost 342 men killed and wounded out of a total of 535.

preparing to attack his stronghold. But one despairing effort might yet be made, if not by fair means, by foul, to cast confusion into the ranks of the enemy. In the eyes of an Oriental potentate, to destroy the leader of an expedition, is to destroy the expedition itself. If Lord Cornwallis, who, in his own person, represented the supreme military and civil power of the English, could be cut off by any base stratagem, it appeared to Tippoo a certainty that the army would retire, discomfited and despairing, from Seringapatam. He did not think that the foul act would have excited to deeds of still higher daring the irrepressible manhood of the English Army, and that Medows would certainly, in such a case, amply avenge the murder of his leader. So he sent a party of Mahomedan horsemen, drugged to the point of fury with *bang*, to make their way into the English camp, and cut the English leader to pieces in his own tent. A man of simple and unostentatious habits and ever disinclined, for the sake of his own safety or comfort, to give trouble to others, the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief had always been content with a guard consisting of a couple of troopers of his own escort. If, then, Tippoo's horsemen, who, in such a heterogeneous assembly as that which was composed by the forces of the Confederates, might easily have escaped observation, had taken their measures with any calmness and collectedness, they might have accomplished their object. But they went about their work wildly, and they failed. A party of Bombay Sepoys turned out against them, and they fled in dismay from the English camp. After this, Lord Corn-

wallis was reluctantly persuaded to allow a party of English soldiers to mount guard over his tent.

Foiled in this desperate attempt upon the life of the English leader, Tippoo was eager to negotiate a peace. The negotiations extended over many weeks, and there was at least one man in camp who watched their progress with the deepest interest, hoping that the peace-efforts would break down utterly, and that orders would be issued for the commencement of the siege. This was General Medows, who knew that he would regain all the credit he had lost, and a large measure besides, whether living to bear his honours or dying in the breach. The accident which had befallen him had preyed tormentingly on his spirits. Seringapatam, however, was not yet taken. There was prospect of a siege, and General Medows sought permission to command the storming party. This had been the cherished wish of his heart ever since the commencement of the campaign. He had modestly declined the offer of the Governor-Generalship, which had reached him in camp, but had added: 'I will never quit this country till I have commanded the storming party at Seringapatam.' * And now

* The passage of the letter to the Court of Directors, in which Medows declined the Governor-Generalship, is altogether so characteristic, so honourable alike to him and to Lord Cornwallis, that some further passages of it may be given in a note: 'Though the elements, more faithful allies to Tippoo than either the Nizam's troops or the Mahrattas to us, have obliged us to defer the siege of Seringapatam, I still flatter myself it is only postponed, and not put off further than from June to January, when, if he does not make a peace, which I take to be so much the interest of all parties, the loss of his capital, I

he was more than ever anxious to lead his men to the assault, for he felt that there was a stain upon his character to be effaced. The request was readily granted, and the prospect of new glory buoyed him up for a time; but only to make more unendurable his subsequent disappointment.

With bitter anguish of heart, therefore, did he learn, towards the end of February, that the negotiations had so far succeeded, that Tippoo had consented to send two of his sons into the British camp as hostages for the fulfilment of the terms of the peace. What follows is one of the saddest things in Indian history. I tell it, as it was told, on the same day, by an officer on Lord Cornwallis's staff, writing to a friend in Calcutta.* 'Tippoo,' he said, 'has, this afternoon, commenced the execution of the preliminaries of peace, by sending to camp his second and third sons as hostages, conformably with one of the articles; and

hope and expect, will be soon followed by the loss of his kingdom. Lord Cornwallis, who sees everything, who does everything, and who is everything, will, I hope, have the peace in such forwardness by January, as to enable me to go home with propriety, while he stays another year, to complete the great and arduous undertaking he so happily began, has so nobly continued, and, I have no doubt, will so perfectly conclude, to his own honour and your satisfaction. But should things take another turn, and there should not be peace, though I beg leave to decline going to Bengal after January, 1792, I will never quit this country till I have commanded the storming party at Seringapatam, or until the war is over. When, after the handsome and independent fortune I shall have made in your service (I should guess about forty thousand pounds, but I will tell you the uttermost farthing the moment I know it), entirely by proper saving from your liberal appointments, if you shall think "the labourer worthy of his hire," I shall be most amply compensated.'

* MS. Correspondence.

this act was made paticularly interesting and satisfactory to Lord Cornwallis, by Tippoo, without mentioning any of the other confederates, insisting that his children should be carried directly to his Lordship's tent, and there delivered into his arms, with a request that he would, during their absence from their father, consider them and treat them as his own children. It would at any time have been impossible to witness such a scene, which marked so great a change in their father's fortunes, without certain reflections on the instability of human grandeur. But all sensations of that nature were almost totally absorbed in the melancholy damp into which we had been thrown a few hours before, by a fatal act that General Medows had committed upon himself. The column that the General commanded on the night of the 6th did not execute precisely what was allotted to it. But he has, by his uniform conduct through life, established his character with all mankind as the essence of honour and courage, and the mistake on that night was never considered, by any man in the army, in any other light than as one of those errors to which night attacks have been, and ever will be, liable. The General, however, notwithstanding every consolation which his Lordship could give him, continued dissatisfied with himself, and allowed this unlucky affair to prey continually upon his spirits, till this morning, when it seems he could bear it no longer, and discharged a pistol loaded with three bullets into his body. He is still alive, but there can scarcely be hopes that he will recover. You will be able to judge of the severity of this blow upon Lord Cornwallis, when I tell you that there are few men in the world whom his Lordship more esteems

and loves. This cruel stroke has poisoned all our enjoyment of the present favourable appearance of public affairs.' These gloomy anticipations, however, were not realized. 'Most miraculously,' as the same officer afterwards wrote, 'General Medows recovered, and became perfectly reconciled to himself and all the world.' *

* The following contemporary account of this painful circumstance is given in the 'Memoirs of a Field Officer,' written by Major Price, formerly Judge Advocate-General of the Bombay Army. It has the strongest possible impress of the truth, and as it was not published till nearly fifty years after the event occurred, it may be assumed that the current story of the day was confirmed by later information: 'To account for this rash and extraordinary act, in an individual so eminently distinguished, it is only necessary to explain, that on the night of the memorable attack on the enemy's lines of the 6th February, the General commanded the column which formed the right of that attack. This column had been directed to penetrate the enemy's lines towards their extreme left. Unfortunately, the head of the column, instead of entering the bound-hedge, became engaged in an attack upon the Eidgah redoubt—sometimes called Lally's—where the defence turned out so obstinate and protracted, and occasioned so great a delay, as might have produced results the most disastrous. For, during the untoward delay it was that the enemy from the left were permitted to bear down upon the centre column, commanded by Lord Cornwallis in person. His Lordship had successfully penetrated the line in his front; and having detached the greater part of his column in pursuit of the enemy towards the river-side, was for some time exposed to the greatest jeopardy of being cut off by the superior force which now poured upon him. Providentially the troops that remained about his Lordship's person fought with such devoted steadiness and resolution that the assailants were repelled with loss; and it was only about break of day, when not far from the foot of Carigaht Hill, that General Medows made his appearance with the right column of attack. It is said that in the irritation of the moment a sharp interrogatory dropped from his Lordship as to

On the 18th of March, after much negotiation, and

where General Medows had been disposing of himself?' It has never been satisfactorily explained why it was, that after silencing the Eidgah redoubt, the column was led to the left *without*, rather than, as directed in the plan of the attack, *within*, the bound-hedge. Some, indeed, have asserted that it was through the cowardice or treachery of the guides. This, however, has been denied; and that, although the General was spoken to on the subject, he, as it was said, persisted in moving to the left, *without* the hedge. Harassed by the reflection of the tremendous mischief that might have occurred, had anything fatal occurred to Lord Cornwallis and the column in the centre in consequence of this unfortunate deviation, a mind so sensitive as that of General Medows sunk under the impression; and he felt it beyond all endurance. He had looked forward to the hope that the Sultaun would have held out to extremity; and that he must, of course, have been the officer selected to command the storming party. He had, indeed, been frequently heard to repeat that "a storm was necessary to his peace of mind." When, therefore, these hopes were frustrated, and that peace was determined upon, he gave out a report that he was going home in the *Dutton* East Indiaman, then about to sail for England. On the very morning on which he made the lamentable attempt he had conversed privately, and with apparent indifference, with Mr Uhthoff on the subject of his voyage. The day which had been determined upon by Lord Cornwallis to receive the first visit of the two hostage Princes was the one fixed upon for the perpetration of this act of extraordinary desperation. The moment the salute was firing, on the approach of the Princes, was that chosen by the General to put a period to his existence. His pistol had been loaded with slugs, three of which had lodged in his body. Two of them were promptly extracted. He is said to have expressed the deepest regret for what he had done, as well as his unreserved approbation of every measure adopted by Lord Cornwallis, and that nothing on the part of that noble person had had the slightest influence on his conduct on this melancholy occasion. He could, indeed, be sometimes facetious on the subject, remarking that "Mr Medows had had a misunderstanding with General Medows, that had terminated in a duel, in which matters had been amicably adjusted."'

many hitches and obstructions, which every now and then threatened a general break-down, the definitive Treaty was sent out of the Fort, 'signed and sealed by Tippoo,' and was delivered to Lord Cornwallis on the following day under a salute from a Park of British Artillery and from the guns of Seringapatam booming together. Some considerable accessions of territory to the British Empire in India were the result of this war, but it belongs rather to the historian than to the biographer to write of these things in detail.* Lord Cornwallis returned to Madras, and was detained there some time for the settlement of the affairs of the Carnatic. It was not until the 17th of July that he was able to write to Mr Dundas: 'I have at length settled everything with the Nabob, and I believe in the best manner that it could have been done, unless we had kept possession of the country; but that point could only have

* Thomas Munro, writing of the peace, says: 'In this situation, when extirpation, which had been talked of, seemed so near, the moderation or the policy of Lord Cornwallis granted him peace on the easy terms of his relinquishing half his dominions to the Confederates. Tippoo accepted these conditions on the 24th of February, and orders were instantly issued to stop all working in the trenches. The words which spread such a gloom over the army, by disappointing, not so much their hopes of gain, as of revenge, were these: "Lord Cornwallis has great pleasure in announcing to the army that preliminaries of peace have been settled between the Confederate power and Tippoo Sultan."' But the young critic presently adds: 'So much good sense and military skill has been shown in the conduct of the war, that I have little doubt that the peace has been made with equal judgment.' His natural leanings, however, towards the more vigorous course of action were too strong to be altogether repressed, and he soon broke out again into the language of doubt and reproach.

been carried by force, without the least shadow of reason or justice, and consequently was not to be attempted.' Soon after this he sailed for Calcutta.

The generosity and humanity of his nature were signally displayed, in many ways, during this campaign, but in none more than in his tender regard for the interests of the soldiery, who looked up to him as their leader. He was a man of a kind heart and a compassionate nature, and the meanest soldier in the camp was in his eyes an object ever worthy of his most thoughtful care. When he first joined the army, he saw, to his dismay, that the Sepoy regiments of the Madras force had no hospital doolies (litters) attached to them, and that their sick and wounded were carried in the rude blankets or horsecloths of the country. 'It is hardly credible,' he wrote from camp to the Governor of Madras, 'that so shocking a practice should have existed so long, and that successive Generals could, without making the strongest remonstrances, have seen their wretched soldiers, either with a broken bone or a violent fever, squeezed into a blanket and carried by two of their comrades.' It was not so in the Bengal Army; so Lord Cornwallis at once directed the deficiency to be supplied. Not long afterwards, it happened that an army surgeon was tried by court-martial, and convicted, of neglecting to dress the wounds and to take proper care of the Europeans who had been wounded at Seringapatam—'for which heinous breach of duty,' said Lord Cornwallis, in a general order, 'and offence against the strongest and most affecting ties

of humanity, which forcibly plead in every generous breast in favour of men who have shed their blood in the cause of their country, he is condemned only to be suspended from his rank and pay in the service for eight months, and to be reprimanded in public orders.' 'It is incumbent upon Lord Cornwallis,' continues the order, 'to show that he sets a higher value upon the lives and limbs of the soldiers than to expose them again to the hazard of falling under the charge of a man who has been guilty of such gross neglect. And he therefore declares to the army that he shall recommend it to the Governor of Fort St George to continue Mr ——'s suspension until the pleasure of the Court of Directors shall be known; and that he shall order the Paymaster to give no share to Mr —— of that gratuity which was obtained by the blood of those brave men, whom he afterwards suffered either to perish or to languish miserably for several weeks by an inhumanity which, by any person unacquainted with the evidence that was produced against him, would be scarcely credible.'

It happened that the same court-martial sat in judgment upon an officer of one of the King's regiments, who had acted with great brutality towards a native of the country. The officer owed money to the poor man, and when he was asked for it, paid the debt, not in coin, but in blows. It is an old story—a common mode of requital, I am afraid, familiar to many generations. The man was sent back again, by order of the commanding officer, accompanied by the Adjutant of the regiment, and the debtor received him, 'with the money that was due to him and the stick that was prepared to beat him lying on the same table,' and

administered a second correction to him, which 'divided his ear.' But the sympathies of the Court were all with the white man, and he was acquitted as though this 'new way to pay old debts' were quite in consonance with the acknowledged usages of officers and gentlemen. But Lord Cornwallis branded the man's conduct 'as partaking both of ferocity and injustice, and no less unworthy of the manners of gentlemen than disgraceful to the character of officers;' and whilst severely censuring the Court, and reminding it that 'true humanity consists not in screening the guilty, but in protecting the innocent and redressing the injured,' he told the culprit that if he should 'persevere in the shameful practice of beating his creditors instead of paying them, he should not on a future occasion escape the punishment that such conduct deserves.' Cruelty, whether active or passive, evincing itself in brutal outrages, or in negligence scarcely less brutal, filled him with measureless indignation.

But it was not only by words such as these, and by the due exercise of his authority, that he manifested his kindly and generous consideration for all who looked up to him for protection. He was a large-hearted man, capable of heroic self-sacrifice for the good of others. To go to India, in those days, was to go in quest of money. Large fortunes were rapidly made; and men returned to England to buy estates, and to found families. There were many ways to wealth in the last century, lawful and unlawful; honourable and dishonourable. Among the former—among the most lawful and the most honourable means of attaining wealth, the only lawful and honourable way of attaining it *per*

saltum—was the acquisition of prize-money. If Lord Cornwallis had at one stroke added £50,000 to his fortune, by receiving his 'share' of the booty taken in the war, it would have been simply so much honourable gain, which the world would have said he fairly deserved. He was not a rich man. His estate, indeed, was scarcely adequate to the due maintenance of his title;* but he gave up to the army serving under him his own magnificent share of the prize-money as Commander-in-Chief; and General Medows, as second in command, followed his illustrious example.

The unqualified approval of the King and his Ministers was conveyed to him in the most flattering words and in the most practical manner, for his services throughout the campaign. The King conferred a Marquisate on Earl Cornwallis, and Mr Pitt offered him the seals of one of the State Secretaryships on his return to England. He had, however, lived too much in the camp to qualify him for parliamentary statesmanship, and he doubted whether his want of skill and practice as a debater would not mar his

* It should also be recorded that during the war he found his expenses far heavier than during peace, and was able to add little to his savings. 'You will judge,' he wrote to his brother, 'from the savings of other years, that I must have been considerably out of pocket by the war when I tell you that I spent £27,360 (reckoning the current rupee at two shillings) between the 1st of December, 1790, and the 31st of July, 1792, besides the wine from England, and two Arabian horses, for which I am to give English hunters. The immaculate —— understood making war in India better, or he would not have paid off the mortgage on one estate in Scotland, and bought another.'

utility as a member of the Cabinet. 'I will freely own to you,' he wrote to the great minister, 'that if anything could induce me to come forward in a state of business and responsibility at home, it would be the allurement which would be held out to my vanity by being enrolled as a member of an administration, the uprightness of whose principles, and the wisdom and vigour of whose conduct, I so truly respect. I have, however, always been of opinion that no man, who has a regard for the consideration in which he is to stand with this country, should produce himself, even in the House of Lords, as an efficient member of the administration, without possessing such powers and habits of parliamentary debate as would enable him to do justice to a good cause, and defend his measures as well as those of his colleagues. This maxim of *orator fit*, which has produced so much bad speaking and so much *ennui* in the world, may be true in some instances; but he is not to be made *e quovis ligno*, and I should doubt whether the timber ought to undergo the seasoning of above half a century.'* In this the extreme conscientiousness of the man was apparent. These considerations have not, in a later, and, it is said, a purer generation, deterred men, wanting in the power of expression, from accepting high office under the Crown. And I cannot help thinking that it would be a misfortune to the country if great administrative powers were, in all cases, subordinated to natural rhetorical gifts.

* Cornwallis Correspondence. Ross.

On the return of Lord Cornwallis to Calcutta, it was his duty to gather up a number of official threads. It would have pleased him much better if the exigencies of war had never drawn him from Bengal, where all the energies of his mind were devoted to the completion of a great scheme of civil administration. I have said elsewhere that 'Lord Cornwallis is the first Indian ruler who can properly be regarded as an administrator. Up to the time of his arrival, the English in India had been engaged in a great struggle for existence. Clive conquered the richest province of India. Hastings reduced it to something like order. But it was not until Cornwallis carried to that country the large-minded liberality of a benevolent English statesman, that our administrative efforts took shape and consistency, and the entire internal management of the country under our rule was regulated by a code of written laws (or regulations) intended to confer upon the natives of India the benefits of as much European wisdom and benevolence as was compatible with a due regard for 'the character of native institutions.' Aided by Mr Barlow, then secretary to Government—afterwards Provisional Governor-General, and for some years Governor of Madras, he drew up a code of laws, or as he, correcting the language of the secretary, called them 'Regulations,' now known to history as the Regulations of 1793, which have since been the basis of our civil administration of India. Sir William Jones, to whom the scheme was submitted, declared that it was worthy of Justinian, and another eminent English lawyer said that they were 'worthy of every praise which

can be bestowed upon them, and would do credit to any legislation of ancient or modern times.' *

It is plainly beyond the scope of such a narrative as this to enter minutely into the details of the reforms which Lord Cornwallis introduced into the judicial and revenue systems of the country. The general principle on which the former were based was years afterwards so well described by the man who, of all others, was most competent to speak on the subject, in an autograph memorandum in my possession,† that I cannot do better than insert a portion of it. 'Great misunderstandings,' wrote Sir George Barlow, 'have prevailed with regard to the new constitution for the civil government of the British possessions in India, established by the Marquis Cornwallis in 1793, and completed by his successor, Marquis Wellesley.' The change did not consist in alterations in the ancient customs and usages of the country, affecting the rights of person and property. It related chiefly to the giving security to those rights, by affording to our native subjects the means of obtaining redress against any infringement of them, either by the Government itself, its officers, or individuals of any character or description. . . . . Lord Cornwallis made no innovations on the ancient laws and customs of the people. On the contrary, the main object of the constitution which he established was to secure to them the enjoyment of those laws and customs, with such improvement

* Mr Advocate-General (afterwards Sir William) Boroughs.

† It has been already quoted in a previous work by the present author.

as times and circumstances might suggest. When he arrived in the country, the Government was, in fact, a pure despotism, with no other check but that which resulted from the character of those by whom the Government was administered. The Governor-General not only was the sole power for making all laws, but he exercised the power of administering the laws in the last resort, and also all the functions of the executive authority. The abuses to which such a system of government is liable, from corruption, negligence, and want of information, are too well known to require being particularized. It is, in fact, from the want of a proper distribution of these authorities in different hands that all abuses in government principally proceed. His Lordship's first step was to make it a fundamental law (1793) that all laws framed by the Government should be printed and published in the form prescribed by Regulation 43, and that the Courts of Judicature should be guided by the laws so printed and published, and no other. It had before been the practice to carry on the affairs of the Government, and those of individuals, by a correspondence by letter with all the subordinate officers.'

The important Revenue measures which were introduced into Bengal during the administration of Lord Cornwallis, though necessarily occupying a large space in the history of his government, are so little akin to the general scheme and purport of this book, that any detailed account or discussion of them would be out of place. I think that, perhaps, the merit or the demerit of the great Zemindarry settlement has been assigned overmuch by some writers to the peculiar tastes and tendencies of Lord

Cornwallis. Mr James Mill, in his great history, has said that, 'full of the aristocratical ideas of modern Europe, the aristocratical person now at the head of the Government avowed his intention of establishing an aristocratic upon the European model.' In reality, however, the settlement was the work of the middle class civilians of the Company, nearly all of whom advocated a Zemindarry settlement, and many of them a perpetual one. The father of the Permanent Settlement, indeed, was Mr Thomas Law,* Collector of Behar, who, long before Cornwallis had given the subject a thought, had exhausted the budget of arguments in favour of a system that was 'to found on a permanent basis the future security, prosperity, and happiness of the natives. Cornwallis, indeed, when he sailed for India, left this system, which he is said to have initiated, thoroughly understood and in high favour at home, and found it when he arrived to be better known and more cherished in Bengal. That he strongly supported it from the first, and carried it through to its conclusion with no little heartiness and energy, is certain, but it neither took shape nor colour in his mind, and he was no more the originator of it than was Pitt, Dundas, or Charles Grant, who together composed the despatch which gave to the measure the final sanction of the Home Government.†

* A brother of the first Lord Ellenborough.

† This statement, made in a former work by the author, is placed beyond a doubt by the following extract of a letter from Mr Dundas to Lord Cornwallis: 'In your letter you allude to the important question of the perpetuity of the Decennial Settlement, and I have the very great satisfaction to inform you that the same conveyance

But although these great administrative arrangements may be passed over thus briefly, something must be said in this place of the efforts which Lord Cornwallis made to secure their effective execution. 'We have long been of opinion,' he wrote, 'that no system will ever be carried into effect so long as the personal qualifications of the individuals that may be appointed to superintend it form the only security for the due execution of it. The body of the people must feel and be satisfied of this security before industry will exert itself, or the moneyed men embark their capital in agricultural or commercial speculations. There are certain

which carries this carries out an approbation and confirmation of your sentiments on that subject. It has been longer delayed than I expected, but the delay was unavoidable. Knowing that the Directors would not be induced to take it up so as to consider it with any degree of attention, and knowing that some of the most leading ones among them held an opinion different both from your Lordship and me on the question of perpetuity, and feeling that there was much respect due to the opinion and authority of Mr Shore, I thought it indispensably necessary both that the measure must originate with the Board of Control, and likewise that I should induce Mr Pitt to become my partner in the final consideration of so important and controverted a measure. He accordingly agreed to shut himself up with me for ten days at Wimbledon, and attend to that business only. Charles Grant stayed with us a great part of the time. After a most minute and attentive consideration of the whole subject, I had the satisfaction to find Mr Pitt entirely of the same opinion with us. We therefore settled a despatch upon the ideas we had formed, and sent it down to the Court of Directors. What I expected happened; the subject was too large for the consideration of the Directors in general, and the few who knew anything concerning it, understanding from me that Mr Pitt and I were decided in our opinions, thought it best to acquiesce, so that they came to a resolution to adopt entirely the despatch as transmitted by me.'

powers and functions which can never be vested in the same officers without destroying all confidence in the protection of the laws. This remark is particularly applicable to the various functions vested in the present Collectors.' And upon these grounds it was resolved that all judicial powers should be withdrawn from the Collectors. Not only had the judicial and the fiscal offices been blended, but the former was altogether subordinated to the latter. The Collector 'received no salary as Judge of the Court of Justice or as magistrate of the district. These two offices were considered as appendages to that of Collector, and the duties of the two former stood still whenever they interfered with those of the latter.'* That the separation of the offices was an important administrative step, and tended much to the purity and efficiency of the service, is not to be doubted.

The reform of the military service of the country engaged also much of his attention during these last days of his rule, but it had been arranged between the Governor-General and the King's Government that the discussion of the subject should be deferred until Lord Cornwallis's return to England, and it was not, therefore, until November in the following year that he placed on record his views on this important subject, in an elaborate letter to Mr Dundas, which contains the following suggestive passage: 'As the above propositions not only secure a competent income to the military officers serving in India during the early periods of their service, but also the substantial advantage and gratification of an opening being made for

* Minute by Lord Cornwallis.

their attaining high military rank, as well as the indulgence of being enabled to visit Europe occasionally without relinquishing their pay, and the satisfaction of having it in their power to spend the latter part of their lives in their native country, either by retiring on their full pay, by selling their commissions, or by remaining in the service until they obtain the command and emoluments of a regiment. All ideas must be given up in the army of looking for perquisites or advantages in any shape whatever beyond the open and avowed allowances which shall be allotted to the respective ranks, and if any officer shall be detected in making such attempts, he ought to be tried by a general court-martial for behaving in a manner unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, and, if convicted, dismissed from the service.' Nothing did more to improve the character of the officers of the Indian Army than this important reform.

He resigned his seat at the head of the Government to his old friend John Shore, who had come out with the appointment a short time before the date fixed for his Lordship's departure. Of all the servants of the Company he was the one whom Cornwallis would most warmly have welcomed as his successor; but it was his opinion that the Governor-Generalship should be reserved for men of high position in England, who had not been connected with Indian administration.* At one time Dundas himself had

* 'It is very difficult for a man to divest himself of the prejudices which the habits of twenty years have confirmed, and to govern people who have lived with him so long on a footing of equality. But the Company's servants have still greater obstacles to encounter when they

thought of going out to India to take the supreme direction, but he had the Company's new charter to carry through Parliament, so he could not leave England in time to relieve Lord Cornwallis. In conjunction with Pitt, therefore, he recommended Mr Shore for the provisional appointment to the Governor-Generalship, with the understanding that if it was afterwards considered advisable to send out a statesman from home, Shore would take the second seat in Council. When he arrived, Cornwallis was agreeably surprised to find how much he had improved. 'I have had the pleasure,' he said, 'since I wrote last, of receiving my friend Shore, whose mind is become much more enlarged, and whose sentiments are greatly improved by his visit to England.' * And in one of the last letters

become Governors, for the wretched policy of the Company has, till the late alterations took place in Bengal, invariably driven all their servants to the alternative of starving or of taking what was not their own; and although some have been infinitely less guilty in this respect than others, the world will not tamely submit to be reformed by those who have practised it in the smallest degree. . . . . A man of upright intentions, with ability and application, that would undertake this government for six or seven years, might do great things for the public, and save a considerable fortune for himself. If you cannot tempt such a man with these prospects, I have no effectual remedy to propose.'

* Marquis Cornwallis to Mr Dundas, March 24, 1793.—(*Cornwallis Correspondence. Ross.*) To this Lord Cornwallis added: 'He has been perfectly fair and good-humoured about the Permanent Settlement, and his declaration that he will persevere in the present system of external management, and, above all, his approbation and resolution to support and enforce the late domestic arrangements, have afforded me the greatest satisfaction, and induce me to hope that I shall have grounds to retract the opinion I before gave, and to

he wrote from India, be assured his friend of his hearty support. So, hopeful of a bright future, he made his preparations for his final departure from Calcutta; and in the autumn of 1793 proceeded to Madras, where he was detained for some time, in consequence of the King's ship bearing the admiral's flag, in which he was to have been conveyed to England, having been compelled to go into dock at Bombay. Lord Cornwallis, therefore, as his military secretary wrote, 'took his chance on the *Swallow*,' and sailed from Madras on or about the 10th of October, 1793.

So ended the first Cornwallis administration. It had embraced a period of seven years, during which much good work had been done both in the Camp and in the Council Chamber; and now, as he turned his face homeward, he thought with well-grounded pride and satisfaction of the great changes which had been wrought during his tenure of office, and, most of all, perhaps, of the improved character of the public service of our Indian Empire. If he did not make the military and the civil services of India altogether what they were in the last years of the Company, he so purified, elevated, and invigorated them, that there was no chance of their ever again relapsing into corruption or imbecility. A healthy progress from that time was

admit him as an exception to my general rule. He did not appear to be in the least disappointed by my resolution to retain the government till August, but offered me his cordial assistance whenever I might wish to employ him.' Shore was always of opinion that it was a mistake to make the Settlement permanent in the first instance. He would have commenced with a Decennial Settlement.

insured. It is scarcely too much, indeed, to say that but for the chastening influences of Cornwallis's good seven years' work, it would not have been my privilege to write the stories of such lives as are included in these volumes.

He arrived in England in the early part of February, 1794, and was soon settled in his Suffolk home. But to one who looked for nothing so much as for repose, the times were unpropitious. Europe was in an unsettled state, and the country had need of all her best soldiers and diplomatists. At such a season it was not to be expected that her Majesty's Ministers would give much time and attention to the affairs of India. They looked upon Lord Cornwallis not as one who had been employed for his country's good in the East, but as one *to be* employed for his country's good in the West. They concerned themselves with the future, not with the past; and very soon resolved to draw him from his retirement. Early in March he wrote to Mr Barlow: 'Ministers highly approve of all we have done, but in the hurry of such pressing business as must daily occur, and so many urgent avocations, it is difficult to extract from them even a paragraph. Mr Beaufoy, the Secretary of the Board of Control, who is a very sensible and zealous man, and who knows as much of Indian affairs as most people here (which, God knows, is very little), has promised to send out by these ships a complete approval of the judicial regulations, and a recommendation to extend them if possible to Benares. Lord Hobart, who goes to Madras, with the provisional succession to Bengal,

has abilities and habits of business. I have had many long conversations with him, and have endeavoured to tutor him well. I have not time to enter into European politics. The great body of the nation are convinced of the necessity of the war, which may truly be called a war of self-defence, and are warm in support of the Ministers; but the great exertions of the latter have not been seconded by the skill of our military commanders, and the campaign of '93 in Europe has little resemblance to the campaign of '90 in India. God send that we may do better; but I do not see any flattering prospect.' A month later, he wrote to the same correspondent, saying: 'Much as I wish for quiet, I am afraid that I shall be forced from my intended retirement, and be engaged in a very difficult and hazardous situation in the busy scene on the Continent.'

These anticipations were soon fulfilled. Before the end of May, Lord Cornwallis had received the expected summons from the King's Government to proceed to Flanders. On the 2nd of June he landed at Ostend; but his mission was not a successful one. He had interviews with the Emperor of Austria at Brussels, but his Imperial Majesty was obdurate, and could not be induced to comply with the wishes of the British Government. Before the end of the month he was recalled to England; and was, on his arrival, in frequent communication with Pitt and Dundas on the subject of the prosecution of the war. 'I have taken Lord Hertford's house in Lower Grosvenor-street,' he wrote to his brother in July, 'completely furnished, for one year, for six hundred guineas, which gives me time to look about me. My expedition has not been

a profitable one, but my baggage, horses, and wine are returned; and I shall keep everything in readiness till the end of the war, that I may not be subject to another expensive equipment.' It was then in contemplation to confer upon him the military command in Flanders, to counteract the incapacity of the Duke of York; but the appointment never took effect, and it was well for him that it did not, for it would have placed him in an anomalous and trying position, in which he might have acquitted himself with honour, but scarcely with success. It was, therefore, a great relief to him to find that the scheme was abandoned. 'I should have been,' he wrote to Mr Dundas, 'in the most embarrassing and dangerous situation possible, with every prospect of ruin to myself, and very little probability of rendering any essential service to my country.' Indeed, he feared that the mere suggestion might have done him injury at Court. 'I conclude I am now completely ruined at St James's,' he said. 'Indeed, I could not be much worse than I was before; but that is a circumstance which will not disturb my rest, nor abate in the smallest degree my attachment and affection for the great personage from whom I have formerly received much favour and kindness.'

He was now eager to escape into the country, but the critical situation of affairs on the Continent detained him in London till the beginning of September, when he betook himself to Brome. From this place he wrote on the 7th to Mr Barlow: 'The very critical situation of the affairs of Europe, and the part which I have thought it my duty to take in giving every possible assistance to Government, by personal services and military counsel, have a good deal

diverted my attention, and still more the attention of those with whom I converse, from the affairs of India; which, however, next to the immediate safety of Great Britain, will be always uppermost at my heart. . . When I tell you that I have not had ten days' leisure, since my return from India, to attend to my private affairs, and that my situation is now so uncertain that I may be called upon in twenty-four hours to go to Flanders, you will not expect long letters, and it would require a large volume, if I were to attempt to enter into the politics of Europe, and the horrors of France which increase daily, and exceed all power of belief; I shall, therefore, only say that, although we have some amongst us that are wicked enough to endeavour to involve this happy island in the same scenes of misery and desolation, and to fill our streets with blood, their number, thank God, is but small, and the great body of the people of all ranks appears firmly attached to our present constitution; but it is impossible to tell what effect ill success and heavy taxes may have upon this happy disposition.'

At the commencement of the following year, Lord Cornwallis was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance, with a seat in the Cabinet. This compelled him, much against his natural inclinations, to spend the greater part of the year in London. In April, he wrote to his Indian correspondent, Mr Barlow, assuring him that although he had little time to devote to Indian affairs, he had not ceased to take a lively interest in them. 'When I left India,' he said, 'I thought that I should have nothing to do on my return to this country but to look a little to Asiatic affairs, and to call the attention of Ministers to those points which

I knew to be of the most pressing and important nature. The critical situation, however, of all Europe, and of our own country in particular, has entirely engrossed my mind, and the doubt whether we could possibly keep England has almost effaced all ideas of improving our government in India. It is a great personal satisfaction to me, that without my declining the most arduous situations in which it was possible a man could be placed, it so happened that I had no share in the last disastrous and disgraceful campaign. But still the prospect of public affairs is exceedingly gloomy, and the ruin which so imminently threatens my country, and all that are most dear to me, presents itself constantly in the most alarming colours to my imagination. Notwithstanding all this, and the great pressure of public business which my office of Master-General of Ordnance has imposed upon me, I have sometimes talked to Mr Dundas about our Regulations, and often to Beaufoy, and to the latter I have given a copy, with your observations, and as he has nothing to attend to but the business of the Board of Control, I have desired him most carefully to watch the correspondence, and not only to be on his guard to prevent any counteraction from design or ignorance, but to see that all instructions were in perfect unison with our general plan, and to consult me whenever he entertained the smallest doubts.'

The following year (1796) still found him writing in the same strain. The critical state of affairs in Europe so occupied the minds of the King's ministers, that they gave no heed to Indian affairs, and Cornwallis himself felt that he was powerless to interfere to any advantage. He was,

at this time, disquieted by apprehensions that the system of civil administration, which he had introduced into India, would not be maintained inviolate, and he wrote to his friend and fellow-labourer, Mr Barlow, encouraging him in the good work which they had both so deeply at heart. 'I have received your letters to the 28th of May,' he wrote on the 23rd of January, 1796, 'and have read them with the enclosures with great attention, and with the warmest gratitude to you, both public and private, for upholding a system which is of such infinite consequence to the cause of humanity, as well as to the British interests in India, and which, without your powerful support, could never have been carried into useful effect. Sorry I am to say that I can render no further service than to endeavour to prevent mischief, for in the present critical situation of affairs, when we are surrounded by so many pressing difficulties and dangers, it is impossible to call the attention of Mr Dundas and the principal members of administration to so remote and so peaceable a subject as the good government of India; and until we can obtain peace at home, I see no prospect of succeeding. At the same time, I must request that you will not be discouraged from persevering in a conduct which must reflect the highest honour on yourself, whilst it renders the most essential service to your country, and from which your benevolent mind will ever derive the most gratifying reflections. Whilst Mr Beaufoy lived, I could by his help get some paragraphs prepared for approbation, but there is now no officer under the Board of Control that knows anything about India, or that can be a useful instrument to me in any respect. The depart-

ment over which I preside keeps my hands full of business; but if I had more leisure, I could not act from myself, or, *without invitation*, take a part in the official line of the Board. Mr Dundas and I are, however, the best friends possible, and I have no doubt that when the present anxieties which occupy his mind are past, I shall obtain all reasonable attention.'

But the time was now approaching when there was to be also a 'critical state of affairs' in our Indian possessions. The officers of the Bengal Army were on the brink of mutiny. They dreaded a serious invasion of their rights, and were banding, or, as it was said, 'conspiring' together to maintain them. There was a scheme of 'amalgamation' afloat, the result of which would have been seriously detrimental to the interests of the Company's officers, and they resisted it, in some instances, with an amount of vehemence not consistent with military discipline. Indeed, the excitement at one time was so great that a very little would have stirred the smouldering fire into a blaze. The state of affairs was alarming, and the alarm communicated itself to the Government in England. It was plainly necessary to do something. The something to be done took the shape of a peace mission from home. Some high officer of the Government was to go out to India, conciliatory but resolute, with the olive branch in one hand, and the *fasces* of the law in the other. But who was to proceed on this mission? The choice lay between Mr Dundas, the President of the Board of Control, and Lord Cornwallis, the sometime Governor-General of India; and for a while the probabilities of selection oscillated between the two. Mr Dundas was more

willing to go than Lord Cornwallis; but the Government, who probably thought also that the latter was the more fitting agent of the two, declared that the services of Dundas could not be spared in that conjuncture at home; so most reluctantly Cornwallis accepted the mission, and forthwith began to make preparations for his voyage to India. 'You will, no doubt,' he wrote from Culford, to a friend in India, on the 31st of January, 1797, 'be much astonished at the news of my return to India, but my earnest solicitude for the welfare of my country, and my particular apprehensions lest our Asiatic possessions should either be torn from us, or rendered a useless and unprofitable appendage to the British Empire, have induced me to sacrifice every personal consideration, and to gratify the wishes of Government, and I may venture to say of the public at large, by coming forward again, at this late period of my life, to endeavour to restore our affairs in India to the prosperous state in which I left them. As I am not quite certain that Scott or Robinson may be at the Presidency, I have thought it more safe to address myself to you, to request that you will apply to them, or, in their absence, to some friend who will undertake the commission, to provide for me against my arrival three good and quiet saddle-horses, such as Robinson or Scott, or those who were in the habit of riding with me, may judge to be likely to suit me. I shall likewise want a set of servants for the house upon a similar plan to the establishment I formerly had. The Consomah who was before with me was a good man. I shall also want a palanquin, a phaeton, and a good coach, or chariot, with six carriage-horses, two of which must be very quiet and proper for the

phaeton. I shall bring my successor out with me, and I shall hope that the object of my mission may be attained in about a twelvemonth, as you will easily conceive that a long residence in India will not suit me. It is not probable that any person will come out with me except Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan, of the Bengal establishment, and one aide-de-camp; you will oblige me, therefore, if you could, on my arrival, point out any young man who would act as my private secretary in Haldane's situation, and take a degree of superintendence of my household. I think if Mr Phillips is settled in Calcutta, and not engaged in commercial concerns, that he would be a proper person.'

But this special mission to India belongs only to the 'History of Events that never happened.' The danger subsided, and with it the alarm. The officers of the Company's army, under sedative assurances, and satisfying concessions, began to return to their allegiance, and it was not necessary to apply the special remedies, of which I have spoken, to a disease which was dying out by itself. Instead of Lord Cornwallis going out to India as Governor-General, with his successor in his train, Lord Mornington was selected to be Governor-General in succession to Sir John Shore. The change delighted Lord Cornwallis. At the call of his King and his country, he was ready to go to India—as he would have gone anywhere, under a strong sense of duty—but he thankfully withdrew from the mission when he was no longer bound by these loyal considerations to undertake it. He had faith in the young statesman who had been selected for office; and he saw him depart with pleasure.

'When the shameful conduct of the Bengal officers,'

he wrote to Mr Barlow, in October, 'threatened India with immediate ruin, and it was thought that my services might be of consequence, I did not refuse to come forward. The business of my instructions was ill-managed here, and the favourable turn of affairs in Bengal rendered my presence less necessary. It is not wonderful, therefore, that I should avail myself of so fair an excuse to decline an arduous task, which, from untoward circumstances, I should have undertaken with peculiar disadvantage. Lord Mornington, your new Governor-General, is a man of very considerable abilities, and most excellent character. I have known him from his childhood, and have always lived on the most friendly habits with him. He goes out with the best and purest dispositions. He is an enthusiast for the preservation of that plan of government which, without your powerful assistance, could never have been either formed or maintained. His Lordship has no private views, nor a wish to do anything but what is for the public good; and I have taken upon myself to answer that you will have no reserve with him, either in regard to men or measures. Having assured you that Lord Mornington thinks exactly as I do both about India and yourself, I have only to add my sincere good wishes for your health and prosperity, and to express my hopes that when our dangers are over, we may meet happily in this country.'

And now we come to an epoch in the great and varied career of Lord Cornwallis, which, though to the general student of English history more interesting than any other, is the one of which most has been written by others, and of which I am least called upon to write. In a time of the

greatest trouble and difficulty he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. Mr Pitt said that, in accepting the office, Cornwallis had 'conferred the most essential obligation on the public which it can, perhaps, ever receive from the services of any individual.' For it was one of those situations in which no virtue and no wisdom can preserve a man wholly from reproach. He had to combat a great rebellion, and in combating it he was as merciful as he was resolute and courageous. But it was a necessity of his position in such a conjuncture that in the eyes of some he should have done too much, and that in the eyes of others he should have done too little. Of all the posts which he ever held, this was the one the tenure of which was least gratifying to his feelings. 'The violence of our friends,' he wrote to General Ross, 'and their folly in endeavouring to make it a religious war, added to the ferocity of our troops, who delight in murder, most powerfully counteract all plans of conciliation. The life of a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland comes up to my idea of perfect misery; but if I can accomplish the great object of consolidating the British Empire, I shall be sufficiently repaid.' And again, soon afterwards, to the same correspondent: 'Of all the situations which I ever held, the present is by far the most intolerable to me, and I have often within the same fortnight wished myself back in Bengal.' One of his troubles was the Irish Militia, who had all the characteristic cruelty of cowards. 'The Irish Militia,' wrote Cornwallis to the Duke of Portland, 'are totally without discipline, contemptible before the enemy when any serious resistance was made to them, but ferocious and cruel in the

extreme when any poor wretches either with or without arms come within their power; in short, murder appears to be their favourite pastime.' The intemperate language of the ultra-loyalists was another source of inquietude to him. 'The minds of people are now in such a state,' he wrote to the Duke of Portland, 'that nothing but blood will satisfy them; and, although they will not admit the term, their conversation and conduct point to no other mode of concluding this unhappy business than that of extirpation.' There were others whose tendencies were towards the opposite extreme; but Lord Cornwallis endeavoured to steer a middle course, and when he wrote to the Duke of Leinster, saying: 'I hope and trust that to every candid mind the system of my government will appear conciliatory and moderate; but if I were to insult the feelings of the loyal, and to protect the characters and properties of those who attempted to destroy them, such conduct would not be called moderation, but criminal weakness'—I think when he said this he expressed a well-grounded confidence in the success of his measures, and in the rectitude of principle which inspired them.

Engaged in these great measures, firstly of suppression and then of conciliation, Lord Cornwallis remained at his post in Ireland up to the end of May, 1801. He had not much leisure to think of India, but a letter from Lord Wellesley, announcing the conquest of Mysore and the death of Tippoo Sultan, for a while revived his old interest in the country which he had so long governed. 'This is, indeed, a great event,' he wrote to General Ross, 'and perfectly secures us in that part of the world; for I think, even

if Zeman Shah could get to India, that he could not succeed when deprived of the co-operation of Tippoo.' Soon afterwards the gratifying intelligence came to him that the army which had taken Seringapatam, not less mindful, perhaps, of his personal generosity, in foregoing his prize-money, than of his military exploits in the first Mysore war, had voted him an address, and presented him with the sword and turban of Tippoo. He was sometimes appealed to in matters connected with Indian government, and his interposition was sought, but he was unwilling to interfere, and he was personally reluctant to place himself in opposition to Mr Dundas, who, he said, had behaved to him 'in a more fair and friendly manner than any other member of the Cabinet.'

Lord Cornwallis, as I have said, crossed the Channel at the end of May, 1801, but the blessing of repose was not then within his reach. A French invasion was at that time expected, and he was placed in command of the Eastern division of the army—'eight weak regiments of militia,' as he said, 'and two regiments of dragoons.' 'In our wooden walls alone,' he wrote, a day or two afterwards, 'must we place our trust; we should make a sad business of it on shore. But instead of an invasion, there was peace. And Lord Cornwallis was selected to be the British Plenipotentiary who was to proceed to Amiens to negotiate the treaty with Napoleon. On the 3rd of November, 1801, he crossed over to Calais. On the 18th of November he wrote to his friend Barlow in Calcutta, saying: 'I have been so constantly occupied, and my mind has been so much agitated by the critical state of public affairs, and the very important

part which I was obliged to take in the great questions of the Union, and the privileges proposed to be granted to the Catholics of Ireland, that I could attend to no other matters. On my return to England, on the change of administration, where I expected (after winding up the Irish business, and pacifying those who had claims for services in the Union contest) to retire and enjoy some quiet, I was called upon, in consequence of the serious preparations which the French were making to invade us, to accept the command in the Eastern District, and by the date of this letter you will see that I have now undertaken to put the finishing hand to the work of peace, which was most ardently desired by the nation, and which appeared to me to be necessary for the preservation of our country. . . . . The Definitive Treaty will, I hope, be concluded in a few weeks. Bonaparte has, for the present, tranquillized France. The people are kept in excellent order: would to God that the discontented in England could see the *state of liberty* which this country, so much the object of their envy, enjoys! All persons here speak with horror of the Revolution.'

At last it seemed that the long-coveted season of repose was really at hand. The peace of Amiens was concluded; and Lord Cornwallis returned to England, and betook himself to the country. 'For a long time past,' he wrote from Brome, in September, 1802, to the same correspondent, 'I have been out of the way of knowing what was going forward respecting India, and it was not until Lord Castlereagh called on me last week on his way from Ireland (by Mr Dundas's house in Scotland) to London, that I had an idea of the style of letters which have of late been sent by the

Court of Directors to Lord Wellesley.* I most earnestly hope that matters may be so accommodated as to induce his Lordship to continue another year in the Government, which, either with a view to its immediate or future effects,

* In another letter to Barlow, who, it was then held, would succeed Lord Wellesley, Lord Cornwallis wrote: 'When you take upon yourself the burdensome charge of administering the affairs of our vast Asiatic Empire, your experience and excellent understanding will, I am persuaded, conduct you safely and with honour through all difficulties, and in your Eastern government you will not need any counsel from your friends. But there is one part of your business on which, as it relates to this country, I will presume to offer some friendly advice. The point to which I allude is your correspondence with the Court of Directors, and your seeming attention to them, on those subjects in which they have a constitutional right to interfere. It has fallen in my way to know the embarrassments which the neglect or incivility of Lords Wellesley and Clive to their honourable masters have occasioned to the Ministers and the Board of Control. Be civil to the Directors, and avoid any direct attack on the authority of the Court, and you may do everything which your zeal for the public welfare would make you desire. Lord Castlereagh has fought a hard battle for the College, and has succeeded as far as relates to Bengal. I have taken great pains, and I think I have nearly convinced him, not only that there should be but one College for all our Indian settlements, but that he should prepare his mind to look for an early period when the allowances of the servants of the subordinate Presidencies should, in proportion to the trust and labour of their respective offices, be made equal to those in Bengal, and that it was as well worth while not to force a war to cheat the Company and rob and oppress their subjects in latitude eleven as in latitude twenty-three. Had Lord Wellesley thought it worth while to use a little management with the Court of Directors, he might have settled his College, or any plan within moderate bounds that he might have chosen.' On this subject of the College, further information is given in the Memoir of Sir Charles Metcalfe, and in the Appendix.

I conceive to be of the utmost importance to the interests of the British Empire. . . . . I have now retired for ever from all public situation, but my feelings are still alive to the honour and interests of my country, and I shall to the end of my life reflect with the most heartfelt satisfaction, that by adopting and patronizing your suggestions, I laid the foundation of a system for the prosperity of our Indian Empire, which has so gloriously flourished and risen to such height under the splendid administration of Lord Wellesley.'

But, brilliant as were these prospects, the time soon came when the territorial acquisitions of Lord Wellesley alarmed Lord Cornwallis. It seemed to him that our empire was growing too large, and that we should find it difficult to administer its affairs with advantage to so immense a population. On this subject he wrote from Culford, in August, 1804, putting the whole case in a few pregnant sentences: 'By the last accounts from India, affairs appear to be in a most prosperous state. You have dictated the terms of peace, and have obtained every possession in India that could be desired. The question here from many persons is, Have we not too much? But I hardly know, when the power was in our hands, what part of our acquisitions we could prudently have relinquished.' He little thought, when he wrote this, that out of the state of things that had then arisen in India, there was growing up that which in a very little time would draw him again from his retirement, and compel him to go forth once more with the harness on his back. But so it was. Lord Wellesley had been playing the great game with such success, that he had brought our Indian Empire to the very verge of bank-

ruptcy. And the game was not yet played out. What, then, was to be done? Lord Wellesley was ambitious. Lord Wellesley was insubordinate. The advisers in whom he most trusted counselled him not to throw up the cards. But there was no money even to carry on the Trade; for the war ingulfed every rupee. To the Directors in Leadenhall-street the crisis of ruin appeared to be imminent. They stood aghast at the prospect before them. It was necessary to do something—and that speedily. Nothing but a change of government would suffice to meet the difficulties of the case. Orders might be sent to India; but it was one thing to draft instructions, another to secure obedience to them. It had been arranged that Sir George Barlow should succeed Lord Wellesley in the Governor-Generalship. But Barlow was a member of Lord Wellesley's Government; and the Court of Directors were, therefore, alarmed at the thought of his succession. The King's Ministers concurred in opinion with the Company that it was desirable to send out an English statesman with no leanings towards the prosecution of the war—a safe man, moderate but resolute, and if clothed with the authority of a great foregone career, so much the better. It was only in the common course of things that the thoughts of the Government should have turned at once to Lord Cornwallis. There was a difficulty—an emergency—and again they turned to the old quarter for help.

What followed may be told in the words of Lord Cornwallis. Writing from Culford, on January 6th, 1805, to Sir George Barlow, he said: 'I can hardly figure to myself the astonishment which you must feel at hearing that

I am again returning to the station of Governor-General, and, lest you should suppose that I can in the smallest degree have altered my sentiments with regard to yourself, and have ceased to think you capable of discharging the duties of that office to your own credit, and to the honour and advantage of the Company and of your country, I take the earliest opportunity that offers to explain to you in a few words the circumstances which have produced this extraordinary event. You will recollect that in the course of last year I informed you that Lord Wellesley's neglect and contemptuous treatment of the Court of Directors was exceedingly embarrassing to the King's Government at home. A line of conduct on his part somewhat similar has of late extended itself to that very Government, and his Majesty's Ministers have been liable to be called upon to account for measures of great importance, of the causes of which they were totally ignorant, although opportunities had offered for communication. I shall enter no further into these matters, but pass over to what immediately concerns yourself and my appointment. A few weeks ago Lord Castlereagh came down to this place, and after some previous conversation about India, informed me that the dissatisfaction of the Court of Directors with the conduct of Lord W. had risen to such a height, that it was absolutely necessary that he should be desired to leave the Government, that Ministers were very uneasy at the present state of matters, and expressed the earnest wish of his Majesty's confidential servants, that I would for a short time take the direction of affairs in that country. I answered, that I had not been in the habit of refusing my

services, whenever they might be thought useful, but that I was too old for such an undertaking, and I felt it to be the more unnecessary, as the person named for the succession to the Government was, in my opinion, more capable of making a satisfactory arrangement than myself. He then informed me that the appointment of any Company's servant to the Government-General was *at this moment* out of the question; and in the particular case alluded to, it was the more impossible, as the Court of Directors could by no means be brought to consent to the succession of a member of Lord Wellesley's Government. After some discussion upon this subject, I proposed to undertake the present mission, provided that on my leaving the country I could be assured that you were to succeed me. Lord Castlereagh declared that an assurance of that kind was not to be expected, and could only say that my going would open the only chance for your succession. Unemployed as I have long been, and appeared likely to remain, in the line of my profession, and, in its present state, useless to my own family, I have consented to take the rash step of returning to India, by which, if I should ultimately be the means of placing the charge of our Asiatic Empire in your hands, I shall feel that I have rendered an essential service to my country.'

Truly was it a hazardous duty, which he had thus undertaken at the age of sixty-five. There was nothing for which he longed more than for rest. He had an ample store of honour—he had an ample store of wealth. It was intended that he should sojourn only for a little while in India, and he could add but little, therefore, to either store.

The service, indeed, upon which he was going, was an unpopular and a thankless one. He was going upon a service of peace and retrenchment. Many private interests were likely to suffer grievously by the course of severe economy on which he was about to enter; and people, in such a case, rarely discriminate between the authors and the agents of the measures which injuriously affect them. War is always popular in India; and there was scarcely a man in the two services, from the veteran warrior Lake, to the boy-civilian Metcalfe, who did not utterly abhor and vehemently condemn the recreant policy of withdrawing from the contest before the great game had been played out. It is scarcely possible to conceive a mission less attractive than that on which the fine old soldier now set out, leaving behind him all that he held most dear, because he felt that it was his duty to go. It has been said that he 'caught with the enthusiasm which belongs to good and great minds, at the prospect of performing one more important service to his country before he died;' and that he 'listened with avidity to those who, desirous of the authority of his great name to their plans, represented to him that his presence alone could save from inevitable ruin the empire which he had before ruled with so much glory.' But I doubt whether he caught with any enthusiasm, or any avidity, at the proposal, honourable as it was to him, and serviceable as it might be to his country. He did not hesitate to accept the charge intrusted to him. He had never hesitated in his life to do, at any cost to himself, that which he believed his country demanded from him. But he would fain have spent the remaining years of his life in repose. It was not

the enthusiasm of youth that sent him, but an irresistible sense of self-denying duty.

Too soon, however, did Lord Cornwallis find that the task which he had set himself was one beyond his powers adequately to perform. The hardships of life on board ship tried him severely. He would not suffer any distinctions, with respect to food and water, to be made in his favour, and the vessel was inadequately supplied. The discomforts to which he was subjected might have been nothing to a young man in robust health, but they aggravated the growing infirmities of age, and he arrived in Calcutta in very feeble health. He found things there even in a worse state than he had anticipated. Assuming the reins of government on the 30th of July, 1805, he began at once to perform the ungrateful work which had been assigned to him. 'Finding,' he wrote two days afterwards, 'to my great concern, that we are still at war with Holkar, and that we can hardly be said to be at peace with Scindiah, I have determined to proceed immediately to the Upper Provinces, that I may be at hand to avail myself of the interval, which the present rainy season must occasion in the military operations, to endeavour, if it can be done without a sacrifice of our honour, to terminate by negotiation a contest in which the most brilliant success can afford us no solid benefit, and which, if it should continue, must involve us in pecuniary difficulties, which we shall hardly be able to surmount.' At this time Lord Wellesley was in Calcutta, and it devolved upon Sir George Barlow to bridge

over the gulf which lay between the old policy and the new, so as to mitigate as much as possible the evils of an abrupt and violent transition—to make the new ruler thoroughly understand the measures of the old, and to reconcile the old to the measures of the new. In this he succeeded with wonderful address. The fact is, that Lord Wellesley had already begun to see plainly that it was wholly impossible to play the great game any longer with an exhausted treasury, and with our credit at the lowest ebb.*

* At the commencement of a memorandum before me in the handwriting of Sir George Barlow, I find it written: 'With a view of giving to Lord Cornwallis a correct view of the arrangements which Lord Wellesley had it in contemplation to make with Scindiah respecting the territories conquered from him in Hindostan, Sir George Barlow drew up a letter on the subject addressed to Lord Cornwallis. This letter was dated the 7th of August, 1805, at which time both Lord Cornwallis and Lord Wellesley were present at Calcutta, the latter waiting only the completion of the arrangements for his embarkation for England. Previous to sending this letter to Lord Cornwallis, he enclosed the draft to Marquis Wellesley, who returned it with a note in his own handwriting in the margin. This note Sir George Barlow incorporated with the [ ] paragraph of his letter numbered 26, and then sent the fair draft to Lord Cornwallis. This letter affords evidence (which must supersede whatever has appeared at variance with it) that it was Lord Wellesley's intention, whatever might be his immediate impressions on the subject, to renew our alliances and connections with the petty states in the north-west of India as soon as (but not before) *he had come to a settlement with Dowlut Row Scindiah.* A lasting peace with Scindiah was the paramount consideration in his Lordship's mind, and there is every presumption that he would not have allowed any fanciful theories of supposed advantages from taking all these petty states under our protection as allies to have interfered with the great objects to be accomplished by a permanent and satisfactory peace with Scindiah. It is probable that when he had come to a full knowledge of the

Attended by some of the chief officers of the Secretariat, and by the members of his own personal Staff, Lord Cornwallis embarked on board his state-pinnace, and proceeded up the river. But it was very soon apparent that he was breaking down. Day by day the executive officers who attended him saw that he was growing more feeble, and that sustained labour was becoming a greater difficulty and a greater pain. There were times when he could converse clearly and forcibly on the state of public affairs, and communicate to his chief secretary, Mr Edmonstone, the instructions which he wished to be conveyed to the leading functionaries, civil and military, in different parts of the country; but at others he was wholly incapable of holding the helm, and the orders which went forth in his name, though based upon the sentiments which he had been able to express at intervals, were never supervised by him. I have before me the daily bulletins of the Governor-General's health, written by his private secretary, Mr George Robinson,* to Sir George Barlow, throughout the whole of September up to the hour of Cornwallis's death. It is obvious that at the beginning of the former month little hope was entertained of his final recovery, for he frequently, in the mornings, fell into fits, attended sometimes with convulsions, and more frequently with deadly chills; and although he improved as the day advanced, and gained some strength under the influence of stimulants, it was

gross misconduct of the Rajah of Jergnagur, he would not, as was the case with Sir George Barlow, have allowed his interests to have stood in the way of the conclusion of that arrangement.'

* Afterwards Sir George Robinson.

plain that his vigour was gone, and that he was gradually sinking. The actual disease which had developed itself was dropsy; but his medical attendants were more fearful of the results of general debility, of which this specific complaint may have been more a consequence than a cause. And for many hours together there was often extreme languor, and then a sudden outburst of unexpected physical and intellectual vigour. Mr Edmonstone received his political instructions whenever he was capable of issuing them; and though there was a varying amount of clearness and distinctness in them, it was plain that he always thoroughly comprehended the question under consideration. About the middle of the month there were apparent symptoms of improvement; but it was considered advisable, as the pinnace laboured up the river, that, although it might on some accounts be advantageous that the Governor-General should be landed, it would, on the whole, be better that he should remain on board, to escape the fatigue and distraction of deputations and addresses, which would pour in at different points, if it were known that he was on shore. As the month advanced, there were very manifest fluctuations, which sometimes encouraged his friends to hope that he might yet rally; but towards the close of it these favourable anticipations ceased, and it was necessary to send for Sir George Barlow to take up the reins of government. On the 1st of October, Mr Robinson wrote to him, saying that he feared the hopes they had encouraged were delusive. 'for Lord Cornwallis,' he added, 'has had a very restless night, attended with a considerable difficulty in breathing, and though he perseveres in not taking to his bed entirely,

and probably will do so to the last, I feel no confidence in his existence being prolonged even from hour to hour, so extremely feeble and weak is he become. Yet in this state, his anxiety for the accomplishment of those objects to which his valuable life will ultimately fall a sacrifice, adheres to him still; he is impatient of detention here, speaks of the impropriety of delays, has inquired after Edmonstone, and asked whether any news was received to-day from Malcolm. I have no idea, however, that he can survive to the period of your arrival, and in his present weak state I cannot say I wish he should, as it could only wound your feelings, as much as it does ours, to see him in a condition which precludes all rational hope of a recovery. I shall watch, however, his most conscious moments, and many such occur through the day, to tell him that you entirely concur in all the principal points of the plan, submitted by way of outline at first, but subsequently put into the form of official instructions to Lord Lake, for a final arrangement with Scindiah; and if anything can afford him satisfaction, I think the assurance of this will.' On the 3rd, the report was that the Governor-General was growing weaker and weaker; and on the 5th of October it was announced that, at a quarter past seven on the evening of that day, 'our most revered friend quitted the world without pain or struggle.' He seemed to have died from absolute exhaustion.

And so passed away one of the best and most blameless men that have ever devoted their lives to the service of their country. He was not inspired by any lofty genius, but in no man, perhaps, in the great muster-roll of English Heroes, can it truly be said that there were more serviceable

qualities, more sterling integrity, and a more abiding sense of Public Duty. For Duty he lived and he died. I do not know in the whole range of our history a more reliable man—a man who in his time was more trusted for the safe performance of duties of a very varied character. But, as I have said at the outset of this sketch, I have selected his life for illustration because no man did more to purify the public services of India, and to make the writing of such a book as this a privilege and a pleasure to the biographer.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

[BORN 1769.– DIED 1833.]

A SHORT hour's walk from the thriving little town of Langholm, in Dumfries-shire, there lived and toiled an industrious farmer, named George Malcolm, who cultivated an estate known as 'Burnfoot,' and lived there, on the beautiful banks of the Esk, surrounded by a fine family of children at that time far from complete. He was a man of more than common enlightenment for his station, for he had been trained for the Church, and, better still, of sterling integrity of character. His wife, too—a member of the Pasley family—was a woman excellent in all domestic relations, and of intelligence of a high order. As they dwelt together there, at Burnfoot, on the 2nd of May, 1769, a fourth son was born unto them, who in due course was christened John. It happened that on the very day before there came into the world one who was afterwards one of John Malcolm's closest friends, and the greatest man of the age in which he lived—Arthur Wesley, or Wellesley, known to a later generation as the Duke of Wellington—the 'Great Duke.'*

* Napoleon the First was born in the same year.

I have no passion for the discovery of juvenile phenomena. I do not know that John Malcolm differed much from other healthy, robust, intelligent boys, such as swarm in all parts of our country. He was very good at 'paddling in the burn,' from which the name of the paternal estate was derived. Perhaps he was rather prone towards mischief, and not as industrious as could have been wished. He was rather given to the bad habit of putting off the learning of his lessons until he was fairly on the start for the parish school, when he trudged up the hill book in hand, and eye intent on the page. The schoolmaster used to say, when any wild pranks of mysterious origin had been committed, 'Jock's at the bottom of it.' There was not always good evidential proofs of this, but worthy Archibald Graham had ever a strong conviction of the fact, and solemnly enunciated his belief that Jack, who was indeed the scapegrace, perhaps the scapegoat, of the family, was profoundly 'at the bottom of it'—deep in amidst the mud, not of the transparent Esk, but of some slough imagined by the worthy preceptor of Westerkirk.*

It is not forbidden to us to believe that Promotion cometh from the North. In those days an astonishing amount of patronage fell upon the striving inhabitants of Scotland and the Border. It may seem strange that a yeoman of Dumfries-shire should have the power of providing, in all the finest services open to the nation, one after

* Mr Graham lived to see his old pupil recognized by the world both as a man of thought and a man of action. Malcolm is said to have sent him a copy of the 'History of Persia,' with 'Jock's at the bottom of it' written on the title-page.

another, for a number of brave, clever Eskdale boys. But so it was. Robert, the eldest, had permission from the East India Company to go out to shake the pagoda-tree, as a member of their Civil Service. James, the second son (afterwards Sir James), received a commission in the Marines. For the third son, Pulteny (afterwards Admiral Sir Pulteny), a midshipman's berth was provided. And John, as soon as he was old enough, was set down for the Company's military service. He was only eleven years old when his father received, through the Johnstones of Alva, an offer of an appointment in the Indian Army; but John was then too young to go abroad. Soon afterwards, however, his uncle, John Pasley, a thriving merchant, carried him up to London, and was anxious, above all things, to qualify him to 'pass at the India House.' But the good uncle, in November, 1781, wrote that, although tall of his age, Johnny would certainly not pass. In this he was altogether wrong. The experiment was made. John Malcolm went up, nothing daunted, before an august assemblage of Directors. They were pleased by his juvenile appearance and his good looks, and one of them said, 'My little man, what would you do if you went to meet Hyder Ali?' 'Do!' said the boyish aspirant; 'why, sir, I would out with my sword and cut off his head.' Upon which evidence of spirit and determination they declared that he 'would do,' and forthwith passed him as a cadet. It was not necessary that he should sail immediately; so his good uncle put him to school again in the neighbourhood of London; and not until the month of April, 1783, did the ship which conveyed him to India anchor in the

Madras Roads.* The family connections, who received him on his arrival, wrote to Burnfoot that Jack had grown a head and shoulders on the voyage, and was one of the finest and best-tempered lads ever seen in the world.

When John Malcolm arrived in India, the French and English were contesting the possession of Southern India. John went with his friends to Vellore to do garrison duty there, as he was considered too young to take the field. Peace, however, having been declared in the West, the English and French left off fighting in the East; and so the former had nothing to do but to carry on, without any distractions, the war against the great Mahomedan usurpers of Mysore. Hyder Ali had died without the aid of Johnny Malcolm's sword, and Tippoo raged in his stead. After a while, however (1784), a treaty of peace was signed, and an exchange of prisoners was decreed. This interchange sent young John Malcolm on his first detached service. The English prisoners were to be brought to our frontier, and there received by a detachment of British troops. John Malcolm was appointed to command this detachment, which was to meet Major (afterwards Sir Thomas) Dallas, who was to convey them safely beyond the territory of Mysore. When Dallas met the detachment coming from the Company's territories, he saw a slight, rosy, healthy-looking English boy astride on a rough pony, and asked him for his commanding officer. 'I am the commanding officer,' said John Malcolm, drawing himself up

* In the following year (1784), *fifteen* was fixed as the minimum age for entrance into the Company's Military Service, by Act of Parliament—Pitt's India Bill.

on his saddle. Dallas smiled; but the friendship which then commenced between the two lasted until it was severed by the death of the elder man.

John Malcolm went out so very young to India—he was a commissioned officer and his own master at an age when, in England, boys were commonly subjected to the discipline of the flogging-block—that if he did not at first make use of his liberty and his pseudo-manhood in the most virtuous and forbearing manner, there is nothing very surprising in the failure. He was assailed by many temptations, and, being of a frank, open, unsuspecting nature, he went astray before he knew whither he was tending. He was generous, open-hearted, and open-handed. He got into debt, and suffered for it. He did not, as some are wont to do in such an extremity; he did not wipe out old obligations by incurring new. But he set to work right manfully to extricate himself. He stinted and starved; and it is recorded of him that an old native woman in the regimental bazaar, taking compassion upon his youth, implored him to receive supplies from her, to be paid for at his convenience. For this act of kindness and humanity he was ever grateful; and it did not merely take the shape of words, for, in after days, he settled a pension on her for the rest of her life.

Soon better days began to dawn upon him. He was contrite, and confessed his errors; and he wrote home that he was afraid his parents would think that all their good advice had been quite thrown away upon him. 'I must own, to my shame,' he said, 'that you had too much reason to think so. All that I now expect is, that my friends will

forget the past part of my conduct.' And from that time (1788) he never relapsed, but went forward steadily to the great goal of honourable success.

A life of active service was now before him. The peace was at an end. Tippoo had broken it by ravaging the country of our ally, the Rajah of Travancore, and Lord Cornwallis had taken the field against him. Of the events of the two campaigns which followed I have spoken in the preceding Memoir. The regiment to which John Malcolm was attached was ordered to co-operate with the troops of the Nizam. On this service he was exposed to great hardships, and first learnt the realities of Indian war. There was little resistance, however, to the progress of our troops until they came to Copoulee. There he saw how a strong Indian fortress may resist for months the fire of European artillery. For six months Copoulee held out, and then the garrison surrendered under the moral influence engendered by the fall of Bangalore to Cornwallis's army. Not long afterwards, Malcolm's regiment joined the main army of the Nizam, which was pushing forward to co-operate with the British troops then marching on Seringapatam. In the Nizam's camp he made the acquaintance of two of the foremost of our political or diplomatic officers—Sir John Kennaway and Mr Græme Mercer.* A new ambition

* As the terms 'Political Officer' and 'Political Department' will be found of frequent occurrence in these Memoirs, it may be advisable to explain that in the phraseology of the Anglo-Indian Government 'political' means diplomatic, and something more. The duties of a political officer are mainly in connection with the Native States of India, or with the princes and chiefs who have governed Native States; but sometimes their functions are of an administrative

then stirred within him. He asked himself whether he also might not detach himself from the formalities of regimental life, become a diplomatist, and negotiate great treaties with the Native powers.

He was now a man full-grown, tall and handsome, and of such a cheerful address, that he carried sunshine with him whithersoever he went. He was remarkably active and fond of sport, and so playful, that he went by the name of 'Boy Malcolm,' and retained it long after he was well advanced in years, and had attained high office in the State. But he had begun seriously to consider that it was his duty to earn a reputation as something more than a crack shot and a noted gymnast. The first step towards this was the study of the native languages; and Mr Græme Mercer, taking a fancy for the youth, encouraged his desire to learn Persian, and gave him the use of his own Moonshee. Of the opportunity thus afforded him he made good use. Nor was the study of the languages the only improving pursuit to which he devoted himself. He applied himself to the investigation of Indian history, and endeavoured to master the principles by the observance of which our great Indian empire had been founded, and on which alone it could be maintained. In the prosecution of this, he began diligently to record upon paper the results of his inquiries and the substance of his reflections, and from that time to the end of his days he was ever a great writer. In the

as well as of a diplomatic character; and, in attendance upon an army in the field, they conduct negotiations, advise, and sometimes control the military authorities, superintend the Intelligence Department, and often collect the supplies.

entries, scattered over a large collection of manuscript books, may be seen at how early a period he formed, and how consistently he clung to, the opinions of that best school of Indian statesmanship of which he lived to be one of the greatest teachers. He was only a subaltern in a Sepoy regiment when he wrote: 'An invariable rule ought to be observed by all Europeans who have connections with the natives of India—never to practise any art or indirect method of gaining their end, and, from the greatest occasion to the most trifling, to keep sacred their word. This is not only their best but their wisest policy. By this conduct they will observe a constant superiority in all their transactions; but when they act a different part—when they condescend to meet the smooth-tongued Mahomedan or the crafty Hindoo with the weapons of flattery, dissimulation, and cunning, they will of a certainty be vanquished.'

I have said that it was John Malcolm's great ambition to obtain an appointment in the Political Department. After a while, he thought that he saw an opening. A subordinate post was vacant; he applied for it, and was just half an hour too late. It had been bestowed upon another young officer. His disappointment and vexation were great. He went back to his tent, flung himself down on his couch, and gave way to a flood of tears. But he lived, as many a man before and since has lived, to see in his first crushing miscarriage the crowning mercy of his life. The officer who carried off the prize so coveted by John Malcolm went straight to his death. On his first appearance at the Native Court, at which he was appointed an assistant to the Resident, he was murdered. This made a

deep impression at the time on Malcolm's mind, and was ever afterwards gratefully remembered. He often spoke of it in later days, as an illustration of the little that man knows of what is really for his good, and he taught others, as he himself had learnt, never to repine at the accidents and mischances of life, but to see in all the hand of an all-merciful Providence working benignly for our good.

In God's time, however, that which he sought came; and John Malcolm received his first appointment. 'I served,' he wrote many years afterwards, 'as a regimental officer, with European and Native corps (without ever having one week's leave of absence), for nine years. In 1792, when at Seringapatam, I was appointed Persian interpreter to the detachment serving with the Nizam, by the Marquis Cornwallis, on the express ground of being the officer with that corps best qualified for the station.' His foot was now on the ladder of promotion; but, for a while, his upward progress was checked by the failure of his health. Continued exposure to the climate had done its sure work upon him; and he was compelled to return to England. He did not like it; but his friends persuaded him to take the advice of his physicians, and he consented, with less reluctance, perhaps, than he would otherwise have felt, because Sir John Kenneway, his friend and patron in the political service, was going home also, and proposed to take young Malcolm with him.

It was great joy to him, and great joy to others, when John Malcolm reappeared in Eskdale, a fine, handsome young man, reinvigorated by the voyage, with an unfail-

ing supply of animal spirits, and an inexhaustible budget of amusing and instructive talk. Great days were those at Burnfoot, when John sat by the fire and told to the admiring family circle pleasant stories of all that he had seen and heard in the Far East. But, having a career before him, he was not one to protract his stay in England a day longer than was perfectly necessary for the restoration of his health, so he returned to India, and under happy auspices, for he went out as aide-de-camp to General (afterwards Sir Alured) Clarke, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army. On his way out they stopped at the Cape of Good Hope; found the English and Dutch at open war; and were present at the operations which ended in the transfer of the settlement to the English, by whom, save for a short interval, it has ever since been retained.

When, in the cold weather of 1795-96, John Malcolm again found himself at Madras, he was still a subaltern; but he was on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief. 'I am well,' he wrote to his mother, 'and situated in every respect as I could wish. I am secretary to General Clarke, who is, without exception, one of the best men I ever knew. The employment is of that nature as to leave me hardly one idle moment—all the better you will say, and all the better *I* say.' But this did not last long. General Clarke was transferred to the chief command of the army in Bengal, and there were circumstances which prevented him from appointing John Malcolm to the military secretaryship in that Presidency. But though his old master was gone, the office which he had held was not lost to him

also, for Sir Alured Clarke's successor invited Malcolm to remain as his Secretary and Interpreter. The Colonel Harris of the preceding Memoir, who had served on the staff of General Medows, was now General Harris, Commander-in-Chief and temporarily Governor of Madras;* and he was glad to receive Malcolm into his house, and to welcome him as a member of his family.

In this situation John Malcolm was sufficiently happy; but the personal staff of a Commander-in-Chief, or even of a Governor, or Governor-General, afforded no great scope for the development of his powers, and he still longed for employment in the diplomatic line of the service. His next advancement, however, was in the military direction, for he was appointed Town-Major of Madras—in those days, an honourable and a lucrative office. But his hopes were about speedily to be realized, in a manner wholly unexpected. Lord Wellesley—then Lord Mornington—went out to India as Governor-General, and, on his way to Calcutta, touched at Madras. There he made the acquaintance of John Malcolm, by that time a Captain in the army, who sent his Lordship some reports which he had drawn up, on our relations with the native states of India, especially the state of Hyderabad in the Deccan. The result was, that soon after his arrival in Bengal, the Governor-

* Colonel Harris had gone home with Sir William Medows at the end of the first Mysore war, but had returned to India at the end of 1794 to rejoin his regiment in Calcutta. Soon afterwards he was appointed commandant of Fort William, but lost his command on promotion to the rank of Major-General. He was about to return home, when he received an intimation that he had been appointed Commander-in-Chief at Madras.

General offered him an appointment as assistant to the Resident at the Nizam's Court; so, without loss of time, Captain Malcolm proceeded to the chief city of the Deccan, and was soon in the thick of an exciting political contest.

At the Court of Hyderabad the French had for some time been making effectual progress. French officers had disciplined, and now commanded, several battalions of the Nizam's troops. 'Assignments of territory,' it has been said, 'had been made for their payment. Foundries were established under competent European superintendence. Guns were cast. Muskets were manufactured. Admirably disciplined and equipped, Raymond's levies went out to battle with the colours of revolutionary France floating above them, and the Cap of Liberty engraved on their buttons.' Such a state of things could not be suffered to endure, on the eve of a great war with Tippoo; so Lord Wellesley determined to make a bold stroke for the destruction of the French force at Hyderabad. The consent of the Nizam was obtained; but it was still necessary to do it by a *coup d'état*, for which the British must be responsible. There was a considerable body of British troops at no great distance from the Residency, and with these Kirkpatrick, the Resident, and his assistant, Malcolm, determined to accomplish their object. Fortunately, it happened that at the critical moment the troops were mutinying against their officers, because they were in arrears of pay, and had made a prisoner of their French commandant. Malcolm was sent down to allay the tumult; but the crowd would not listen to him. They said that

they would treat him as they had treated their own officers. And they were about to lay violent hands upon him, when some Sepoys of the French battalion, who had formerly been in the Company's Army, and served in John Malcolm's regiment, recognized him, and remembering many old kindnesses done to them by their English officer, went at once to the rescue. They lifted him up above the crowd, and bore him on their heads to a place of safety, out of the reach of the exasperated mob of mutinous Sepoys.

How the French corps was afterwards dispersed, without the shedding of a drop of blood, is a matter of history, on which, however interesting, I cannot afford to enlarge. It was Malcom's first great lesson in the stirring business of that 'political department,' whose concerns often savour more of war than of diplomacy, and are more peril-laden than the fiercest conflicts in the field. But the Governor-General had summoned him to Calcutta; and, the French corps dispersed, he set out with all possible speed to join the Vice-Regal Court in the great City of Palaces. He carried with him, as a palpable embodiment of success, the colours of the annihilated French battalions. At the capital, he was warmly welcomed. The Governor-General—no mean judge of character—saw at once that he was a man to be trusted and to be employed. In truth, this meeting with Lord Wellesley was the turning-point of John Malcolm's career. From that day his future was made. He found in the Governor-General a statesman after his own heart; and Lord Wellesley listened attentively to all that was said by the political assistant, because he found in John Malcolm's ready words fit and forcible ex-

pression of the opinions which were taking shape in his mind.

Eager for action, the young Governor-General, on his first arrival in India, had contemplated the immediate renewal of the war with Tippoo, and had directed the authorities of Madras at once to commence hostilities. Mr Webbe, whom the Duke of Wellington afterwards described as one of the ablest and honestest men he ever knew, was Chief Secretary. He knew what where the resources of the Government better than any man in the country; he knew that there was an empty treasury and an army on a peace establishment; and he was so startled by the announcement that the Governor-General purposed at once to plunge into war with so powerful an enemy as Tippoo, that he declared he could see nothing in the prospect but the most shocking disasters to our arms and the impeachment of Lord Mornington for his temerity. General Harris, with the true instinct of the soldier, prepared at once to obey orders, and said that he would use his own funds for the purpose, to the last rupee, if there was no money in the Treasury. But he strongly protested against the immediate commencement of hostilities, as something hazardous in the extreme; and the Governor-General had consented to pause. There was then a season of active preparation; and when Malcolm reached Calcutta, he learnt that there was no thought of further delay. The disarming of the French corps at Hyderabad had removed not the least of our difficulties, for there was hope now of effective assistance from the Nizam. The want of money had been a grievous stumbling-block; but what the public treasury could not supply, private pa-

triotism and liberality readily advanced. The Governor-General set the example by subscribing a lakh and twenty thousand rupees towards a new loan—an example which was nobly followed by a large number of European and native money-holders; and so, from private sources, within a short time, a considerable sum was raised to defray the expenses of the war. Thus treasure was found. Stores of all kinds had been collected; carriage had been drawn from every part of the country; and the scattered components of the Coast Army gathered into one effective whole, well organized, well equipped, and well commanded.

The time had now come when the personal presence of the Governor-General at Madras was needed, either to negotiate peace or to expedite war; so at the end of the year, Lord Mornington accompanied by Malcolm and others, sailed for Madras to meet the new Governor, Lord Clive, and to take counsel with him and the Commander-in-Chief. He found those two authorities acting zealously and harmoniously together. He had great confidence in Harris, and he at once offered him the command of the expedition. But, with rare modesty, the General, mistrusting his own powers, suggested the expediency of placing the chief conduct of operations in the more experienced hands of Sir Alured Clarke. The Governor-General recommended him not hastily to decline a command which might lead him to fame and fortune, but to take a night to consider well, and to weigh against each other, all the consequences of the acceptance or rejection of such an offer, and to announce his decision on the morrow. On the following morning, when he went in to Lord Mornington,

the cheerfulness of his countenance rendered words unnecessary, and before he had spoken, the Governor-General had congratulated Harris on his decision, and commended his wisdom in accepting the command.*

For Malcolm himself, employment had been marked out, and of a kind to demand all his energies. He was appointed to accompany the Hyderabad troops, which, in accordance with our engagements with the Nizam, were to co-operate with the British Army in the invasion of Mysore and the assault of Seringapatam. In effect, this political superintendence was little less than the military command of the Nizam's force, and he hastened to join the Head-quarters of the Allies, assured that there was stirring work before them. It was no easy matter to enforce discipline among a body of Sepoys, large numbers of whom had belonged to the old French corps; so Malcolm was not surprised that one of his first duties was to quell a dangerous mutiny that threatened to turn the Nizam's army into a vast rabble. He accomplished this hazardous work with a mixture of courage and address, which won the admiration of the Nizam's commander, Meer Allum, and of another far greater man. The British subsidiary force, which had marched at the same time from Hyderabad, had consisted wholly of Company's Sepoys. But afterwards it was considered advisable to attach an European regiment to this force, and his Majesty's 33rd Regiment, then stationed at Vellore, was selected for this duty. The regiment was commanded by Colonel the Honourable Arthur Wellesley, brother of the Governor-General, who took command of

* Lushington's Life of Harris.

the whole force; and the friendship which then commenced between Colonel Wellesley and Captain Malcolm endured, without intermission, until, nearly thirty-five years afterwards, the Duke of Wellington mourned, with all the tenderness of his heart, the death of his old comrade, General Sir John Malcolm.

The Head-quarters of the Army were fixed at Vellore; and on the 29th of January, General Harris assumed command. The season was far advanced for the commencement of such an expedition, and he could not contemplate the work before him without some gloomy forebodings. The disastrous retreat of the army under Lord Cornwallis some eight years before—a calamity of which the General had been a witness and a partaker—recurred forcibly to his recollection; the evil consequences of a scarcity of carriage and provisions in the enemy's country were ever present to his mind; and he steadfastly resolved that nothing should draw him aside from the main object of his expedition—nothing induce him to waste his time and his resources on the march to Seringapatam. It was his fixed resolve to march straight upon the capital, never pausing, unless compelled by the positive opposition of Tippoo's army intercepting his line of march, to strike a single blow by the way. To this resolution he steadily adhered. The army commenced its march. It was a splendid force. 'The army of the Carnatic,' wrote Lord Mornington to General Harris, 'is unquestionably the best appointed, the most completely equipped, the most amply and liberally supplied, the most perfect in point of discipline, and the most fortunate in the acknowledged experience and abilities of its

officers in every department, which ever took the field in India.' On the 6th of March this fine army, accompanied by the Nizam's contingent, which Malcolm had hurried forward with surprising rapidity, had crossed the frontier of Tippoo's dominions, and on the following morning it commenced its march upon Seringapatam.

On the 4th of April, the British Army were encamped in sight of the celebrated stronghold of Tippoo Sultan. The march had been a difficult and a distressing one. The cattle attached to the army of the Carnatic had died off by scores. The loss of carriage had necessarily been attended by a considerable loss of commissariat and ordnance stores; and there being no possibility, in the heart of the enemy's country, of obtaining fresh cattle to supply the place of those which had fallen dead by the wayside, it was at one time feared that the European soldiers would be necessitated to take the place of the draft bullocks, and drag the heavy ordnance along the remainder of the way to Seringapatam. Fortunately, however, Tippoo in the first instance had come to the determination of attacking the auxiliary force advancing from the Bombay side; and it was not until the 27th of March that the grand army under General Harris was engaged with the enemy. This engagement took place at Malavelly, whither Tippoo had despatched a force to intercept the progress of the British, and was the precursor of a career of victory. Tippoo's troops, after much hard fighting, and a fine display of British generalship, were dispersed; but the British force was not in a condition to follow up the success by a pursuit of the enemy, whose loss in the affair is, however, estimated, at two thousand. On the

following day, General Harris steadily continued his march towards the banks of the Cavery, and halted at Angarapooram. Here he came to the resolution of abandoning the direct road, and crossing the river near Soosilly, so as to attack the western front of Seringapatam, and at the same time facilitate the junction with the Bombay troops. This masterly project was put into execution, and crowned with complete success. Whilst Tippoo was looking for the advance of the British along the direct road to Seringapatam which had been taken by Lord Cornwallis, the British troops were crossing the Cavery and encamping near the fort of Soosilly. When the Sultan discovered that he had been so completely out-generaled, he was filled with alarm and despair. Summoning his principal officers, he exclaimed, 'We have arrived at our last stage—what now are we to do? What is your determination?' They all replied that they would die with him.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the delight and gratitude of General Harris on finding himself with his fine army and splendid battering train, under the walls of Seringapatam. The march had been long and hazardous; the *impedimenta* of the expedition far more cumbrous than any that had ever accompanied an Anglo-Indian army in the field. An untoward check might at any hour have baffled all the plans of the British Government, and sent back this immense army to the point from which it started, after enduring all the misery of a long, disastrous, and discreditable retreat. It was necessary that the force should reach Seringapatam within a certain time; an obstruction of a few weeks would have rendered it impossible for any

human combination of energy and skill to bring the war to a successful termination. Had the march of General Harris been lengthened out until the setting in of the monsoon, he must have retired, *re infectâ*, across the confines of the Company's dominions. But now the proud heights of that renowned fortress, from which Tippoo had so long snorted defiance at the British Government, rose up before the eyes of the delighted commander. There was great work for him to do, and, under Providence, he felt equal to its accomplishment.

On the 4th of May all was ready for the assault. The storming party had been told off, and the hour fixed for their advance had nearly arrived, when Malcolm entered the tent of the Commander-in-Chief. The General was sitting alone, very gravely pondering the important work before him and the great interests at stake. 'Why, my Lord, so thoughtful?' cried Malcolm, congratulating him, by anticipation, on the peerage within his reach. The lightness of his tone was not pleasing to the overburdened General, who answered sternly, 'Malcolm, this is no time for compliments. We have serious work in hand; don't you see that the European sentry over my tent is so weak from want of food and exhaustion, that a Sepoy could push him down? We must take this fort, or perish in the attempt. I have ordered General Baird to persevere in his attack to the last extremity. If he is beaten off, Wellesley is to proceed with the troops from the trenches. If he should not succeed, I shall put myself at the head of the remainder of the army; for success is necessary to our existence.' *

* Lushington's Life of Lord Harris. Mr Lushington says that this story was narrated to him by Sir John Malcolm in 1813.

Malcolm never doubted for a moment that the issue of that day's conflict would be a crowning victory to our British Army. But the result was even greater than he anticipated. Seringapatam was carried by assault; Mysore lay prostrate at the feet of the Allies; and all that was left of Tippoo Sultaun was found in a gateway among a heap of slain. It was but the simple language of truth which Malcolm employed when he wrote to Lord Hobart, saying, 'On the 4th of May all our labours were crowned by the completest victory that ever crowned the British annals in India. A state that had been the rival of the Company for nearly thirty years was on that day wholly annihilated.' The great Mahomedan usurpation of Southern India had thus suddenly collapsed in a day; and the country governed by the usurper became by right of conquest the property of the Allies. It might then have been divided between the British Government and the Nizam; but the Governor-General, then only in his novitiate, and not unmindful, perhaps, in that early stage of his career, of the prohibitory clauses in the Act of 1793, by which the Parliament of Great Britain vainly endeavoured to stem the tide of Indian conquest, shrank from so great an extension of empire as the appropriation of the whole of the conquered country by the Allies would have entailed upon the British Government. Perhaps, too, there may have been, as the very natural growth of the violence of the French Revolution, some sentiments, in English breasts, in favour of legitimacy, and that the hard fate of the wretched Bourbons of Mysore might have excited the sympathies of our English statesmen in India. But whether it were mere policy, or whether there were blended with it any sense of justice, or any feel-

ing of compassion, it was decreed that a large portion of the conquered country should be erected into a new Hindoo principality, under the government of a descendant of the old Rajahs of Mysore. A descendant was found—a mere child; and his legitimacy was acknowledged. So the British took a slice of the conquered country; the Nizam took another slice; and each Government surrendered a great part of its share of the territorial spoil to establish the new Hindoo kingdom of Mysore. On a given day, Colonel Kirkpatrick, as the representative of the British Government, and Meer Allum, as the representative of the Nizam, each taking one hand of the boy-prince, placed him upon the *guddee;* and, as I write, the aged Maharajah is the only actor in that scene who now survives.

The arrangement thus briefly described was wrought into enduring shape by a Commission, of which John Malcolm was one of the secretaries. His associate was Thomas Munro, who rose afterwards to the highest seat in the Government of Madras, and for whom Malcolm ever entertained both the warmest affection and the highest respect.* The members of the Commission were General Harris, the two brothers of the Governor-General, Arthur and Henry Wellesley, Colonel Kirkpatrick, and Colonel Barry Close. The Commission was in work only for a

* Sir Thomas Munro was so emphatically a 'representative man,' that I should have included him in this series of biographies, if my friend the Chaplain-General had not so entirely exhausted the subject—so pleasantly and so instructively—as to leave me nothing new to say about his hero.

single month, in continual communication with the Governor-General, who tarried at Madras; but in that space two treaties were negotiated, which placed the division of the conquered country, and the provision to be made for Tippoo's family, upon a footing so permanent, that up to the present time the results of that May-day fighting have never ceased to be an ever-recurring source of trouble and perplexity to the Governments of India at home and abroad. There are no documents to which more frequent references are made than to the Partition and Subsidiary Treaties of Mysore.

When the Subsidiary Treaty had been concluded, the Commission was dissolved. Malcolm had done his duty so well—indeed, he had altogether so strongly recommended himself, by his good service, to the Governor-General—that Lord Mornington, when the work of the Commission was complete, offered him far higher employment. He selected him to proceed on a mission to the Persian Court. In those days, we knew little or nothing of that country. But Zemaun Shah, the Ruler of Afghanistan, had been suspected of intriguing with Tippoo and with the deposed Prince of Oude,* and we had visions of the French disporting in the background. The anti-Gallican tendencies of Lord Wellesley and of Captain Malcolm were equally strong, and the latter rejoiced all the more in the honourable appointment that had been offered to him, because there was a grand opportunity before him of check-mating France in the regions of Central Asia.†

* Vizier Ali.

† Malcolm described the object of the mission in these words :

At the end of the year 1799, Captain John Malcolm, being then in his thirty-first year, sailed from Bombay to the Persian Gulf. After visiting Muscat, he steered for Bushire, where he landed, and made his preparations to advance into the interior of the country. This, however, was not very easily accomplished, for he was continually being arrested by absurd formalities, at which he laughed with the utmost possible good humour; but, at the same time, maintained the dignity of the great nation which he represented, by demanding from the Persian Government all the respect which he yielded on the part of his own. But he did not wrap himself up in his diplomacy. He was ever an enthusiast in the acquisition of knowledge; and he lost no possible opportunity of adding to his stores. From Shiraz, he wrote to his friend Mr Edmonstone, then Persian Secretary to Government, who was making rapid strides towards the attainment of the eminent position which he so long held in the Councils of India: 'I employ every leisure hour in researches into the history of this extraordinary country, with which we are but little acquainted. Of the little information we have received respecting its ancient history from the Greeks, you will form an idea when I assure you that, with the exception of Alexander's conquests, which are related by the authors of both coun-

'To relieve India from the annual alarm of Zemaun Shah's invasion, which is always attended with serious expense to the Company, by occasioning a diversion upon his Persian provinces; to counteract the possible attempts of those villanous but active democrats the French; to restore to some part of its former prosperity a trade which has been in a great degree lost—are the leading objects of my journey.'

tries (though in a very different manner), there is no fact recorded by the Greeks of which Persian histories make the least mention, nor is there one name that the Greeks have given to either the Persian Generals or Towns that can be understood by any Persian. Indeed, there are many so foreign to the idiom of the language, that he cannot pronounce them when repeated. I shall, I trust, collect materials that will either enable myself, or some one better qualified, to give much information on this subject. The climate of this country is delightful. Had it the constitution of Great Britain, its inhabitants need not sigh for Paradise. As it is, I would rather live on Douglas Hill.' From Ispahan, he again wrote, on the 9th of October, to the same correspondent, that the mission was prospering. 'All goes on swimmingly,' he said. 'Attention increases as I advance. The entertainment given me yesterday by the Begler Bey exceeds all I have yet seen. The illuminations and fireworks were very grand; and, to crown all, when we were seated in an elegant apartment, one side of it, which was chiefly formed of mirrors, opened, and a supper laid out in the English style, with tables and chairs, presented itself to our utter astonishment, for we little expected such apparatus in the middle of Persia. The difficulty of feasting us in our own style made the compliment the greater.'

On the 16th of November Malcolm was presented to the Shah at Teheran. Some days afterwards he laid before his Majesty the magnificent presents with which he was charged. But he was in no hurry to enter upon the political business of his mission. He exhibited his diplomacy by leading on the Persian Ministers to make their pro-

posals for the establishment of treaty-negotiations between the two powers. The result was, that after a good deal of skirmishing, two treaties, the one commercial, the other political, were drawn up and discussed. There was little need now to make a grand combination against Zemaun Shah, for in truth that unhappy ruler, who had threatened such great things, was, in a political sense, very nearly at his last gasp. But very potent were the French; so, after disposing of the Afghans, the treaty ruled that if any people of the former nation should endeavour to effect a landing on Persian territory, the Persians and English together should make short work of them; and that the King of Persia would never allow the French, or any European power in alliance with them, to build a fort or to settle in any part of the Persian dominions. Whether these treaties were ever really in force is matter of historical doubt. But at all events a good understanding was established between the two countries. The Persians were well pleased with the magnificence of the presents which were lavished upon them; they derived from them a grand idea of our national wealth; and it must be added that the personal belongings of the Envoy himself made a profound impression on the Persian Court. His fine stature, his commanding presence, and the mixture of good humour and of resolute prowess with which he conducted all his negotiations, compelled them to form a high estimate of the English people. He was in their eyes a 'Roostum,' or hero of the first magnitude.

On his return to India, Captain John Malcolm was greeted by letters from the Governor-General, directing

him to proceed at once to Calcutta.* His reception at Government House was most cordial. Lord Wellesley bestowed his unqualified commendation on what had been done. and promised to give him, on the first opportunity, a high appointment in the political service. Meanwhile, he requested him to act as his private secretary, during the absence of Henry Wellesley, who had gone on a special mission to Oude. All this, it may well be conceived, filled with delight and gratitude the hearts of the family at Burnfoot. 'The account of your employments,' wrote his father to him, 'is like fairy tales to us. . . . Your filial effusions brought tears of joy to the eyes of your parents. A good head will gain you the esteem and applause of the world, but a good heart alone gives happiness to the owner of it. It is a continual feast.'

In the capacity of private secretary, John Malcolm ac-

* Or rather from Henry Wellesley, the brother and private secretary of the Governor-General, who wrote: 'While I was in England, I frequently heard Mr Dundas and other great men speak of you in a manner which gave me great pleasure, and ought not to be less gratifying to you. . . . All wise people in India think that very satisfactory consequences are likely to result from your embassy. There are not wanting some who are disposed to blame it, as tending to give umbrage to the Court of St Petersburg; but these are of that description of person who never look at a measure but with a view of condemning it.' . . . And then in a postscript came the important words: 'My brother' (Lord Wellesley), 'hearing I was writing to you, has this moment desired me to summon you to the Presence.' A later letter from the same writer conveyed to him the gratifying intelligence of the full approval of the Governor-General. 'I cannot help writing to tell you,' he said, 'that my brother fully approves of all your proceedings, and that he thinks you have conducted the whole of your negotiations in a very masterly manner.'

companied Lord Wellesley on a tour to the Upper Provinces; but he had not proceeded farther than Allahabad, when certain complications of a personal character at Madras caused the Governor-General to depute Malcolm, on a mission of much delicacy, to that Presidency. He did his work not only well—but nobly. For the arrangements, which were considered good for the public service, involved a great sacrifice on *his* part. He had been promised the Residency of Mysore; but he yielded his claims with cheerfulness, in order to induce that excellent civil officer, Mr Webbe, to remain a little longer in India. This done, he returned with all possible despatch to Calcutta, and met the Governor-General on his way back to the Presidency. But he did not remain long at the great man's elbow. Whenever any difficulty arose, it occurred to Lord Wellesley at once to send Malcolm on a special mission to set it right. So when, in July, 1802, the Persian Ambassador, who had come to India about the ratification of the treaties, was unhappily shot in an affray at Bombay, Malcolm was despatched to that Presidency to endeavour to make the best of so untoward an occurrence.

Making all speed, by land, to Bombay, he arrived there in October, and did everything that could be done to appease the expected resentment of the Persian Court. He wrote letters of explanation and condolence to the Shah and his Ministers; and made such liberal grants of money to all who had suffered by the mischance, that it was said afterwards in Persia that the English might kill a dozen Ambassadors, if they would always pay for them at

the same rate. By the end of November the work was done, and Malcolm returned to Calcutta. He found the Governor-General and his advisers immersed in the troubled politics of the great Mahratta Courts. On New Year's-day, 1803, he wrote to Colonel Kirkpatrick that 'the line was taken.' He thought it no great matter to settle the business of these troublesome chiefs, and he wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, General Lake, that 'one short campaign would for ever dissipate the terror with which Indian politicians in England are accustomed to contemplate the power of the Mahratta nation.' That this was a mistake, he discovered in due course of time. Military operations were commenced, and as Malcolm was sure to be where any kind of activity was wanted, he was soon on his way to General Stuart's camp. Mr Webbe having been transferred to the Residency of Nagpore, Malcolm—now Major Malcolm—had been appointed to Mysore, the Residency at which he had before yielded to the civilian. He went to Madras, therefore, formally to take up his appointment, and to communicate, on the part of Lord Wellesley, with the Governor of that Presidency. The work was soon done. On the 27th of February, 1803, he wrote to the Governor-General: 'I propose leaving Madras in a few days, and, as I travel fast, I shall soon join the army, and convey to the (Madras) Commander-in-Chief, in the clearest manner I can, a correct idea of the conduct which, in your Excellency's judgment, the present emergency demands.'

The head-quarters of the Madras Army were then at Hurryhur. To this place Malcolm proceeded post-haste,

and after two days spent in camp, pushed forward to join the advance division, under General Arthur Wellesley, which was to aid, in the lower part of the Mahratta country, the operations which Lord Lake was conducting in the upper. On the 19th of March he joined Wellesley's camp, and there was a cordial meeting between the two friends, and little disposition on either side to part. Malcolm saw clearly that they could act well together for the good of the public service, and, as no evil was likely to arise from his absence from Mysore, he determined to remain in Wellesley's camp, and there to turn his diplomatic experience to good account. 'A political agent,' he wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, 'is never so likely to succeed as at the head of an army.' It was a great epoch in the history of our Indian Empire, and there was a magnificent harvest of results. For a narative of the events, which grew out of the Mahratta policy of Lord Wellesley, the inquiring reader must turn to the military annals of the time. It was enough, that the first great work which fell to the share of Wellesley and Malcolm was the restoration of the Peishwah, Badjee Rao, to the throne of Poonah. This accomplished, Malcolm fell sick. He struggled against his increasing infirmity—but in vain. The hot weather had come on, and he could not resist its baneful effects. 'I am out of all temper with myself,' he wrote on the 26th of May to Mr Edmonstone, 'at being unwell at a moment like the present. However, everything will soon terminate prosperously and gloriously.' A month later he was in Wellesley's camp, 'a little recovered;' but in July he was again struggling against physical weakness, and at last even

his spirits began to fail him. 'I feel incapable,' he wrote, 'of holding out much longer in camp against an accumulation of such disorders.' And at last, in the middle of August, to his intense disappointment, he was compelled to yield to the solicitations of General Wellesley and other friends, and to quit the camp for Bombay just as active business in the field was commencing. What it cost him it is hard to say, for during his absence the great battle of Assye was fought and won; and it was long afterwards a thorn in his flesh to think that he had been absent from the side of his friend in such a glorious conjuncture.

But Malcolm was not long absent from his post. On the 16th of December he returned to camp, and was warmly welcomed. Though everything had gone well with the army, the aspect of social affairs about the General's Staff, if not actually gloomy, was a little stately and solemn. It was all work and no play; and there was little laughter in the English tents. But when Malcolm reappeared among them, all this was changed. It was like a gleam of sunlight. He arrived in high spirits; he was overflowing with lively humorous talk; he had many rich stories to tell; he had a joke for every one, white or black; and no man left him without a smile upon his face. He was 'Boy Malcolm' still. It was impossible to resist the fascinations of his genial presence. I do not know how the story can be told, better than in the words in which it was narrated to me, half a century afterwards, by Mountstuart Elphinstone: 'I joined,' wrote the veteran statesman, 'the camp, as you suppose, immediately after the surrender of Ahmednuggur. I think Malcolm had

gone before I arrived. I left camp on the 28th of December, three or four days before the conclusion of the treaty. The negotiations had been going on for some time, but had not taken a definite shape till Wittul Rao, Scindiah's Prime Minister, came into camp, on the 23rd of December. Malcolm had arrived about a week before, and was present at all the conferences with him. He (Wittul Punt) was an elderly man, with rather a sour, supercilious countenance; but such as it was, he had a perfect command of it, receiving the most startling demand, or the most unexpected concession, without moving a muscle. Malcolm remarked on him that he never saw such a face for playing "Brag." The name stuck to him; for long afterwards, when Malcolm met the Duke in Europe, and was asking him about the great men of France, his answer about Talleyrand was, that he was a good deal like "old Brag," but not so clever. I do not remember any anecdotes about the proceedings, but I well remember the effect of Malcolm's arrival, in enlivening head-quarters life. There had been a great deal to do; everybody was busy in the daytime, and more or less tired at night. The General, when not on other duty, was shut up all day writing in his private tent, and was too much absorbed in the many things he had to attend to, to talk much at table, except when there was anything interesting to excite him; so that, although there was no form or ceremony in his party, there was not much vivacity. When Malcolm came, he pitched his tent (with two or three of his own people of the Mysore Residency), close to the line of the General's Staff, which soon presented a very different scene. His health

seemed (for the time) completely restored, and he was in the highest possible spirits; just come among old friends from comparatively new places, with much to hear, and more to tell, and doing his business by snatches, so that he seemed to be always idle. He had frequent visitors at and after breakfast, when he remained talking to the company, showing off the Arab horses he had brought with him from Bombay, or regaling them with some of the beer or other rarity he had supplied himself with, and joking them about the starving condition in which he found them. When the strangers were gone, he went on with other subjects, but with the same flow of spirits; sometimes talking politics, sometimes chit-chat; sometimes reading political papers he had drawn up, and sometimes sentimental or ludicrous verses of his own composition; but ready at all times to receive any one—European or native—gravely or gaily, as the occasion required. To the natives, in particular, he used either to address elaborate compliments, or good-humoured jokes, as he thought best suited to their humour, and seldom failed to send them away pleased. Even bodily suffering did not take away his sociable feelings. When he was at his worst—at Poona, I think—and was exhausted and depressed, when a bachelor of thirty-four might have wished himself at the bottom of the sea, and any one else would have been solitary and morose, his exclamation was, "Heigho! I wish I had a wife and twelve children!"'

His health, however, was not perfectly restored; and he was still haunted by apprehensions of another breakdown, necessitating his second departure from the camp.

But there was much work to be done, and he struggled against his infirmity. The beginning of the year 1804 found him negotiating a treaty with Scindiah, the conclusion of which was delayed by a number of vexatious and frivolous obstructions, which, however, never disturbed the good humour of the negotiator. There were, indeed, occasional incidents to amuse him, by their absurdity; and he was one ever thoroughly to appreciate such compensations. His first personal interview with Dowlut Rao Scindiah, then a youth, was enlivened by a curious accident. 'We were well received,' wrote Malcolm to General Wellesley, 'by the Maharajah, who is a good-looking young man. He preserved great gravity when we first went in; and probably we might have left him without seeing that his gravity was affected, had not a ridiculous incident moved his muscles. A severe shower took place whilst we were in his tent. The water lodged on the flat part of the tent, under which Mr Pepper was seated, and all at once burst in a torrent upon his head. From the midst of the torrent we heard a voice exclaim "*Jasus!*"—and soon after poor Pepper emerged. The Maharajah laughed loud, and we all joined chorus. A shower of hail followed the rain, and hailstones were brought in and presented in all quarters. My hands were soon filled with them by the politeness of Dowlut Rao and his Ministers; and all began to eat, or rather to drink them. For ten minutes the scene more resembled a school at the moment when the boys have got to play, than an Eastern Durbar.* We parted in

* This incident greatly amused General Wellesley, who wrote an account of it to the Governor-General, in which he says: 'It rained

great good humour; and, as far as I can judge from physiognomy, every one in camp is rejoiced at the termination of hostilities.'

Soon after this Scindiah fell sick, and when he recovered he was more inclined for pleasure than for business. A meeting had been arranged between him and Malcolm, which the former, having heard of a tiger some nine miles off, desired to postpone, and asked the Englishman to go out hunting with him. It was a sore denial to John Malcolm, ever a mighty huntsman, to be compelled to say that he was 'afraid to venture in the sun.' But he wrote to the young Maharajah that he would pray for his success, and, to insure it, he sent the Prince his best rifle. He wrote this to General Wellesley on the 20th of February; and a week afterwards he was in high spirits at the thought of having despatched a draft of the Treaty to Calcutta. Scindiah was equally pleased, and determined to celebrate the occasion by a frolic. 'I am to deliver the Treaty to-day,' wrote Malcolm to General Wellesley, 'and after that ceremony is over to play *hooley*,* for which I have

violently, and an officer of the escort, Mr Pepper, an Irishman (a nephew of old Bective's, by-the-by), sat under the flat of the tent, which received a great part of the rain which fell. At length it burst through the tent upon the head of Mr Pepper, who was concealed by the torrent that fell, and was discovered after some time by an "Oh, Jasus!" and a hideous yell. Scindiah laughed violently, as did all the others present; and the gravity and dignity of the Durbar degenerated into a *Malcolm riot*—after which they all parted on the best terms.'—*Wellington Despatches*, vol. ii. p. 701.

* This consists mainly of the interchange of civilities, by throwing red powder and squirting coloured water at everybody within one's reach.

prepared an old coat and an old hat. Scindiah is furnished with an engine of great power, by which he can play upon a fellow fifty yards' distance. He has, besides, a magazine of syringes, so I expect to be well squirted.' The sport was of a kind to delight 'Boy Malcolm;' and we may be sure that he was not worsted in the playful encounter. But it did him no good. He was not strong enough for such rough work; and he wrote afterwards to Merrick Shawe that the 'cursed hooley play' had given him a sharp attack of fever.

But it was not all play-work for Malcolm at that time. Even whilst he was scattering the red powder, uneasy thoughts assailed him, for he was uncertain whether the treaties which he had negotiated would be approved by the Governor-General. For Lord Wellesley, though one not slow to express gratification when he felt it, was a man not easily pleased; and, in those days, a negotiator cut off from the seat of Government by hundreds of slowly-traversed miles was altogether de-centralized and self-contained, and obliged to face responsibilities which in later times have been evaded by the help of the electric telegraph. It was Malcolm's doctrine, that 'a man who flies from responsibility in public affairs is like a soldier who quits the rank in action; he is certain of ignominy, and does not escape danger.' He never did shrink from responsibility; and, it may be added, that he was, for the most part, a man of a sanguine, confident, self-reliant nature, not commonly disposed to depreciate his own work or to predict failure. But he had at this time a treacherous liver; he was melancholic and hypochondriacal, and, un-

like himself; and everything that he saw before him had the tint of jaundice upon it. There were moral causes, also, to increase his depression, for he had just received from England the sad tidings of the death of his revered father. Moreover, he knew that at this time Lord Wellesley, stung by the opposition of the Court of Directors, and the probability of being deserted by the King's Ministers, was in a frame of mind more than usually irritable and captious, and hard to be pleased. Malcolm was in no wise, therefore, surprised to learn that some part of the Subsidiary Treaty was, on its first perusal, disapproved by Lord Wellesley. 'I was fully aware,' he wrote to Mr Edmonstone, 'when I was appointed to negotiate this treaty, of the heavy responsibility that I incurred; and that responsibility was much increased by the uncertainty of communication with General Wellesley during the latter part of the negotiation—a circumstance which deprived me of the benefit of his instructions on several points on which I was anxious to receive them. I nevertheless ventured to conclude the treaty in the form it now has. The difference between it and engagements of a similar nature (which I knew Lord Wellesly had approved) did not appear to me of sufficient consequence to warrant my risking the success of the negotiation. As far as I could understand, none of those principles which it is essential in such alliances to maintain were sacrificed, and no points were admitted that could operate injuriously to the interests of the British Government. I may, however, be mistaken, and there may be a thousand objections to the alliance even as it now stands, which my stupidity has made me overlook. If

such is the case, it will, I conclude, be disapproved, and the treaty will not be ratified. On such an event occurring, the exclusive blame of this proceeding must attach to the agent employed to negotiate it, of whom it will be charitable to remark, that he was more distinguished for boldness and zeal than for prudence and judgment.

But fuller explanations, aided by a favouring course of circumstances, soon removed the uneasy apprehensions of Lord Wellesley; and a fortnight after he had written the above, Malcolm had the satisfaction of receiving letters from both the private and the political secretary of the Governor-General, informing him that his Lordship approved of all the stipulations of the treaties, and considered that he had 'manifested great judgment, ability, and discretion in conducting the negotiations,' and 'rendered a public service of the highest description by the conclusion of the treaty of defensive and of subsidiary alliance.' But this was emphatically Malcolm's *gurdee-ka-wukht*, or trouble-time, for he had still a depressing malady to cope with, and the burden of his sorrow was very heavy to bear. It seemed to him at the time as though the death of his father had taken away, if not his chief stimulus to exertion, at all events its main reward. And he wrote to his uncle, Mr John Pasley, to whom he owed so much, saying: 'The greatest enjoyment I have, from the acquisition of fame and honour, is in the satisfaction which my success in life affords to those to whom I owe my being, or, what is more, the principles of virtue and honesty, which I am conscious of possessing. The approbation of my conduct conveys to my mind more gratification than

the thanks of millions or the applause of thousands; and as the number of those to whom I attach such value diminishes, a proportion of the reward I expected is taken away, and part of that stimulus which prompted me to action is removed. The sanguine temper of my dearest parent made him anticipate a rank in life for me which I shall probably never attain; but a knowledge that he indulged such expectations made me make every exertion of which I was capable. I am still sensible of what I owe to myself, to my friends, and to my country; but I am no longer that enthusiast in the pursuit of reputation that I formerly was, and I begin to think that object may be attained at too dear a price. My mind has, perhaps, been more inclined to this way of thinking from the state of my health, which continues indifferent. However, as I have fully accomplished all the objects for which I was sent to this Court, I expect soon to be released, and to be enabled to repair to the sea-coast, where, I have no doubt, a short residence will make me as strong as ever.' *

* What follows must not be altogether omitted. It is so redolent of that good home-feeling, that tender regard for family ties, which is observable in the lives of most men who have risen to eminence in India: 'I see from my last letters from Scotland that you were expected at Burnfoot in July. Your affectionate kindness will console my dearest mother, and make her more resigned to her great loss, and your presence will restore the whole family to happiness. Your own feelings, my dearest uncle, will reward you for such goodness; may you long live to enjoy the gratitude and affection of a family who owe all their success and happiness to your kindness and protection! I know not what arrangement you may think best for my mother and sisters. You are acquainted with my means. I have £10,000 in my agent's hands in this country; about £3000 is due to me, which

These personal distresses were soon blended with new official anxieties. The conclusion of the peace with Scindiah was attended with some political difficulties arising out of those territorial redistributions which so frequently result from our Indian wars. The most perplexing question of all was that which related to the disposal of the fort of Gwalior and the territory of Gohud. It was Malcolm's opinion that, whatsoever might be the advantage to British interests in otherwise disposing of them, the surrender of both to Scindiah was clearly an act of justice. But it was soon manifest that the cession would be distasteful in the extreme to Lord Wellesley. Convinced that he was right, Malcolm took high ground. He said that nothing could shake his convictions—'first, because there is some room for doubt upon the subject, and if we determine a case of a disputable nature in our favour because we have power, we shall give a blow to our faith that will, in my opinion, be more injurious to our interests than the loss of fifty provinces. What has taken us through this last war with such unexampled success? First, no doubt, the gallantry of our armies; but secondly—and hardly secondly—our reputation for good faith. These people do not understand the laws of nations, and it is impossible to make them comprehend a thousand refinements which are understood and

I shall hereafter receive. Of the amount in your hands I cannot speak, as I know not how much of it has been applied; but I have directed £400 to be remitted annually, £300 of which I meant for my parents, and £100 for my sisters. You will now judge what is sufficient, and dispose of all, or any part of what I possess, as you think proper; above all, let my dearest mother enjoy affluence.'

practised in Europe. They will never be reconciled to the idea that a treaty should be negotiated upon one principle and fulfilled on another.' * Truer and better words have seldom been uttered by an Indian statesman; but I fear that, as warnings, they have been given to the winds. Sixty years have passed since they were written; and England has not yet ceased, in her dealings with India, to determine cases of a disputable nature in her own favour, or to negotiate treaties on one principle and to fulfil them on another.

I have said that Lord Wellesley, at this time, was in a very irritable state of mind. The abrasions which had been caused by constant collision with the 'ignominious tyrants of Leadenhall-street' were very sore; and he was sensitive in the extreme to any opposition which might have the effect of convincing his persecutors that the agents of his policy were more moderate than himself.† General Wel-

* Very similar words—words which have obtained far more extensive currency—were written by Arthur Wellesley. 'I would sacrifice Gwalior,' he wrote to Malcolm, 'or every frontier of India ten times over, in order to preserve our credit for scrupulous good faith and the advantages and honour we gained by the late war and peace; and we must not fritter them away in arguments drawn from overstrained principles of the laws of nations, which are not understood in this country. What brought me through many difficulties in the war and the negotiations of peace? The British good faith, and nothing else!' The two passages are so similar that a comparison of dates is interesting: Malcolm wrote from Boorhampore on March 30; Wellesley from Bombay on March 17, 1804.

† This is rendered very plain by a letter from Major Merrick Shawe, Lord Wellesley's secretary, in which he says: 'Whatever your motives may have been, your conduct has certainly placed Lord

lesley had said: 'I declare that, when I view the treaty of peace and its consequences, I am afraid it will be imagined that the moderation of the British Government in India has a strong resemblance to the ambition of other Governments.' And now Malcolm was turning against his master—very painfully and sorrowfully, but with a resolute manliness, which, whether he were right or wrong, is entitled to be held in respect as an example to the public service. I think that Malcolm was right.* If what he

Wellesley in a very embarrassing situation, and, when that is the case, God knows that he is always inclined to vent his feelings freely against those who have occasioned him difficulty and trouble. Your having shown a great disposition to admit the justice of Scindiah's right to Gwalior and Gohud, is likely, Lord Wellesley thinks, to give his enemies in Leadenhall-street room to found an accusation against Lord Wellesley of injustice and rapacity, in marching upon and retaining these possessions contrary to the opinion of the Resident.'

* It must be admitted, however, that the case is not without its difficulties, and that something may be said on the other side. Fifty years afterwards, Mr Elphinstone, writing to me on the subject, said: 'I think Malcolm was quite right in the Gwalior controversy; but right or wrong, his strenuous opposition to the Governor-General in defence of what he thought the cause of justice and good faith, would have done honour to him in any circumstances; in those of the case, when the Governor-General was his patron, and the man for whom, above all others, he felt the sincerest admiration and devotion, it was an exertion of public virtue such as few men of the sternest character could have attained to. He knew very well that Lord Wellesley was at all times impatient of opposition and jealous of respect, and that at the time he was intoxicated with success, so that he must have foreseen all the consequences of his resistance, which were either an open rupture or a complete estrangement, till near the end of Lord Wellesley's government, when there was a meeting at Calcutta, and

recommended was not more politic, it was at all events more generous, and indeed more just, than the opposite course. But the Governor-General was not a man to brook opposition of any kind, and for a while he withdrew his smiles from his favourite lieutenant. But all this soon passed away. Lord Wellesley wrote him a long and very friendly letter, assuring him of his unbroken confidence—telling him that he was at full liberty to return to Mysore, to join the Government party in the Upper Provinces, to prepare for another mission to Persia, or to go home to recruit his health, as he might think best. 'You may be assured,' wrote Lord Wellesley, 'that, although these discussions have given me great pain, they have not in any

a reconciliation, at which both parties seem to have been much affected; but of all this you will probably find better accounts than I could give among your papers.'—*August* 28, 1855. But two days after he had written this, Mr Elphinstone wrote again to me, saying: 'I wrote to you on the day before yesterday that I thought Malcolm quite right in his difference with Lord Wellesley about Gwalior; but I have since looked at some of the papers regarding it, and find the case by no means so clear. I had no personal knowledge of the affair, and the merits of it depend a good deal on the dates and terms of engagements, and other circumstances not readily ascertained. But what shakes my confidence in my first opinion, is contained in the following papers, many of which I do not think I had before read.' (List of documents in Wellesley and Wellington correspondence given.) 'General Wellesley's letter to Scindiah of May 20, 1804, in particular, expresses opinions so different from those given in his earlier letters to Malcolm, that it is impossible not to conclude that, on mature consideration, he had given up his first conclusions. But all this does not affect Malcolm's claim to high respect for his independent and conscientious opposition to proceedings which he thought unjust.'—*August* 30, 1855.

degree impaired my friendship and regard for you, or my general confidence and esteem. You cannot suppose that such transactions did not irritate me considerably at the unseasonable moment of their pressure. But you have already received from me suggestions of the same nature with those expressed in this letter, and you are aware of my aversion to every description of attack upon my judgment, excepting fair, distinct, direct argument. Reflecting on these observations, I entertain a confident expectation that you will always pursue that course of proceeding, in the discharge of the duties of friendship towards me, which you now know to be most congenial to my character and temper; and I am satisfied that you will continue to possess the high place in my esteem and attachment to which you are so justly entitled by every consideration of gratitude and respect. I am extremely grieved to learn that your health has been so deeply affected. I trust, however, that the sea air and repose will entirely restore you. I leave you at liberty either to return to Mysore, or to join me in the Upper Provinces, or to prepare for another mission to Persia, or to prepare for Europe, as you may judge most advisable. I have apprized the Secret Committee of the probability of your return to Europe, and of my intention to employ you in communicating to them the details of the recent events in the Mahratta Empire. My own intention (although most secret) is to return to Europe in January or February next, provided the state of affairs in India should permit, which event now appears probable. In the mean while, I expect to depart for the Upper Provinces in about ten days, all my preparations being completed. You will act upon this in-

formation as you may judge best. I shall be happy to see you at Agra or Delhi, or to have your company to Europe. You may rest assured of my constant good wishes for your health and welfare.' And then he added, in a postscript, as though to make still clearer that there was to be no breach in their private friendship, these familiar words: 'General Wellesley has not told me whether he ever received the horse which I sent to him, or how that horse turned out; somebody told me that he had suffered the same fate as "Old Port," who was shot under General Lake at Laswarree.'

Malcolm's first duty was now to regain his health; so, when he left Scindiah's camp, he went down to the coast, determined to cease for a while from business; and before the autumn was far advanced he wrote from Vizagapatam that he was 'growing quite stout,' and that he 'enjoyed idling in perfection.' But news of stirring events came to him in his retreat. Scarcely had Scindiah's account been settled, when Holkar began to cause us fresh trouble; and Malcolm then earnestly hoped to accompany General Wellesley again into the field. He had lost one grand opportunity of military distinction, and he panted to gain another. 'My health is now well restored,' he wrote from Ganjam in November, 'and two months of the cold weather will make me as strong as ever. Ingledew says, that by returning to camp I shall bring back the whole train of my complaints; but I am not of his opinion, and, if I were, it should not prevent my accompanying the General to the field, if he will permit me. I feel (almost as a stain) my unfortunate absence from Assye and Argaum; and I shall

rejoice in the most distant prospect of attending the General on similar occasions.' But it was not so to be; Arthur Wellesley's Indian career was at an end. The two friends met at Madras, and proceeded together to Mysore. But the General, who was about shortly to sail for England, soon returned to the Presidency, and Malcolm then settled himself down at Mysore, intending to turn his leisure to good account by writing the history of Persia, of which he had formed the design and collected some materials in that country.

But his studies were soon broken in upon by a summons to Calcutta. Lord Wellesley wished to see him at the chief Presidency; so he closed his books, put aside his papers, and soon (April, 1805) found himself again an inmate of Government House. The Mahratta war had entered a new phase, and Malcolm's counsel was again in requisition. 'To make a long story short,' he wrote to General Wellesley, 'soon after you sailed I was called to Calcutta. I lost no time in obeying, and arrived on the 17th of April. I found it was determined that Close * should remain in the Deccan, where he was invested with the political and military control, and that I should proceed to Dowlut Rao Scindiah. During my short stay at Calcutta I had enough of discussion. All the old ground was gone over. After much heat, if not violence, we were all of the same opinion; and I left Lord Wellesley on the 30th ultimo—I believe as high in his good opinion as I have ever been since our first acquaintance. Lord Lake had at that date disengaged himself from Bhurtpore. Scindiah was advanced to the

* Colonel, afterwards Sir Barry, Close.

Chumbul, near Dholpore, and that arch-scoundrel, Surjee Rao Ghautka, had moved forward on a pretended mission to Lord Lake, but with a real view of reconciling Holkar to Scindiah. He succeeded, and carried that chief back with him to Dowlut Rao's camp. It was resolved that Lord Lake should insist on Scindiah's retreating—that he should further require the dismissal of Ghautka, as an indispensable condition of our maintaining those more friendly relations of friendship that had been established by the treaty of defensive alliance. If this was agreed to, Scindiah was to be immediately vigorously supported. If not, and he committed no act of aggression, the more intimate relations of friendship were to be suspended, and the Resident withdrawn, until his counsels were more to be depended upon; but the treaty of peace was to be maintained. In the event of Scindiah committing any hostile act, or maintaining himself on the frontier after he had been desired to withdraw, he was of course to be attacked.'

The policy being thus determined, his personal services were again required. In the conjuncture which had then arisen, it seemed to Lord Wellesley more desirable than ever to 'send Malcolm.' So, at the end of a fortnight, Malcolm was sent to join the camp of General Lake in Upper India. Putting himself in a palanquin, he journeyed northward through the sultry summer weather, sorrowing most of all that he should look upon the face of Lord Wellesley no more in that part of the world (for the Governor-General had determined upon a speedy departure from India), and at times distracted by doubt as to whether he would not accompany his old master to England. That

Lord Wellesley desired this, is, I think, certain. For some time he oscillated between two opinions. Now, it appeared to him that it would be better for Malcolm to remain in India as the active exponent of his policy, so far as it was possible to execute it in the face of the opposition of the Court of Directors; and again, that it would be greater gain to him to have Malcolm at his elbow in England to explain and to defend that policy to the overthrow of his enemies at home. But for Malcolm at that time to have gone to England would have been to have injuriously interrupted, if not to have abandoned, his career. It was natural that he should hesitate; wise that he should decide in favour of continuing his Indian work. So he wrote to Lord Wellesley, as he had before written to his Private Secretary, a manly, straightforward, candid letter, stating that neither on public nor on private grounds would it be desirable that, at such a time, he should leave his post and return to England; and I am convinced that the dispassionate opinion of the Governor-General must have endorsed the decision.*

* In the letter to Lord Wellesley (dated August 6, 1805), Malcolm says: 'From the long conversation I had with your Lordship previous to my leaving Calcutta, you must have perceived that I am not insensible to the voice of ambition. To your Lordship, whose encouraging condescension has ever accustomed me to speak in the language of confidential friendship, I did not hesitate to own that the proudest object of my life was to obtain a mark of honour from my Sovereign, as the declared reward of public services (on other terms I could not value it), and my exertions during my public employment will continue to be prompted by the same hopes of honourable distinction. If I succeed, I shall be gratified; but if I fail, I shall not be disappointed. Nor do I think the want of success will diminish

'The head-quarters of the British Army were then upon the banks of the Chumbul; but the scorching hot winds of the month of May compelled a season of inactivity, and they could do little but talk about the future. 'Grave and anxious talk it was, for news had come that Lord Cornwallis, with stringent instructions to adopt a pacific course of policy, had been a third time appointed Governor-General of India, and was expected shortly to arrive. The work was only half done, and to bring it to an abrupt, might be to bring it to a disastrous, close. Lord Cornwallis came, and the war was ordered to be wound up with the utmost possible despatch. The conduct of the Mahratta chiefs, however, rendered certain further operations on our part absolutely necessary. The insolence of Holkar demanded chastisement; but his courage was not equal to his pretensions, and as the army advanced he deemed it expedient to seek safety in flight. He crossed the Sutlej, and our troops pursued him, Malcolm accompanying the force, and ever in the van. It was doubted whether the Hindoo Sepoys would cross the river. There were signs, indeed, of wavering, and it is said that the

one iota my future comfort, happiness, or respectability. Your Lordship is fully aware of my desire to return to Persia; and the information which you must lately have received of affairs in that quarter, will have enabled you to judge of the necessity of such a mission. I should, if sent with a letter or credentials from the Throne, undertake it with the sanguine hope of rendering important services to my country.' In these days, when honours are bestowed comparatively with a lavish hand, it may seem strange that no kind of distinction had up to this time been conferred on Malcolm. And many more years were destined to elapse before his services were recognized by the Crown.

leading companies sat down on the banks, when Malcolm rode up to them, spoke in his brave hearty manner a few cheering words, reminding them that the holy shrine of Umritsur was in advance, and asking them if they would shrink from such a pilgrimage. And the story runs that such was the magic effect of these words, that the recusant Sepoys started up to a man, crossed the river, and soon, followed by their comrades, were in full march into the Punjab.

But, although ever ambitious of military distinction, and eager to be in the thick of it when there was service to be done in the field, Malcolm hoped, at this time, that Holkar would be brought to battle and that the opportunity lost to him at Assye would be recovered, his duties lay in the direction rather of diplomacy than of war, and he was soon busy at the old work of treaty-making. Holkar saw plainly that his game was up, and sent his envoys to the British camp to negotiate the terms of peace.* A new

* The Sikh chiefs also sent their envoys to the British camp, and it is with reference to one of their visits that the following characteristic story has been told: Malcolm was giving an audience to two or three of these agents, when his friends, Gerald Lake and Norman Sharp, suddenly entered his tent, and, regardless both of ceremony and of business, told him that there were two large tigers in the neighbourhood. The interruption came at a moment when Malcolm was in some perplexity with respect to the answers to be given to the envoys, so the interruption was not unwelcome. Starting up and seizing his ever-ready gun, he cried out to the astonished Sikhs, 'Baug! baug!' ('A tiger! a tiger!'), and, ordering his elephant to be brought round, rushed out of the tent. Joining his friends and two or three others, he went in pursuit of the game, shot the tigers, returned with the spoil, and then, replacing his gun in the corner of his tent and resuming his seat, took up the thread of the conversation as if nothing

treaty was also concluded with Scindiah, by which the much-agitated question of Gwalior was set at rest. Then there was other and more onerous work to be done in the disbandment of the irregular levies, which had been called into life by the necessities of the war, and the expenses of which were now eating into the very vitals of the State.* But that which vexed him most was the abandonment of some of our less powerful allies; and although he worked —as he ever did—with all his might, he was sometimes beset with serious doubts and perplexities as to whether he ought not to retire from the scene, and to leave it to others to work out a policy in consonance with their own views. He asked himself whether, with opinions at variance with those of his employers, he could do his duty to the State, and be any longer a profitable servant to them. Presently these obstinate self-questionings found expression in a letter to Mr Edmonstone, then Political Secretary, who, in reply, cited his own case in support of the argument that servants of the State, acting in a ministerial capacity, are bound to do their best to carry into effect the measures of the re-

had happened. The envoys, in the mean while, had been declaring that the English gentleman was mad. 'But there was method,' it has been said, 'in such madness. He had done more than shoot the tigers. He had gained time. He had returned with his mind fully made up on an important point, which required consideration. And the envoys received a different and a wiser answer than would have been given if the tiger-hunt had not formed an episode in the day's council.' The Honourable Arthur Cole and the late Sir W. R. Gilbert were of the hunting-party.

* These proceedings necessarily occupied a considerable period of time—partly before and partly after the death of Lord Cornwallis.

sponsible head of the Government, without reference to their own individual sentiments. To this Malcolm rejoined, and with much sound discrimination, that the case of a Secretary at the elbow of a Governor-General and that of a Political Agent at a distance from the seat of government, were not analogous. 'Your station and mine,' he wrote, 'are, my dear friend, widely different. As an officer of Government, acting immediately under the Governor-General, you have, in fact, only to obey orders, and are never left to the exercise of your own discretion and judgment, as you have a ready reference in all cases that can occur to the superior authority, with whom, of course, every responsibility rests. Under such circumstances, a secretary that chooses to be of a different opinion—that is to say, to *maintain* different opinions—from a Governor-General, has, in my opinion, no option but to resign; and his resignation would on such occasion appear extraordinary to every person acquainted with the nature of his office, which is obviously one of an executive, not of a deliberative nature. Now look at my situation. Placed at a great distance from the Governor-General, and acting upon instructions of a general nature—obliged constantly to determine points upon my own judgment, as there is no time for reference—liable to be called upon by extraordinary exigencies to act in a most decided manner to save the public interests from injury, it is indispensable that the sentiments of my mind should be in some unison with the dictates of my duty, and if they unfortunately are contrary to it, I am not fit to be employed, for I have seen enough of these scenes to be satisfied that a mere principle of obedience will never

carry a man through a charge where such large discretionary powers must be given, with either honour to himself or advantage to the public.'

This was written on the 6th of October. On the preceding day, Lord Cornwallis had sunk under the accumulation of disorders which for weeks past had rendered his demise only a question of time. Malcolm grieved for the fine old soldier-statesman, thus dying with the harness on his back. 'You have been witness,' he wrote to Mr Edmonstone, 'to a most extraordinary and impressive scene, the close of the life of a great and good man, who has continued to the last to devote himself to his country. Few have lived with such honour; no one ever died with more glory. I feel satisfied in thinking that Lord Cornwallis was fully satisfied of my zeal, and that our proceedings here have met with his approbation.' The event produced no change of policy. Sir George Barlow, 'aided by Mr Edmonstone, had indeed been for some time at the helm; and stern necessity compelled our perseverance in a line of political conduct which, as I have before observed, had been sanctioned by Lord Wellesley before his departure from the country.'* There was much in it all that was distasteful in the extreme to Malcolm; but he worked as best he could, and remained at his post in Upper India as

* *Ante.* Memoir of Lord Cornwallis.—Sir Arthur Wellesley wrote to Malcolm that no one could be a judge of the necessity of peace in India who had not sat in the House of Commons. 'I really believe,' he added, 'that, in the opinion of the majority of people in this country, it would have been better to cede the whole of Oude to Holkar than to continue the war.'

long as there was anything to be done, cheered to the last by the friendship and sympathy of that fine old soldier, Lord Lake.

In the hot weather of 1806, Colonel Malcolm was again in Calcutta, and in constant communication with Sir George Barlow and Mr Edmonstone. The war was at an end; but it had left a crop of trouble behind it, and there was still much work to be done. To Malcolm this period of his life was not a grateful one; for his opinions were not those of the Government, and he frequently found himself the antagonist of Barlow, and sometimes of his friend Edmonstone. In truth, Malcolm and Barlow, though each admirable after his kind, seemed to be sent into the world expressly to war with each other. They were essentially unlike in almost every feature of their several characters, save in honesty and courage, which both possessed in an equal degree, but evinced after different fashions. Malcolm often longed for one hour of Wellesley —in his prime; and he tried hard to tempt 'brother Arthur' back to India. When that event, known in history as the massacre of Vellore, startled the English in India from one end of the country to the other, he wrote to Sir Arthur Wellesley, saying, 'My opinion is fixed beyond all power of being altered, that upon your appointment to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Madras the actual preservation of that part of our British Empire may, in a great degree, depend.' To Lord Wellesley he wrote in the same strain, adding, 'Your Lordship knows I am no alarmist. This is the first time I have ever trembled for India. It is one of those dangers of which

it is impossible to calculate either the extent, the progress, or the consequences.' But Sir Arthur Wellesley had taken the measure of Indian service and of himself far too well to wish to return to Madras. He would have gone, if the sacrifice had been required from him, but happily he was not called upon to make it. 'I don't think it probable,' he wrote to Malcolm, 'that I shall be called upon to go to India; the fact is, that men in power in England think very little of that country; and those who do think of it, feel very little inclination that I should go there. Besides that, I have got pretty high on the tree since I came here, and those in power think that I cannot well be spared from objects nearer home. At the same time the Indians in London are crying out for my return.'

Those were days when Indian service even of the best kind was almost habitually ignored. Malcolm, who had done so much for his country, had risen to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by seniority; but, for all that he had done, he had received no mark of distinction from the Crown. There were times when Malcolm was keenly sensitive of this neglect—not only as it affected himself, but as it affected the whole service to which he belonged. In the lives of most men—and of *all* men, it may be said, who have long dwelt under the depressing influences of an Indian climate—there have been seasons of painful despondency. When, therefore, in the cold season of 1806-1807, Malcolm returned to Madras, intending to rejoin his appointment in Mysore (for he was still Resident at that Court), he told himself that his service was nearly at an end, and that another year of work would be enough for

him. He was at this time in a poor state of health, and compelled to keep his room; but crowds of visitors, including 'all the great,' turned the sick-room into a levee. 'These honours do not turn my head,' he wrote to his old friend Gerald Lake, 'for the sentiment of my mind is more of pity than of admiration of some of our first characters here.' He was now eager to proceed to his Residency and to rest. The state of his mind at this period, influenced, doubtless, by physical weakness, may be gathered from his correspondence. 'I mean to proceed in eight days more,' he wrote to Lord Wellesley on the 4th of March, 'to Mysore,* where I anxiously hope I may be permitted to stay during the short period I mean to remain in India. Those motives that would have carried me dawk over the world exist no longer.' 'I anticipate with pleasure,' he said in another letter, 'the prospect of one year's quiet; and that is, I trust, the extent of the period that I shall remain. God knows that I should be glad to abridge even that, if possible. I do not think it at all likely that any event can arise that would lead the Governor-General to wish me to move again. But if there should, I must trust to your endeavours to prevent it, for every consideration concurs to make me now as desirous to avoid active employment on the public service as ever I was to court it. I need not state to you the proofs I have given of not being deficient in public zeal. I have been rewarded, I admit, by distinction in the service; but if a man is wished to go on, further stimulus must be found, and I confess, as

* His departure was subsequently delayed. He started on the 21st of March.

far as I can judge my own case, I have every inducement to stop, and not a solitary one to proceed. . . . My mind is as full of ambition as ever; but I have determined, on the most serious reflection, to retire, and avoid all public employment, unless a period arrives in which I can be certain that my services will be justly appreciated and rewarded. And if it is conceived that any ability, knowledge, or experience I possess can be usefully directed to the promotion of the public interests, I must be stimulated to exertion by a fair prospect of just and honourable encouragement.'

But never was the great truth that Man proposes and God disposes, more emphatically inscribed on any man's life than on the life of John Malcolm. He spoke of his career as though it were nearly at its close; but in truth it was only in its beginning. He had not very long returned to Mysore, when a great change came over his life. To settle down at the Residency for a little quiet was in effect to settle in another way. He had been so constantly on the move for many years that he had seen little of female society; but his warm, affectionate nature was sensible of the want of a helpmate; there were times when he felt very isolated and companionless—a solitary man in a strange land—and his heart often turned restlessly to England, as though there alone the blessing of domestic life was to be found. But in this he was mistaken. He found that what he wanted was already within his reach. He gave his affections to one altogether worthy of the gift; and on the 4th of July, 1807, he married Charlotte, daughter of Colonel Alexander Campbell (afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army), a lady in whom, it has been

said, 'the charms of youth and beauty were united with a good natural understanding and a cultivated mind.' This union was productive of much happiness to both. But nothing could ever relax John Malcolm's zealous activity in the public service. Single or married, he was ever hungering for employment; and in the course of the following year he was equipping himself for a second embassy to Persia.

For some time the King's Ministers had contemplated the expediency of sending another mission to Persia—a mission which was to be despatched directly from the Court of St James's; and Sir Arthur Wellesley had warmly recommended that Malcolm should be placed at the head of the embassy. 'Government have some thoughts of sending an embassy to Persia,' wrote the General in February, 1807, 'Baghdad Jones as the Ambassador. I put a spoke in his wheel the other day, I think, in conversation with Tierney, and urged him to get Lord Howick to appoint you. God knows whether I have succeeded in the last object, although I made it clear that Jones was an improper man, and that you were the only one fit for the station.' This advice, however, was thrown away, as was nearly all the advice on Indian affairs which at that time emanated from the Wellesleys;* and Mr Harford Jones, having been created a baronet for the occasion, was de-

* Sir Arthur Wellesley, a few months before, had written to Malcolm, saying: 'As for India, I know but little respecting it. If I had been employed in North America, I might be informed and consulted about the measures to be adopted in India, but as it is, that is out of the question.'

spatched to the Court of the Persian Shah. He went from London with credentials from the King, and he was to have proceeded through Russia to the Persian frontier, but a sudden and startling change in the politics of Europe disconcerted his arrangements at the very outset of his ambassadorial career. Russia had ceased to be our friend and ally. She had been fighting for dear life against the growing power of Napoleon, and we had hoped that she would aid us in our efforts to checkmate France in the East. But the peace of Tilsit, as if by magic, changed all this. After the bloody fights of Eylau and Friedland the two armies had fraternized, and the two Emperors had embraced each other on a raft floating on the surface of the river Niemen. Among the vast projects of conquest which they then formed was a conjoint campaign 'contra les possessions de la compagnie des Indes.' The territories of the East India Company were to be divided between these two great continental potentates. It was believed that the attack would be made by land rather than by sea, and that Persia would become a basis of operations against the North-Western Provinces of India. The danger was not an imaginary one. It was the harvest-time of great events, and the invasion of India by a mighty European force did not seem to rise above the ordinary level of the current history of the day.

So Sir Harford Jones was compelled to betake himself to a new route; and it seemed to the eye of authority in India that the embassy from St James's, if not folded up altogether, would be so long delayed as to be very nearly useless. Lord Minto was at that time Governor-General

of India. He had not long taken his seat at Calcutta before he began to consider the expediency of sending a mission from India to the Persian Court; and to send such a mission was synonymous with sending Malcolm at the head of it. Barry Close sent him a hint to prepare for such an invitation; but Malcolm was inclined to think at that time that the Governor-General was of too cool and cautious a temper to send a mission to Persia without orders from home. In this, however, he was mistaken. Lord Minto soon made up his mind to send Malcolm to the Persian Gulf, with a commission of a vague character, half military and half political—to threaten, if not to negotiate, and to wait for the lessons written down in the great chapter of accidents. At the end of January, he wrote to Malcolm, saying: 'I did not conceal my own sentiments in England concerning the *name* to be selected for that most important mission—a mission which required qualifications hardly to be found united in more than one name that I have ever heard. That name has been the subject of very clear and strong representations from me to the authorities at home since I assumed this government. In the mean while, my own hands were effectually restrained by the two considerations already mentioned—the connection between English and Russian politics, and the actual appointment of another person. I am now released by the separation which there is reason to apprehend between Great Britain and Russia, and by the growing necessity of the case in Asia. We have not heard of Sir Harford Jones's arrival in Persia; and, indeed, all that I yet know of his mission is, that he was ordered to repair in the first instance to St Petersburg, in

order to carry with him from thence, if it could be obtained (of which there was little prospect), the consent of that Court to the mediation of Great Britain between Russia and Prussia. If there is a rupture between Russia and England, as there is much reason to suppose, I do not know by what route Sir Harford Jones can penetrate to Persia. At all events, your commission is framed in such a manner as not to clash with a diplomatic mission to the King of Persia, if you should find Sir Harford Jones at that Court. You will perceive that I have not admitted into this measure any doubt of your consent to it. Knowing as I do your public zeal and principles, and without reckoning on the knowledge you have lately afforded me of the manner in which you are affected towards this particular commission, I may safely and fairly say, that neither you nor I have any choice on this occasion. I *must* propose this service to you, because the public interests (I might perhaps use a stronger word) indispensably require it. You *must* accept for the same reason. I am convinced that the call of public duty is the most powerful that can be made on your exertions.'

To a man of Malcolm's temperament, a letter from supreme authority, in such a strain as this, was not likely to be thrown away. He at once responded to the summons; and with characteristic energy and activity began to make the necessary preparations for his expedition to the Persian Gulf. As the French had at that time a magnificent mission at Teheran, it was expedient that England also should appear in an imposing character; so Malcolm was to be attended by a considerable staff of military and political

officers, and was to be the bearer of sumptuous presents to the Court of the Shah. By the middle of April everything was ready. Malcolm sailed from Bombay, and just as the island was receding from his view, a King's ship, with Sir Harford Jones on board, was making for the port which the military ambassador had so recently quitted.

On the 10th of May, Malcolm reached Bushire in high spirits; and for a time it seemed to him, always cheerful and sanguine as he was, that everything was going well, and that another great success was before him. 'I have not only received the most uncommon attention from every one here,' he wrote to Sir George Barlow, who, on the arrival of Lord Minto, had succeeded to the Government of Madras, 'but learnt from the best authority that the accounts of my mission have been received with the greatest satisfaction at Court. The great progress which the French have made, and are daily making here, satisfied me of the necessity of bringing matters to an early issue. I have a chance of complete victory. I shall, at all events, ascertain exactly how we stand, and know what we ought to do; and if I do not awaken the Persian Court from their delusion, I shall at least excite the jealousy of their new friends. I send Captain Pasley off to-morrow for Court—ostensibly with a letter for the King, but he has secret instructions, and will be able to make important observations. . . . . I have endeavoured to combine moderation with spirit, and to inform the Persian Court, in language which cannot irritate, of all the dangers of their French connection. Captain Pasley will reach Court on the 28th of June, and on the 15th of July I may be able

to give you some satisfactory account of his success.'

But Captain Pasley never reached Court; and the anticipated success was a mortifying failure. The French were established too securely in Persia for their supremacy to be shaken by the announcement of another mission from the Government of India. They were drilling the Persian troops, and casting cannon, and instructing the army in all the scientific accomplishments of European warfare. The appearance of the English mission perplexed the Persian Court, but thus fortified by their French allies, and by further support from Russia, the statesmen of Teheran were not alarmed. They determined, if possible, to keep the English out of Teheran, and to this end the provincial governors were directed to procrastinate, and by all possible means to amuse and cajole our envoys. So Captain Pasley, having penetrated as far as Shiraz, was detained at that place, and told that he or his chief might open negotiations with the Prince-Governor of the province.

When tidings of this reached Malcolm he chafed sorely, and was by no means inclined to brook the insult. His vexation was the more intolerable, as he cordially hated the French, and felt that our enemies would exult in our abasement. He had a genial temper, and he generally took a cheerful view of the prospect before him, but he was not one of the patient and long-suffering class of envoys, and he thought that the great nation which he represented ought not, in the presence of insolent enemies, to wait upon circumstances, and to beg for what it had a right to demand. So, right or wrong, he determined to mark his sense of the indignity to which he had been sub-

jected by withdrawing his ambassadorial presence from so inhospitable a country.* 'From the letters I received this

* Whilst Malcolm was in the Persian Gulf he received much gratifying attention from the Imaum of Muscat, who sent complimentary messages and presents to him on board. An old Muscat acquaintance of Malcolm was the bearer of these; and the account of their meeting, as recorded in Malcolm's journal, contains a passage so characteristically descriptive of the English officer, that I cannot forbear from quoting it: '"You have been all over the world," says he to me, "since I last saw you." "I have travelled a little," I answered. "Travelled a little!" he exclaimed; "you have done nothing else; we heard you were with the great Lord Wellesley at Calcutta. When there in a ship of the Imaum's, I went to see you: Malcolm Sahib was gone to Madras. Two years afterwards I went again to Bengal, and thought I would find my friend; no, Malcolm Sahib was gone to Scindiah, and we heard afterwards you went with Lord Lake to Lahore. However, four months ago, we heard you had come to Seringapatam and married a fine young girl, the daughter of some Colonel. And now," says he, "after travelling all the world over, and then marrying, you are come again to your old friends the Arabs and Persians." I told my friend Mahomed Gholam I was quite flattered with the interest he appeared to have taken in my welfare, and rejoiced to see him in such health and spirits, and enjoying the favour of his Prince. I then reminded him of some former scenes, particularly one in which he had been much alarmed at the conduct of one of the gentlemen with me. He laughed, and said he was glad I recollected old times and old friends, and that I would find, as I proceeded, that all those I had before seen perfectly remembered me. He then begged me to take some letters for him to Bushire, and began writing a postscript to one of them. I saw him smiling, and asked him to tell me (like an honest Arab) what he was writing, as I was sure it was about me, "I will tell you without hesitation," said he, "for why need I be ashamed of the truth? I knew my friends would expect some account of you, and I could not give it till I saw you. I have informed them that this is exactly the same Malcolm we had before, the only difference is, that he was then a Captain, and is now a General."'

'day from Captain Pasley at Shiraz,' he wrote on the 11th of June, 'I was concerned to observe the Ministers there not only continued to throw obstacles in the way of his progress to Teheran, but declared they had orders from the King directing me to carry on my negotiations with the Prince-Regent of the province of Fars, and they had heard, without being moved from their purpose, all those reasons which Captain Pasley had in the most firm and spirited manner urged to satisfy them. I would never consent to an arrangement of so humiliating a nature towards myself and the Government I represented as one which allowed a French embassy to remain in the Presence while it directed one from the English nation to treat with an inferior Government. . . . . These circumstances convinced me that nothing short of the adoption of some very strong measure would produce a change in the conduct of a Court which was evidently acting under the influence of our enemies, and it appeared particularly necessary that measure should be of a nature that would remove an impression which the French had endeavoured to produce in Persia —viz. that England had not an ally in the world, was reduced to the last stage of distress, and consequently was soliciting the friendship of the King of Persia from an inability to preserve without his aid its possessions in India. I determined, in consequence of these reflections, to strike my camp next morning and to go on board the *Doris*, and write to Captain Pasley to inform the Ministers of the Prince at Shiraz why I have done so, informing them that I never should re-land in Persia unless he was allowed to proceed to Court, and I was assured of being treated with less suspicion and more friendship.'

Having done this, Malcolm determined to proceed to Calcutta, and to take counsel with Lord Minto. In pursuance of this resolution he sailed from Bushire on the 12th of July, leaving Pasley, who narrowly escaped being made a prisoner, to represent the British mission, and 'hold on' as best he could. It was a sore trial to him to be compelled to pass Bombay, where his young wife was then residing, without touching at that port. 'The resolution to pass Bombay,' he wrote to Mrs Malcolm, 'believe me, was not taken without pain; but my duty called for the sacrifice, and you will be pleased that I had virtue and firmness enough to make it. I hope to be at Calcutta about the 1st of September. I shall leave it for Bombay about the 1st of October, and arrive with my dearest Charlotte about the 10th of November. How long I stay there is a speculation; but believe me the present step is the only one I could take to enable me to do justice to the great interests committed to my charge. These, by the blessing of God, will yet prosper; and I shall have the credit, if the victory is won, of having not been sparing of exertion. A month with Lord Minto will do wonders.'

It was indeed a very trying period of his newly-born domestic life; for Malcolm, with those mingled sensations of anxiety and delight which are common to our civilized humanity, was anticipating, in this particular epoch, the birth of his first child. 'Good God,' he said, in one of his letters, 'what a state of torturing suspense I am in! But I trust I shall soon be relieved from all my fears, and then my joys will be excessive.' And relief was coming to him, even at that time, more nearly than he thought. At the

mouth of the Gulf they spied a vessel, and bore down upon her. She proved to be bound from Bombay, and, on boarding her, Malcolm received a parcel of letters, in one of which there was the cheering announcement of his wife's safety and the birth of an infant daughter. It was an additional delight to him to learn that the child had been called Margaret, after his mother. 'God bless you for giving her that name!' he wrote in a letter full of love and thankfulness to his wife; 'it may not be so fine to the ear, but it has, from belonging to one of the best and most respected of women, a charm in it which will preserve our darling, and make her all her parents could wish.'

On the 22nd of August, Malcolm landed at Calcutta. The Governor-General's boat had been sent to meet him in the Hooghly, and he was received, on his arrival at Government House, with the utmost kindness and cordiality by Lord Minto, of whose public and private character he sent to his wife a felicitous sketch, which the most studied biography could not excel in fidelity of portraiture. He had the pleasure, too, of meeting several old friends, with whom he had been familiar in the days of Lord Wellesley—Colebrooke and Lumsden (then members of Council), and 'my excellent friend John Adam,' who was advancing to high honour in the Secretariat. Everybody was anxious to see and to converse with Malcolm; but the visit-paying and the hospitality were not sufficient to interfere with business, and the envoy had 'several long discussions with Lord Minto, and all satisfactory.' 'I am quite overwhelmed with Lord Minto's kindness,' he wrote to his wife. 'All people here seem to struggle who shall show

me greatest kindness. These marks of general esteem are pleasing, but they would be a thousand times more so if you were here to share them.'

Malcolm was one of those men who thoroughly understand and appreciate the great doctrine of Compensations. He could discern 'a soul of goodness in things evil;' and every year taught him to see more and more clearly, in the crosses and vexations of life, some compensatory benefits, either inherent in themselves, or sent simultaneously by a benignant Providence to mitigate their severity. The cheerfulness for which he was so remarkable was the growth of an unfailing sense of gratitude to the Almighty. At this particular time he had been crossed in the concerns both of his public and his private life; but with a signal reversal of the famous Lucretian sentiment, he found the *dulce aliquid* surging up *medio de fonte dolorum*. There came to him at this time most opportunely a shower of those dear home-letters, which, before steam had vulgarized them by rendering their receipt a mere matter of the calendar, were to the Indian exile the refreshment and revival which preserved his heart from becoming 'dry as summer's dust.' They were from relatives and friends of all kinds—the nearest and the dearest, including his mother and Arthur Wellesley—and were full of congratulations. 'If a fellow had written a novel,' he wrote to his wife, 'and had puzzled his brain for a twelvemonth to make his hero happy in the last chapter, he could not have been happier than I was yesterday to hear such accounts of you and Margaret, and to receive such letters from my relatives —so full of joy and affection—to find that they all, without

one exception, met you with that warm welcome of the heart which is beyond all welcomes valuable.' And then he sighed to think that the day seemed to be so remote when it would be permitted him to embrace his mother and sisters in England. 'I am now,' he said, 'more deeply than ever involved in public affairs—more honourably because more largely.'

The result of Malcolm's conferences with Lord Minto was that Sir Harford Jones was ordered to remain at Bombay, and that Malcolm was instructed to return to the Persian Gulf, and to establish himself, in a menacing attitude, on the island of Karrack. He was to go to Bombay, pick up a small army, and threaten Persia from the sea-board. Lord Minto said to him, after a long farewell interview, 'Your duties, General Malcolm,* are not to be defined. All I can say is, you are placed in a situation where you are as likely to go wrong from prudence as from the want of it.' There was nothing that Malcolm liked better than such a hint as this. He went forth full of enthusiasm—fired, more than ever, by the thought that he was about to engage in a great conflict with the French. To all such stimulants there was the additional one, of which he was ever sensible, derived from his new relations as a husband and a father. He said of his public duties and his private happiness, 'They are in such complete union, that I should not be worthy of the blessings I enjoy from the one if I were not devoted to the other. What individual of my rank of life was ever called to act in so great a

* The rank of Brigadier-General had been given to him whilst employed in Persia.

scene? . . . If opportunities offer, neither you nor your children, my dearest wife, shall ever blush for my conduct.'

But even as he wrote a great disappointment was about to fall upon him. He had not proceeded farther than Kedgeree, on the Hooghly river, when he was recalled by Lord Minto, who, just after Malcolm's departure, had received intelligence that Sir Harford Jones had started for Persia. This was, doubtless, a very awkward fact. 'Karrack,' wrote Lord Minto, 'must necessarily be suspended. We cannot commit hostilities on Persia while the King of England is negotiating with the King of Persia.' The logic of this was indisputable. Malcolm bowed to it; and, ordering his baggage to be transferred to another vessel, returned to Calcutta to take counsel with Lord Minto. His sudden reappearance at the Presidency caused great surprise, and excited much curiosity.* It was soon, how-

* Malcolm has recorded an amusing illustration of this. In a letter to his wife, he says: 'Your acquaintance, Mrs W——, happened not to have been introduced to Lord Minto when she dined here, and, mistaking him for another, she said, "Do you know the cause of General Malcolm's return to Calcutta?" "I believe I can guess," was the Lord's reply. "Pray, then, tell me," said the lady. Lord Minto hesitated till after we were seated at table, and then said, "We had better give the General plenty of wine, and we shall get this secret out of him." The lady, who had now discovered his rank, began to make apologies. "I assure you, my Lord," she said, "I did not know you." "I am delighted at that compliment," he replied. "Not to be known as Governor-General in private society is my ambition. I suppose," he added, laughing, "you thought I looked too young and too much of a puppy for that old grave fellow, Lord Minto, whom you had heard people talking about." I mention this anecdote as very characteristic of that playful pleasantry which makes Lord Minto so agreeable.'

ever, resolved in council that Sir Harford Jones should be repudiated or ignored.

Malcolm at first chafed under his detention in the 'vile place without the consolation of Charlotte's letters;' but in his nature the sun was never long behind a cloud, and he was very soon as cheerful and playful as ever. 'I have been employed,' he wrote on the 13th of October, 'these last three hours with John Elliot and other boys in trying how long we could keep up two cricket-balls. Lord Minto caught us. He says he must send me on a mission to some *very young* monarch, for that I shall never have the gravity of an ambassador for a prince turned of twelve. He, however, added the well-known and admirable story of Henry IV. of France, who, when caught on all fours carrying one of his children, by the Spanish Envoy, looked up, and said, "Is your Excellency married?" "I am, and have a family," was the reply. "Well, then," said the monarch, "I am satisfied, and shall take another turn round the room." And off he galloped, with his little son, flogging and spurring him, on his back. I have sometimes thought of breaking myself of what are termed boyish habits; but reflection has satisfied me that it would be very foolish, and that I should esteem it a blessing that I can find amusement in everything, from tossing a cricket-ball to negotiating a treaty with the Emperor of China. Men who give themselves entirely to business, and despise (which is their term) trifles, are very able in their general conception of the great outlines of a plan, but they feel a want of that knowledge which is only to be gained by mixing with all classes in the world, when they come to those lesser points upon which

its successful execution may depend. Of this I am certain; besides, all habits which give a man light, elastic spirits, are good.'

On the 26th of October, Malcolm embarked for Bombay. The voyage was rendered tedious, and to Malcolm very trying, by baffling winds off Ceylon, and it was not until the last day of November that the vessel entered Bombay harbour. He had then a few days of domestic happiness; but the work in hand soon demanded all his care. He had to organize the force which he was to carry with him to the Persian Gulf. The officers of the East India Company have seldom been wanting in this power of organization, and Malcolm was a man equally fertile of resource and energetic in action. The new year found him with his work nearly done. 'I proceed to the Gulf in ten days,' he wrote on the 3rd of January to Mr Henry Wellesley, 'with an admirably well-appointed little force of two thousand men, and am to be followed, if it is found necessary, by three or four thousand more. The object you know. It is to make a settlement on the island of Karrack, and to occupy a position on the shores of Persia and Eastern Turkey, from which we can negotiate with dignity, and act with effect.' But he had scarcely written this when the vision of this establishment in the Gulf began to melt away; and a few days afterwards he wrote to one of the Directors of the East India Company, saying: 'I am here at the head of a very select corps of near two thousand men, and should have sailed before this for the Gulf, had not Sir Harford Jones been as successful in getting away from Bushire two days before he received Lord Minto's orders to return, as

he was in escaping by twenty-four hours the orders of the Supreme Government for him to remain in India. This proceeding has produced a question connected with public faith on which I have felt it my duty to write to Bengal, and I shall probably be detained until the 10th of February. Perhaps the gleam of success in Europe may alter all Lord Minto's plans, and I may be countermanded. If so, I shall, with a feeling of delight (as far as I am personally concerned), quit a scene into which I was completely pressed; for after the preference which the gentlemen at home had given to Sir Harford Jones—after the complete neglect with which they had treated me for eight years, during which they have not noticed one of the numerous recommendations of my political services, and after their inattention to my just claims for remuneration for losses incurred by my employment on extra missions (recommended to their notice by the most economical of all their Governors, Sir George Barlow)—I could feel no desire to embark on a mission by which I was likely to lose all hopes of future favour by coming into harsh contact with Sir Harford Jones—the favourite elect. An urgent sense of public duty, however, obliged me to attend to the call of the Supreme Government, and here I am, embarked upon a sea of troubles, with a knowledge that they, whose interests it is my incessant labour to promote, view all my efforts with an eye of prejudice.'

His surmises were not baseless. Already Lord Minto was beginning to think that the project so hastily formed was not one of very wise conception; and before the end of the month he had come to the determination of suspend-

ing the expedition to the Gulf. There were many good reasons for this, but the Governor-General could not help feeling that some apology was due to Malcolm, who had been placed in a false position, out of which he could hardly extricate himself without incurring some of that ridicule which, reasonably or unreasonably, commonly attends all such collapses as this; so, after entering at some length into an explanation of the circumstances which rendered the expedition to the Gulf at such a time one of doubtful expediency, he proceeded with characteristic kindliness to say, 'Knowing how your mind and all its powers have for such a length of time been devoted to the great interests involved in the affairs of Persia, and generally in the Persian Gulf, knowing how instrumental I have myself been in disturbing the tranquillity, public and domestic, of your prominent station of Mysore, and of kindling the very ardour which this letter is to extinguish, I cannot but feel extreme regret and disappointment at a termination which, on one hand, withdraws such talents as yours, with all the energy that belongs to your character, from the great field on which they were to be displayed, and, on the other hand, may seem to blight the rich fruits of honour and distinction which you were on the point of gathering. These are sentiments in which I hope and am convinced you firmly believe, while I rely on the rectitude as well as strength of mind which distinguish you, for feeling that they are sentiments which may be permitted to follow, but which could not be allowed any share in forming, our resolution on this great public question.'

It would not be true to say that Malcolm was not dis-

appointed; but for such a man there were always compensations close at hand, and he very soon reconciled himself to a loss out of which might be evolved much gain of another kind. He might now, he thought, return to the Mysoré Residency, to solace himself there with the delights of domestic life and the amenities of literary leisure. At such times, the many-sidedness of the man was very pleasantly manifested. If he could not make any more history, he could write it. His intercourse with Sir James Mackintosh fired anew his literary ambition; and he was thinking now of making great progress with his *History of Persia* and with his *Political History of India.* But to such a man as Malcolm repose was not very readily granted. He had scarcely returned to Madras when his services were again required in an imminent conjuncture. The European officers of the Madras army were in a state of revolt. The crisis was a very alarming one; and, perhaps, we do not even now know how nearly the State was wrecked. At Masulipatam, especially, there was a perilous state of things, for the Madras European regiment was garrisoned there, and it was believed that the men would follow their officers, and hoist the flag of sedition. Sir George Barlow was then Governor of Madras. The presence of Malcolm was most opportune. If any man could restore discipline to the troops at Masulipatam, he could do it. He was asked, and he consented to go. He took ship at the beginning of July, 1809, and was soon landed at Masulipatam. He found that the exasperation of the officers was even greater than he had expected. But he resolved to confront it with that frank, cheery, popular manner so peculiar to

himself, by which he had so often worked his way to success. He met the officers, talked the matter over freely and candidly with them, admitting as much as he safely could (for in part he sympathized with them), and afterwards joined them at Mess. After dinner, a young officer, flushed with wine, proposed as a toast, 'Our Common Cause.' With characteristic readiness of address, Malcolm rose and said, 'Ay—the common cause of our country.' The amendment was received and drank with enthusiasm, and soon afterwards his own health was toasted with universal applause. This seemed to be the turning-point. On the following day the leading officers of the garrison discussed the whole subject calmly with him; and, though it was not easy to allay their irritation, he held them in check, and endeavoured by mild persuasions, not wanting in dignity and resolution, to lure them back to their allegiance to the State. Sir George Barlow thought that he was too conciliatory—that such rebellion as theirs should not have been so treated. He sent a general officer, named Pater, to take command at Masulipatam, and Malcolm returned to Madras. A controversy then arose, which was maintained in vital force for some years. Some thought Malcolm was right, some thought that he was wrong in principle; but practically, at least, he gained time; and I am inclined to think that, if he had adopted any other course, the Masulipatam officers, followed by their men, would have formed a junction with the mutineers at Hyderabad, Jaulnah, &c., and that the danger would have risen to a point which, under the more conciliatory system, it was never suffered to attain.

The Government of Sir George Barlow took an adverse view of Malcolm's conduct, and recorded a strong opinion on the subject, the justice of which he never admitted. 'Lieut.-Colonel Malcolm'—so ran the official despatch—'appears to have adopted a course of proceeding entirely different from that which we had in view in deputing him to Masulipatam. He abstained from making any direct communication to the men, and when we authorized him, with the view of detaching the troops from the cause of their officers, to proclaim a pardon to the European and Native soldiers for the part which they might have taken in the mutiny, he judged it to be proper to withhold the promulgation of the pardon from an apprehension (as stated in his letter to our President, dated the 18th of July) of irritating the minds of the European officers, and driving them to despair. To this apparently unreasonable forbearance, and attention to the feelings of officers who had, by their acts of violence and aggression, forfeited all claims to such consideration, may, we conceive, be ascribed Lieut.-Colonel Malcolm's failure in the establishment of any efficient control over the garrison; and he appears to have been principally occupied during the period of his residence at Masulipatam in negotiations with the disorderly committees, calculated, in our opinion, to compromise rather than establish his authority, and in fruitless attempts to induce them by argument to return to their duty and abandon the criminal combination in which they had engaged.'

The question is one, on both sides of which much may be said, and I do not purpose here to examine it in detail.

It is more to the purpose of this biography to say, that Malcolm dealt with the immediate business intrusted to him in the manner in which a man of his character and temperament might be expected to deal with it. It was his wont always to appeal to the better part of men's natures when there was a fair chance of doing so with success. He had some not inexcusable pride in his powers of conciliation, and it pleased him in this instance to turn to account the feeling of comradeship which he inspired. If he yielded too much, it is to be remembered that the alternative was one terrible to contemplate. Had it been attempted to subdue the mutinous spirit of the officers by force, the power of the soldiery must have been employed against their old commanders—a remedy almost worse than the disease. Looking at the matter coolly and dispassionately from a distance, Sir James Mackintosh, I am disposed to think, took a right view of the question and of its difficulties, when he said: 'An appeal to the privates against their immediate superiors is a wound in the vitals of an army. The relation of the private soldier to the subaltern is the keystone of the arch. An army may survive any other change, but to dissolve that relation is to dissolve the whole. There begins the obedience of the many to the few. In civil society this problem appears of most difficult solution. But there it is the obedience of the dispersed and unarmed many. It is rare, and in well-regulated communities almost unfelt. In military bodies it is the hourly obedience, even to death, of the armed and embodied many. The higher links which bind subalterns to their superiors, and these to one chief, are only the

obediences of the few to a fewer, and of these fewer to one. These things are easily intelligible. Honour and obvious interest are sufficient to account for them. But the obedience of the whole body of soldiers to their immediate officers is that which forms an army, and which cannot be disturbed without the utmost danger of its total destruction.'

The anxiety and distress which Malcolm suffered at this time were not, however, of long continuance. He had scarcely returned to Madras, when he again received from the Governor-General a summons to proceed to Persia. In the estimation of Lord Minto, Sir Harford Jones had been doing his work in a manner so undignified, and so unworthy of the great nation which he represented, that it required the best exertions of an ambassador of another kind to restore our tarnished reputation. So he wrote to Malcolm, saying: 'I need not tell you all that has been done through the zealous ministry of Sir Harford Jones to lower the rank and estimation of the British Government of India within the sphere of his influence. I am entirely convinced that the empire at large is deeply interested in maintaining, or rather, I must now say, in restoring the British dominion in India to that eminence amongst the states of Asia on which the mission of Sir Harford Jones found it established. But if I had any doubts of my own upon that point, I should still think it amongst my first duties to transmit to my successor the powers, prerogatives, and dignities of our Indian Empire in its relations—I mean with the surrounding nations—as entire and unsullied as they were confided to my hands; and I should esteem it a disgraceful violation

of my great trust to let the most powerful and the noblest empire of the East suffer in my custody the slightest debasement, unless the commands of my Sovereign and superiors should require in very explicit terms a change so much to be deprecated. I entreat you, therefore, to go and lift us to our own height, and to the station that belongs to us, once more.' Lord Minto soon followed his letter to Madras, where he received Malcolm with great cordiality and kindness, and talked over with him the details of the new mission to the Court of the Shah.

By the end of the year Malcolm's arrangements were complete; and on the 10th of January he again sailed for the Persian Gulf, attended by a brilliant staff of young officers, full of enterprise and enthusiasm, eager for action, and all fondly attached to their leader. His passage was retarded by contrary winds, but he found compensation even for this in the leisure which it afforded him for the completion of his *Political History of India*. 'Five chapters are finished and corrected,' he wrote to his wife a month after he had embarked, 'and the sixth and last is commenced this morning. I begin now to look forward with great delight to that enchanting word, *Finis*. The moment I cease to write I will have a jubilee. I mean to dance, hunt, shoot, and play, myself, and let who will write histories, memoirs, and sketches.' Four days afterwards Malcolm landed at Bushire, where he was received with becoming respect and attention. Sending forward the letter of which he was the bearer to the King, he encamped himself with his suite, and waited for an answer. Nearly two months were spent at Bushire, but neither unprofitably

nor unpleasantly, for Malcolm finished his *History*, and then began, as he said, 'to hunt, and shoot, and ride, and revel in all the delights of idleness.' The companionship of the fine, high-spirited youngsters who formed his Staff, was very pleasant to 'Boy Malcolm;' and many a joyous day of hunting or exploring had they together whilst the *firman* of the King, which was to order them to advance, was slowly making its way from Teheran. It came at last, on the 8th of April, and was received in camp with a royal salute. A few days afterwards the mission commenced its march for the Persian capital.

As the mission advanced, Malcolm found everywhere that the greed for British gold and costly presents, which he had himself ten years before done something to stimulate, had been greatly strengthened by the lavish givings of Sir Harford Jones. 'These people,' he wrote, 'are like ferocious animals who have once tasted blood. Nothing else will satisfy them. They cry out for money as shamelessly as if it were their natural food. I have been obliged to come to very high words, and have no doubt that I have much disgusted them.' They were scarcely less anxious to bribe than to be bribed. Whilst Malcolm was at Shiraz, it was intimated to him by the Minister that a costly present of jewels had been prepared as a gift to his wife. Checking his first feeling of indignation, Malcolm replied: 'Tell your master that when I was at Mysore, the Minister there would gladly have heaped costly presents upon us; but instead of this, on my persuasion, he made a fine new road that was much wanted, and dedicated it to Mrs Malcolm. Such are the presents I like.'

Malcolm's great difficulty was Sir Harford Jones; but even this was overcome in time, and the unseemly antagonism between the two envoys, to which the Persians looked hopefully in the expectation that they would endeavour to out-bribe each other, brought at last to an end. The King received Malcolm with all due honour in his royal camp at Sultaneah, and both his Majesty and the Prince Abbas Merza paid him the most gratifying personal attentions. On the occasion of his first audience, Futteh Ali welcomed him with the greatest cordiality, told him to be seated, and cut short his ambassadorial speech by telling him to talk about himself. Malcolm was not slow to obey; but they soon branched into a general conversation on the politics of Europe, in which the career and character of Napoleon occupied no small place.

It is not necessary to follow in detail the history of this second mission to Persia, the chief results of which were that, primarily in Malcolm's honour, the order of the Lion and the Sun was instituted, and that additional materials were collected for the long-contemplated *History of Persia*. The Company's Government, in the person of their representative, were sufficiently lustrated; but as the management of our Persian relations was thenceforth intrusted to the King's Ministers, this was not of much importance. The object, however, for which Malcolm had been sent to the Court of the Shah was abundantly attained, and after having received his audience of leave, he was fully entitled to write to Lord Minto, saying: 'I cannot but conceive that the conduct of the King towards me must have the best effects towards the full accomplishment of those objects

which your Lordship had in view when you deputed me to this Court, as it marked in a manner not to be mistaken his great respect and consideration for the Government which I represented.' A few days afterwards he wrote in his journal: 'What a happy man I am! It is impossible to look back without congratulating myself on my good fortune at every stage of my late vexatious and unpromising mission. I have now turned my back, and I hope for ever, on deceit, falsehood, and intrigue; and I am bending my willing steps and still more willing heart towards rectitude, truth, and sincerity. I leave all I hate, and am proceeding towards all I love. May God make my journey prosperous!' But there was still a little more trouble in store for him, both from the cupidity of the Persians and their dissensions on the Turkish border; and it was not without some difficulty that he at last made good his route to Bombay.

There was now at last a brief season of repose for him. He took up his residence at Bombay early in the year 1811, and addressed himself assiduously to the completion of the financial accounts of his mission to Persia, and the composition of his long-contemplated history. There he met, for the second time, Sir James Mackintosh, with whom he entered into the bonds of a lifelong friendship, and was soon joined by his old comrade, Mountstuart Elphinstone, who, after returning from his mission to Afghanistan, had been appointed Resident at Poonah. In the following year, Malcolm, with his wife and children, took ship for England, uncertain about the future. There were times when he thought of retiring from the service, of farming

and horse-breeding; but he was then in the full vigour of his manhood, and to abandon such a career at the age of forty-three required such strong inducements and substantial reasons as even the love of country and the charms of a happy home could not supply. But no man could more thoroughly enjoy life in his native country. There was but one drawback to the happiness of his return—one that has turned the joy of too many an Indian exile into sorrow—death had broken into the family circle. Both his parents were dead. He had started from Bombay full of the delightful hope of soon seeing his wife and children in his mother's arms; but news of her death met him at St Helena, and the blow fell heavily upon him.

In the course of July (1812), he landed in England, and soon, having taken a house near Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, he located his family there, and proceeded to Scotland, to revisit the scenes of his youth. There, in his own native Dumfries-shire, he 'went to visit all, high and low, that had known him as a child.' 'Visited the graves of my parents,' he added, in the journal which he kept at the time, 'and heard the noblest praise of them from the aged, the infirm, and the poor that they had aided and supported; and to whom the aid and support of the family are still given.' At Burnfoot he was received with rapturous delight by all—scarcely less by the old servants and dependents of the family than by his own nearest kindred. On John Malcolm observing to one old servant that there had been many changes, but that he hoped that it was still, as before, a good house to live in, the man replied, 'Faith, it's mair than that—it's the best house to die in of a' Scotland.'

Having accomplished this visit to the north, Malcolm returned to London, and before the end of the year he was knighted by the Prince Regent. Soon afterwards, he was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons.* This interested and employed him; and he was working assiduously at his *History of Persia;* but the stirring events of the great war in the Peninsula, and the success of his old friend Arthur Wellesley, now Duke of Wellington, raised within him a desire for active employment, and he asked the Duke if he could not obtain service for him. Wellington told him to go into Parliament. 'Although I had long,' he wrote, 'been in habits of friendship with the public men of the day, and had some professional claims to

* I shall refer presently to Malcolm's military evidence; but I quote the following as evidencing his prescience and sagacity. But it was not till half a century later that the full truth was apparent. 'I think,' he said, 'of all the powers which are vested in the local Government, there is none more essential to its existence in full vigour and force than that which enables them to restrain the local residence of every individual European to particular parts of the empire. If British subjects were allowed to go in the manner described to India, the effects would be various, agreeably to the places to which they went. If to the Presidencies, where British courts of law are established, there would be no other danger, I conceive, resulting from them, but what might arise from their great numbers, and the changes in the condition of the society, and eventually and gradually of the Government, from that circumstance; but if they went to any ports where there was no established authority to control them, and if they proceeded into the interior of the country, there would no doubt be much mischief arising from those quarrels which must inevitably ensue with the natives, which mischief would vary from a hundred local causes connected with the character of the natives of the places to which they resorted.'

public notice when I returned to England, I believe that I should have been but little known, and should not be what I am, if I had not gone into Parliament. I would therefore advise you to go into Parliament, if you can afford it, if you look to high public employment.' In the following year the great Duke paid a brief visit to England, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of an admiring nation; but he had not been many hours in London before he made his way to Manchester-street, to shake his dear friend, John Malcolm, by the hand, and excited the suspicions of an incredulous old servant by announcing himself as the Duke of Wellington—a name with which at that moment the whole country was ringing.

In no man, perhaps, was that feeling of *esprit de corps*, which has so much that is kind, and generous, and noble in it, and which binds men together by the best ties of comradeship in the service of the State, stronger than it was in Malcolm. He never denied the existence in himself of that 'infirmity of noble minds,' a love of personal distinction. He always said that he was by nature ambitious, and that he desired nothing so much as to see that his services were honourably recognized by the Crown, and that the fountain of honour was not sealed against him. But he did not think only of his own honour. He regarded himself, and rightly, as a representative man, and it was his greatest object of all to make a precedent which would benefit the Company's Army, from generation to generation, so long as the service should endure. He had a strong and not unreasonable sense that good work done in India was in no wise regarded, as it ought to be, in the light of

an imperial benefit, to be recognized and rewarded by the sovereign rulers of the empire. In spite of all the great heroic deeds that had been done in India, there was still a tendency to sneer at the Company's Army as a merchant service, and the King's officers, though compelled to recognize both the fine qualities and the noble actions of their comrades in the Indian regiments, somewhat grudged their participation in the honorary distinctions which had been exclusively reserved for the immediate servants of the Crown. The jealousies which Lord Cornwallis so much deplored, and which he had endeavoured so strenuously to remove, were still in active vitality ten years after his death. The Prince Regent had knighted Malcolm, as he might have knighted any other 'merchant fellow'—a provincial mayor or an alderman of London, men often very worthy of such honour, but not to be classed with the heroes of the East. What Malcolm coveted was the Order of the Bath; and the feeling that there was any likelihood of its being denied to him, because he was an Indian officer, was rendered all the more painful to him by the fact that his two brothers—James in the Marines, and Pulteny in the Navy—were likely now to be made Knights Companions of the great coveted Order. They had, doubtless, done good service; but not such good service as brother John, and he could not help feeling that if it had not been for the stamp of the 'Company' upon him, his claims would have been considered at least as good as those of the other Burnfoot boys.

But it was not merely for this claim, on the part of the Company's service, to just participation in the honorary

distinctions emanating from the Crown that Malcolm had now to contend. The superior military commands were given generally to the officers of the King's Army. Some of the worst abuses that had existed in the old days of Cornwallis and Wellesley had been reformed; but these very reforms, whilst they had rendered the Company's service less lucrative, had not, externally at least, rendered it more honourable. In the old times, even the military officers of the Company, by means of contracts of different kinds, carried on business very much upon 'the mercantile bottom,' but when, little by little, this unwholesome system was abolished—the last blow struck at it having roused the Madras officers to mutiny—it would have been sound policy to have increased the number of legitimate professional prizes, both in the direction of lucrative commands and honorary distinctions. It was Malcolm's great object to accomplish this for his comrades in the Indian Army—to be, as it were, the pioneer of their honours. With this hope he had drawn up some elaborate papers for the President of the Board of Control,* and had contrived that some

* Malcolm sums up one of these papers by pointing out 'the importance of directing the views of the officers of the Indian Army yet more than we have done to England, and of elevating the Company's service, by obtaining for such of that service as may merit a fair participation in the favour of the Crown, and a full admission of their pretensions to the highest offices (particularly in India), on the ground that granting to them such consideration is not more necessary to benefit it, by giving it the advantage of all the talent that is reared and matured in its service, than it is to infuse ambition and high principles of military feeling into an army which is now upon a scale that demands the action of such motives to preserve it in a state of discipline and attachment.'

of the questions put to him in his examination before Parliament should be so put as to elicit information respecting the depressed state of the Company's service. With this hope he pointed out that the exclusion of the Company's officers from the honours, especially those of the Bath, so freely bestowed upon the King's service, had 'beyond all other causes tended to damp that ardour and high military feeling which are always essential to the character of an officer, but, above all others, of officers so situated as those of the Company's service are in India.* With this hope, he exerted all his influence to obtain a recognition by the Crown of his own services, well assured that there was no officer in the Company's service who had striven more to deserve it. No man knew this better than the President of the Board of Control, the Earl of Buckinghamshire, who, as Lord Hobart, Governor of Madras, had known Malcolm well in India, and what he had done for the State. And his recommendations, aided, perhaps, by the irresistible influence of the Duke of Wellington, obtained at last for Malcolm the honour which he sought. In April, 1814, he

* When asked, 'Has any mark of honour or public distinction been bestowed by the Crown on any officer of the Company's Army for military services?' he answered, 'I have no recollection of any such mark of distinction within thirty years, except one: the dignity of baronet was granted to Sir John Braithwaite, when he was superseded by a junior officer of his Majesty's service in India, from the command of the Army of Fort St George, to which he had been provisionally appointed.' Colonel Barry Close had been created a baronet, but not on account of his military services. He died in 1813, and the *Annual Register* of that year, after detailing the chief incidents of his career, says that 'his eminent services in India were not rewarded with any honours.'

was made a Knight Companion of the Bath.* Two months before, the same high distinction had been conferred on his brothers James and Pulteny—a triple honour, of which not only Burnfoot, or Eskdale, or Dumfries-shire, but all Scotland, might well be proud.

Nor were these the only honours in store for him at this period of his career. In the same year, Sir John Malcolm also won his spurs as an historian. *His History of Persia* was published, by Murray, in two magnificent quarto volumes, and was most favourably received by the literary world, both of England and of France. From many of the most distinguished writers of the day, including Byron and Scott, he received warm tributes of admiration, and had every reason to be satisfied with the success of his work. But in the life of Sir John Malcolm literature was only a digression. It is probable, that if he had been less a man of action, he would have been more highly esteemed as a man of letters. Whilst thinking of what he did, we are apt sometimes to forget our obligations to him for what he wrote.

The following year was the great Waterloo year; and, after the battle, Malcolm, like a host of other eager excited Englishmen, went to Paris to see the fun. No one could have gone there under happier auspices, for no one could have been more warmly welcomed by the great man who was then master of the situation. Nothing, indeed, could have exceeded the friendly attention of Wellington to him

* The Order of the Bath was not divided into the three existing divisions of Grand Cross, Knight Commander, and Companion, until the following year.

during the whole period of his stay in the French capital. He met also a most flattering reception from some of the most eminent French savans—especially those interested in Oriental literature—and, sensible of his own deficiency in this respect, he put himself to school to learn the French language. The journal which he kept at this period is most interesting. The following passages are equally illustrative in an historical and biographical sense. They throw some light on the history of the great battle, and they pleasantly illustrate the lifelong friendship between Malcolm and the Duke.

'*Paris, July* 24.— . . . I went to the Duke's hotel. He had not returned from the review, so Allan and myself left our names, and the moment he came in (five o'clock), Colonel Campbell brought us a message requesting we would dine with him, and that we would bring Lord John Campbell, who was our fellow-traveller. We found the Duke with a large party seated at dinner. He called out, in his usual manner, the moment I entered, "Ah! Malcolm, I am delighted to see you." I went and shook hands, introduced Lord John Campbell, and then sat down. I mention this trifle because it showed me at once that his astonishing elevation had not produced the slightest change. The tone—the manner—everything was the same. After dinner, he left a party he was with when I entered, and, shaking me by the hand, retired to one end of the room, where he shortly stated what had occurred within the eventful month. "People ask me for an account of the action," he said. "I tell them it was hard pounding on both sides, and we pounded the hardest. There was no manœuvring,"

he said; "Buonaparte kept his attacks, and I was glad to let it be decided by the troops. There are no men in Europe that can fight like my Spanish infantry; none have been so tried. Besides," he added, with enthusiasm, "my army and I know one another exactly. We have a mutual confidence, and are never disappointed." "You had, however," I observed, "more than half of your troops of other nations." "That did not signify," he said, "for I had discovered the secret of mixing them up together. Had I employed them in separate corps, I should have lost the battle. The Hanoverians," he added, "are good troops, but the new Dutch levies are bad. They, however, served to fill gaps, and I knew where to place them." After some more conversation on this subject he went up to Allan, and began the conversation again. Allan and myself expressed our gratification at seeing the state of the hospitals at Brussels, and told him how delighted we were to find, that through the discipline he had established, and the good conduct of the troops, the English character stood so high that the name was a passport to the houses of those they had conquered. He said that he had done everything he could to effect this object. "The Prussians," he observed, "behaved horridly, and had not only lost character, but their object, for more was destroyed than taken; and in such scenes of indiscriminate pillage and harshness, those who deserved to suffer often escaped, and the benefit, when there was any, generally fell to them who deserved it least. My doctrine has always been the same," said he; "to go to work systematically—to play light with individuals, but grind the State." I remarked that he had taken advantage

of an event which staggered credulity—that of an English army occupying the capital of France—to act in a manner that was calculated to soften the asperity and lessen the hatred of two great rival nations. "That very observation," he replied, "was made to me some days ago by Talleyrand." "I trust, however," I added, "that France will be deprived of *the means of attacking other nations*, particularly the newly-created kingdom of the Netherlands, for they may be termed, as a nation, the most elastic in the world." He said that was true, and care should be taken; but I thought that he seemed to think dismantling the frontier places was better than giving them up. When I stated that I could not discover any great strength in the position of the battle of Waterloo, but that it seemed the description of ground that might have been impartially chosen to decide a day between two great nations, he replied that there was no advantage; that the French artillery had rather the highest ridge. I asked him if he knew the foundation of the assertion made by Lord Bathurst, with respect to his (Wellington's) having surveyed the ground and declared he would fight a battle there if he could. He said that he had directed the ground to be looked at, and it the impression that it might be a good site for a few troops, as it was clear of the forest and commanded two great roads; but he never had, he said, thought of fighting a battle there. "The fact is," he observed, "I should have fought them on the 17th at Quatre Bras, if the Prussians had stood their ground. My retiring to Waterloo was a matter of necessity, not choice." I asked him if Blucher had co-operated well. "Nothing could be better," he said. "I sent him word

that I knew I should be attacked at Waterloo. He said he would be ready on the 19th." "That would not answer," I replied, "as I was assured I should be attacked on the 18th, and that I would be satisfied with Bulow's corps. Blucher then wrote or sent word that he would send Bulow's corps and another, and came himself with his whole army to my support." The Duke said he saw Bulow at three. "The Prussians had told him," he said, "about their Horse." The Prince Pozzo di Borgo, who dined with us, told me that he was with the Duke through the whole day of the 18th. "It was one of those actions," he said, "that depended upon their commander being continually in the hottest place, for nothing could be neglected. We were a great part of the time," he said, "between the two armies: but the coolness of the Duke," he added, "is not to be described. Considerable troops of Belgians stationed at Hougoumont gave way. The Duke, turning to me, said, smiling, 'Voilà des coquins avec qui il faut gagner une bataille.'" I was so struck with this characteristic anecdote, that I went to the Duke, and I asked him if it was true. He said Pozzo di Borgo had repeated his exact words. I was much pleased with the conversation of Pozzo di Borgo. He said, speaking of Metternich, that he did not merit the abuse that was given him. "Some men," said he, "direct circumstances, others go along with them. He is not of the first class." This observation was made in reply to some remarks Sir S. Smith had made upon Metternich's character. Pozzo di Borgo told me, that he had maintained throughout the whole country that England was lost if her Ministers ever admitted any

negotiation that proceeded on the possibility of either Great Britain or her possessions in India being invaded.'

Among other entries in the journal, of a more general character, is the following: 'Walter Scott is here. I took him to the Duke, who has been very attentive to him. He wrote me to bring him to dinner to-day (August 19), and that he would make a party to meet him. The poet is happy.' It is a misfortune that there is no record of what passed on that evening; for as it is probable that there were no two men in France or England, at that time, with a larger stock of anecdote between them, than that possessed by Walter Scott and John Malcolm, we may be sure that the table-talk was of a very edifying and amusing kind.

Highly delighted with his continental visit, Malcolm returned to England in the autumn of 1815, and soon began to debate within himself the great question of a return or no-return to India, as he could not take his wife and young family with him to that country. There were strong appeals on behalf of the latter continually tugging at his heart-strings; but it would, doubtless, be for their good that he should return to India, for, notwithstanding his great opportunities, he had amassed but a small fortune. So, after a while, he determined to continue his Indian career, and he took his passage in a ship which was to sail in October. Some months before his departure (June, 1816) Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

On the 17th of March, 1817, Sir John Malcolm landed

at Madras. During his absence from India great events had been born in that country, and still greater were taking shape in the womb of time. The Nepaul war had been fought out; and vast preparations were being matured for the commencement of another war in Central India. This did not surprise Malcolm, who looked upon the general confusion of political affairs in Hindostan as the inevitable growth of the imperfect settlement which had been effected, under orders from England, by Lord Cornwallis and Sir George Barlow. But it was not easy to see at that time the direction which the war would take, and who would be our enemies in the field. The immediate evil, at which it was a pressing necessity that the Government of India should strike, was that great tyranny of the Pindarrees—a half military, half predatory domination, born of the last war and nurtured by the weakness of the substantive States. These substantive States had been for years festering with suppressed enmity against the English; and it was probable that as soon as our armies should take the field against the Pindarrees, the Princes of Central India, either in anger or in fear, would throw off the mask, assume a menacing attitude, and compel us to attack them. The crisis was a great one; and it was fortunate that at that time the chief direction of affairs was in the hands of a man, who, as Lord Cornwallis had done in the last century, combined in his own person the two offices of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief. That young 'Lord Rawdon,' who had served with distinction under Cornwallis in the American War, and who had ever been among the warmest friends and admirers of that soldier-statesman, had

gone out to India as the Earl of Moira, holding the chief civil and military authority; and he had now determined, like Cornwallis, to take the field in person against present and prospective enemies. In this conjuncture it was great gain to him to know that Malcolm had returned to India. It was not long, therefore, after the arrival of the latter at Madras that he received a letter from the Governor-General, saying: 'Let me assure you that I fully appreciate your talents and energy, and I shall rejoice if I find a fit field for their employment. I hear that for five months to come we must be restricted to Cabinet activity; perhaps in that interval you may be tempted to pay a visit to Bengal, when the opportunity of giving you such an insight into matters as cannot be afforded you by letter, may lead to your striking out a mode in which you may exert yourself with satisfaction.' Upon this hint Malcolm at once took ship for Calcutta. There he was received with the most flattering courtesy and kindliness by the Governor-General, and was at once taken into his confidence.

It was a political conjuncture of the most serious character; for a state of things had, by this time, arisen in Central India which afforded us too much reason to believe that the Pindarree operations would involve us in a war with the substantive Mahratta States. There was not a man in India who knew more about those States than Sir John Malcolm, nor one whom the Governor-General was more eager to employ. After a pleasant sojourn of a few weeks he returned to Madras, with a mixed military and political commission from the Governor-General. 'My situation is most flattering,' he wrote from that Presidency. 'As Go-

vernor-General's agent, all political work connected with our operations is in my hands; as Brigadier-General, I am destined for the most advanced force; and, what is really delightful, from the Governor-General down to the lowest black or white, red or brown, clothed or naked, all appear happy at my advancement.'

I have reached an epoch of Malcolm's life which is so crowded with incident that it becomes necessary to resort to the utmost degree of compression that is consistent with the intelligibility of the narrative.* In the summer of this year, Malcolm, in pursuance of the objects of his diplomatic appointment, visited the great political Residencies of Southern India, passing from Mysore to Hyderabad, and from Hyderabad to Poonah; sometimes riding long distances on horseback, and at others being carried in a palanquin. At Poonah he took sweet counsel with his friend Mountstuart Elphinstone, and afterwards visited the Peishwah, Badjee Rao, who received him with the most signal courtesy and respect. Malcolm tendered the Prince the best possible advice, and he promised to take it; but he was entirely wanting in steadfastness of character, and when the hour of trial came he utterly disappointed his English friend, who had hoped better things from him. From Poonah, Malcolm returned to Hyderabad to complete the necessary arrangements for the advance of the army of the Deccan. From Hyderabad he hastened to Nagpore, where he met another old friend and associate, Richard Jenkins; and

* These events, indeed, belong rather to history than to biography, and a part, at least, of the story is told in the subsequent Memoir of Mr Elphinstone.

having taken counsel with him, relative to the affairs of that State, he was eager to press on to join the army of the Nerbudda, and to merge his political into his military character.

On the 29th of October he took command of his division at Hurda. 'I do not contemplate,' he wrote, 'that the Pindarrees will resist us. Scindiah has long submitted, and ruin must attend any tangible power that opposes us; but still, we shall have much work, and I am to have (for which thank God) more than a common share. I am delighted with the work I have, the object of which is, beyond all wars, to give peace and prosperity to a miserable people and a wasted country.' On the 10th of November, Sir Thomas Hislop, who had chief command of the army advancing from that side of the country, joined the force, and on the 15th, Malcolm crossed the Nerbudda in pursuit of the Pindarrees. At the beginning of December he was in chase of the celebrated freebooter, Cheetoo; but he had soon nobler game in view.

I have said that it was only too likely, from the first, that the war primarily undertaken for the dispersion of the Pindarrees would end in a great conflict with the substantive Mahratta States. Already had it so developed itself. The Peishwah and the Nagpore Rajah had thrown off the mask; and Holkar, or those who guided his councils—for the Prince himself was a boy—had been for some time waiting for a favourable opportunity to cast in their lot with the confederates. Military domination had taken the place of settled government. The Army were in arrears of pay, the Treasury was empty, and as the Peishwah had beguiled them with promises of money, they were eager to

take up arms on his side. Before the end of November, Holkar's troops had set out to form a junction with Badjee Rao's Army. Early in the following month intelligence of this movement reached Malcolm, and then, desisting from the pursuit of Cheetoo,* he turned his thoughts towards Holkar's camp. Commiserating the condition of the boy-Prince, who was little more than a name in the Durbar, he endeavoured to convince the evil advisers who were leading the Rajah astray, that they were rushing headlong to their ruin; but he felt that negotiation would fail, for they were too far committed to draw back. This was very soon apparent. Malcolm had pushed forward with his division to join the main body of the Army of the Deccan under Sir Thomas Hislop, and on the 12th of December he had formed a junction with his chief. The Mahrattas, anxious to gain time, sent envoys to the British camp, and a week was spent in fruitless endeavours to arrest the impending conflict. When, at last—nothing accomplished—the Mahratta envoys were dismissed, it was felt by both armies that in a day or two a great battle would be fought. And it was so. On the morning of the 21st of December the two armies were face to face with each other near Mehidpore. The enemy were strongly posted on the other side of the Sepree river. Eager to attack them without delay, Malcolm solicited Sir Thomas Hislop to give him the command of the two leading brigades, and to suffer him to cross the river and beat up the Mahratta camp.

The opportunity, which he had longed for during so

* Cheetoo afterwards fled into the jungle, and was believed to have been eaten up by a tiger.

many years, was now palpably before him. He was eager to distinguish himself in battle; and the hour had come for him to clutch the coveted prize. He was not a man to waste any time about it. Perhaps the talk which he had had with the Duke of Wellington, after Waterloo, had convinced him that whatever military historians may write about scientific dispositions in accordance with the art of war, 'hard pounding' is, after all, that which most frequently leads to victory. He went straightforward at the enemy with a cheer, which was responded to along the line. In vain did Colonel Scott, riding up beside him, implore the General 'not to lose an age of discipline at such a time.' He only answered, 'Let us all be composed;' and continued his march right on to the Mahratta batteries. Europeans and Natives alike advanced with unflinching gallantry. So eager were the Sepoys for the affray, that when Malcolm, seeing that a party of them were wasting their fire, cried out, in their own language, 'I think, my boys, we had better give them the cold steel,' they answered with a cheer, 'Yes, your honour, the cold steel is best,' and pressed forward to meet the enemy at the point of the bayonet. The military historians of the war have told in detail how the river was crossed in the face of the Mahratta batteries, and how the battle of Mehidpore was fought and won by Malcolm's division of the Army of the Deccan. But it may be told here, that throughout the engagement his bearing was eminently characteristic of the man. He went at the enemy as a cool but eager sportsman would go at his big game. His irrepressible enthusiasm could not be held in due restraint. He was often, therefore, to be seen in the front of the battle

—often where strict discipline forbade the commanding General to be. The officers of his Staff were often alarmed for his safety, but he had never one thought for himself. As he was riding eagerly forward, in the face of the Mahratta batteries, he exclaimed, 'A man may get a red riband out of this.' 'I hope in God,' returned Caulfield, who rode beside him, 'we may get *you* out of this—safe.' At another time, to rectify some error in the advancing line, he rode so far forward that he was in danger of being shot by his own men. His native aide-de-camp, Syud Ibrahim, rode up to Captain Borthwick, and cried, 'Look at the General. He is in front of our men, who are firing! For God's sake bring him back!' And Borthwick rode on to save his chief, who returned when he had done his work. His personal courage, indeed, was of the highest order; and there was always on great ocassions an irrepressible enthusiasm in him which was, perhaps, a little more impetuous than sound judgment would approve.

There is nothing dearer to the heart of a soldier, who has done his duty well, than the thought of 'what will be said at home;' and in Malcolm this good home-feeling was especially strong. He thought, after the battle, of his wife and children, and all his dear friends in Eskdale. To Lady Malcolm he wrote from Mehidpore, saying: 'On the 20th, at night, I thought of you and the little ones. On the 21st, if ever you came across my mind, it was only how to prove myself worthy of you; but this even, I must confess, was only for a moment, for I was wholly absorbed in the scene and in my duty. You will see by the *Gazette* account, and by my report of the attack of which I had

charge (a copy of which accompanies this), what my task was. I ascended the bank of the river with proud feelings. I never before had such a chance of fair fame as a soldier; and if the countenances of white and black in this gallant army are to be trusted, I did not lose the opportunity afforded me. Josiah Stewart, who was with me all the day, and who is a first-rate fellow, and as calm in battle as at his dinner; has written an account, he tells me, home. He has also sent one to Macdonald.* I have no leisure to write, being occupied with a hundred arrangements; but you need have few more alarms, Charlotte. We have taken seventy pieces of cannon, killed and wounded between three and four thousand, and dispersed all their infantry. Their cavalry may give trouble, but there is comparatively no danger with these fellows. I hope to proceed in person to-night with the cavalry, as I hear they are within fifty miles, quite broken down and broken-hearted.' In another letter he wrote: 'I send this because there are Eskdale names in it, whose friends will be gratified that they were with me. Josiah Stewart is again in high political employ, and will get on famously. Tell Sandy Borthwick that his brother is proper stuff, and that I will do my best for him. Young Laurie is a fine young man; he has now a staff situation, and I will endeavour to find him a permanent one. . . . I have no taste for grandeur, and I affect none; but I am not insensible to the satisfaction of having had an honest share in a war that better deserves the name of holy than any that was ever waged; for its sole object has been

* Lady Malcolm's brother-in-law; afterwards Sir John Macdonald, Envoy to Persia.

to destroy cruel and lawless freebooters, who annually ravaged all the settled country in this vicinity, and committed the most merciless and horrid acts of barbarity on the inhabitants.' *

Sir John Malcolm was one of those soldier-statesmen of the first class, whose vocation it was to pass rapidly from the command of an army to the negotiation of a treaty, and to be equally at home in camp and in council. The power of Holkar in the field was now completely broken; there was nothing left for him but to sue for terms. The Mahratta envoys again appeared in the British camp; but this time with humbled tone and modest demeanour. The game was now in Malcolm's own hands, and he played it out with a wise moderation, securing all the objects which the British Government had in view without unduly weakening the power of Holkar.† The youth and helplessness of the

* In this letter also there is a characteristic passage in reference to Malcolm's sporting pursuits: 'I long, my dear Nancy, to be at home again. I have just returned from shooting and hunting all the morning. I had seven or eight fine Arabians to ride, fifty people to beat for game, and all appendages of rank. But I would ten times sooner have been stumping over the moors, with Jemmie Little cutting jokes on Parson Somerville's shooting-jacket.'

† Malcolm thus described the arrangement in a letter to John Adam: 'The terms proposed were the confirmation of the engagements with Ameer Khan; the cession to the Company of the claims of Holkar's government upon the Rajpoot States; the cession to Zalem Singh, Rajah of Kotah, of four districts formerly rented by him; the confirmation under the guarantee of the Company of his *jaidad*, amounting to nearly four lakhs of rupees per annum, to Guffoor Khan and his heirs, on the condition of his maintaining a quota of horse; the cession of the tribute of Narsinghur; the cession

young Maharajah himself, in the kindly estimation of such a man as Malcolm, entitled him to our especial forbearance. Lord Minto had told Malcolm that he ought not to be sent to negotiate with a Prince more than twelve years old; so he had now one of the right age on whom to exercise his rare powers of engaging the confidence and affection of the young. 'I have been lately with my young ward, Mulhar Rao Holkar,' he wrote at the end of February, 'and certainly the change of a few weeks is wonderful. The fellows that I was hunting like wild beasts are all now tame, and combine in declaring that I am their only friend. All the chiefs of Holkar are in good humour. The boy himself is at present delighted with a small elephant (which he lost, and I recovered and sent him), that dances like a dancing-girl, and a little Pegu pony, of which I made him a present, and which ambles at a great rate. I went out to hunt with him a few days ago, and we had great fun. The little fellow, though only eleven years of age, rides beautifully. He mounted a tall bay horse, very fairly broken, and taking a blunt spear nine feet in length, tilted with two or three others in very superior style, wheeling, charging, and using his spear as well as the rest of them. He expressed grief at my going away, as he discovered that I was very fond of play and hunting.' *

to the Company of all Holkar's possessions within and to the south of the Southpoora range of hills, including Candeish, Ambu Ellora, and all his other possessions in that quarter.'

* In another letter we have an equally pleasant glimpse of Malcolm's geniality in his relations, at this time, with the officers of the British Army: 'I wish we had you here,' he wrote to his wife, 'I would show you that I have realized all my plans of making men

But this young boy-Prince, whom, with a fine and most benignant tact, he had thus conciliated, was not the only native ruler with whom at that time his duty brought him into personal relations. Badjee Rao, the Peishwah, had by this time thrown off the mask; he had forfeited his kingdom by his treachery and hostility to the British Government, and nothing remained but to bring him to such terms as might at once be merciful to him, and advantageous to the British Government.* This business—one of great difficulty and delicacy—devolved upon Sir John Malcolm. Perhaps no other man could have brought the Peishwah to terms at all. By skilful negotiation, aided much by his own personal influence, he brought the Mahratta Prince at last to consent to an arrangement by which he was to become for ever a pensioner of the British Government. The terms, by the offer of which Malcolm induced the Peishwah to surrender himself and all his pretensions, were said by many at the time to have been over-liberal. It was stipulated that eight lakhs of rupees (or £80,000) should be paid to Badjee Rao for the remainder of his life.† It may be doubted whether a less

work, and fight, and do everything men ought to do, and yet be happy and make no complaints. The Pindarrees have gone from this quarter. I do nothing on the march but shoot and hunt. A Bengal corps came near me four days ago. Several officers came to see me; among others, a son of Robert Burns—a very fine young man. We had a grand evening, and I made him sing his father's songs. He has a modest but serious pride of being the son of the bard of his country, which quite delighted me.'

* This story is briefly told in the succeeding Memoir of Mountstuart Elphinstone.

† Some ingenious writers, of high reputation, have recently taken

sum would have brought him into our camp, and the surrender of the Peishwah was necessary to the termination of the war. On the whole, viewed with reference to ulterior financial considerations, I am inclined to think that the arrangement was an economical one. At all events, Malcolm had much to say in its defence. 'I fear Lord Hastings,' he wrote to the Duke of Wellington, 'thinks I have given Badjee Rao better terms than he was entitled to; but this is not the opinion of Elphinstone, Munro, Ochterlony, and others who are on the scene; nor do I think the Governor-General will continue to think so when he receives all the details. You will, I am sure, be convinced that it would have been impossible to have obtained his submission on other terms, and the object of terminating the war was enough to justify all I have done, independent of the consideration connected with our own dignity, and with that regard we were bound on such an occasion to show to the feelings of his adherents, and to the prejudices of the natives of India.' To Thomas Munro he wrote a few days afterwards: 'You were right in your guess about my reason for thinking you *sackt* (harsh). Your sentiments upon

great pains to show that the pension granted at that time to the Peishwah was only a life-pension. And this has been put forth apparently in answer to something which was supposed to have been written by me in another work. But I never hinted in any way, directly or indirectly, that the adopted son of the ex-Peishwah had the least right to succeed to the stipendiary provision secured for him by Sir John Malcolm. I do not suppose that anybody knew better than myself the exact terms of the arrangement of 1818; but I thought it might have been sound policy to treat Dundhoo Punt Nana Sahib with a little more gratuitous consideration than he received from Lord Dalhousie.

my settlement with Badjee Rao were quite a cordial. I have not been so happy in this case as to anticipate the wishes of the Governor-General. He expected Badjee Rao would get no such terms; that his distress would force him to submit on any conditions; and that his enormities deprived him of all right either to princely treatment or princely pension. I think the Lord will, when he hears all, regret the precipitation with which he formed his judgment. In the first place, he will find that, in spite of the report made by every commanding officer, who ever touched Badjee Rao, that he had destroyed him, that the latter was not destroyed, but had about six thousand good horse and five thousand infantry, and the gates of Asseer wide open, all his property sent in there, and half his councillors praying him to follow it, while Jeswunt Rao Lar was positively ambitious of being a martyr in the cause of the Mahratta Sovereign; add to this the impossibility of besieging Asseer till after the rains—the difficulty of even half blockading it, and the agitated state of the country—and then let the Lord pronounce the article I purchased was worth the price I paid; and he will find it proved I could not get it cheaper. There are, however, other grounds which I can never abandon, that recommend this course on the ground of policy—our own dignity, considerations for the feelings of Badjee Rao's adherents, and for the prejudices of the natives of India. We exist on impression; and on occasions like this, where all are anxious spectators, we must play our part well, or we should be hissed. I have your opinion in my favour; I have Ochterlony's, Elphinstone's, Jenkins's, and many minor men's; and I think

I shall yet force an assent from head-quarters. But they foolishly enough committed themselves, knowing, as they stated at the time, their instructions would be too late; they did not think any circumstances would enable him to have more than two lakhs, and he was to be watched, restrained, and I know not what. My system is all opposite; I am either for the main-guard, or a confidence that gives you a chance at least of the mind, the only other security except the body. You shall have a short narration of my proceedings. I grieve for your decay of vision, and none of your arguments will persuade me it is not at this moment a public misfortune; but you should not remain a moment longer than you can help in India, and give up labour; the warning is too serious.'

This engagement was made in June, 1818. There were afterwards some further operations in the field, including the reduction of the fortress of Asseerghur, in which Malcolm was concerned; but the war was virtually at an end. And now came something more difficult than the conquest of Mahratta armies—the reduction to order and prosperity of a country long given up to anarchy and confusion. To no man could this be intrusted more confidently than to Malcolm, because no one was less likely to overdo the work which lay before him. He had not that passion for change which in those, and still more in later, days afflicted some of our administrators in newly-acquired countries, and of whom truly it might be said that their settlements were so called because everything was unsettled by them. 'The fault I find with the younger politicians,' he wrote to Mr Elphinstone, 'is not so much that they despise the natives

and native governments, as that they are impatient of abuses and too eager for reform. I do not think that they know so well as we old ones what a valuable gentleman Time is; how much better work is done, when it does itself, than when done by the best of us.'

Upon this principle Malcolm acted. He trusted to Time, and in the mean while did all that he could by his own personal influence to 'keep people in good humour,' and to inspire them with confidence. His success was great; and the secrets of that success were the large-hearted sympathy and the personal accessibility of the man. He had a word for every one, high and low. He did his own work by the force of his own individual character, and every one was satisfied with his reception, even though his claims were disallowed. 'I wish I had you here for a week,' he wrote to one of his oldest friends, 'to show you my nabobs, rajahs, Bheel chiefs, potails, and ryots. My room is a thoroughfare from morning to night. No moonshees, dewans, dubashes, or even chobdars,* but *chár derwazah kolah* (four doors open), that the inhabitants of these countries may learn what our principles are at the fountain-head. My success has been great, beyond even my own expectations; but the labour of public duty in the way I take it is more than any man can bear, and I believe that I shall be grateful to the Directors for relieving me from a life that no human being that sees how it is passed can envy. Of the result of my efforts I will not speak. You will hear from others that have lately quitted this scene. Suffice it to say, that from the highest ruler to the lowest

* Native officials of different grades.

robber, from the palace in the city to the shed in the deepest recess of the mountain forest, your friend *Malcolm Sahib* is a welcome and a familiar guest, and is as much pleased, thank God, with firing arrows and eating roots with the latter, as at the fine durbars and sumptuous feasts of the former.' To another friend (Mr Butterworth Bayley) he wrote: 'I wish you and some other friends at Calcutta could take a view, for one week, of my occupations. They are at least curious. No business, however urgent, and no meal, however hungry I am, is allowed to prevent the instant access of any human being, however humble. He is heard and answered, either at the moment or at an hour appointed by myself. First impressions are of too much importance to be hazarded by leaving applications to the common routine of moonshees, mootasordees, jemadars, chobdars, and hurkarahs. I employ all these; but they step aside when any one, from a rajah to a ryot, pronounces my name, with the expression of a wish to see me either from a motive of respect, curiosity, or business.' About the same time I find an officer on Sir John Malcolm's staff writing confidentially to a friend: 'Nobody that I ever saw or heard of can get over the same quantity of business in the same quantity of time that he does, and his reputation stands so very high with the natives, that his being personally concerned in any arrangements goes further in satisfying them than I believe would the interference of any other man upon earth. When we crossed the Nerbuddah in 1817, the state of Malwah was scarcely to be described. It was a country without government, a state without revenue, an army

without pay; consequently, a peasantry without protection from the villanies of the troops of their own Sovereign, or the depredators who chose to plunder them; and of these last the country was full. We now see around us the effects of our late operations. . . . . A state, though at present reduced in respect of revenue, yet respectable; that revenue increasing, and perhaps the finest country in India again wearing the face of cheerful industry; the inhabitants, assured of protection, returning to their villages and looking forward with confidence to better times. . . . This is Sir John's work, and a most glorious work it has been. His is a noble character, and such as his are required to keep us now on the high ground on which, thank God, we stand in India. . . . . I believe, though it is possible that he may be equalled in some points, that in public virtue and useful talent he cannot be excelled by any public servant of any Government at this time existing; and that for whatever time his fame may last in Europe, Malcolm Sahib will be remembered in Malwah as long as regular government exists, of which he has again laid the foundation.' And high as was this praise, it was perfectly true; and the prediction was amply fulfilled. The names of Malcolm and Malwah have never since been disunited.

And all through the year 1819, Malcolm worked on bravely, and energetically, and with his whole heart, loving his work, and yet not without certain promptings of ambition, which made him look to the something beyond which is the grand stimulus to all exertion in India—whether the thing coveted be a brigade-majorship, a deputy magistracy, or the government of a Presidency. The government of

Bombay was about to become vacant, and Malcolm had been encouraged to hope that it would be conferred upon him; but it was given to Mr Mountstuart Elphinstone, his junior in the service by many years, and he regarded such a nomination as an unjust supersession of his rightful claims. 'No man,' he wrote to his brother Pulteny, 'could have more merit than Elphinstone; but I stood on ground that should have defended my fair and encouraged views of honourable ambition from supersession by any man. It is not for me to blazon my services; but they have been honest. Some persons write me that the government of Madras is intended. This, I am assured, is not the case; nor do I look for anything that can compensate the disappointment. I should not be surprised at a pension being granted, but I should certainly feel little gratification or gratitude from it, if it came, as it would, from the efforts of those who had failed me in pursuit of a better object.'

He had scarcely recovered from this blow, when another fell upon him. He had said that he did not expect to be appointed to the Madras government, because objections had been raised on the score of his being a soldier—and a soldier, too, of that Presidency. But when the post fell vacant, his old friend, Sir Thomas Munro, who was also a Madras officer, was nominated Governor of that Presidency. It was not strange that this disquieted him greatly. 'I could not get Bombay,' he wrote to Mr Elphinstone, 'because I was not a civil servant.* The Duke of Wel-

* On this subject of his alleged want of acquaintance with civil duties, he wrote, with justifiable pride: 'Has not my life—though I never acted as a judge or collector—been more given to civil than to

lington, when he asked for Madras for me, was told that I could not have that Presidency because I was a Company's servant. In my excellent friend Thomas Munro they have both a soldier and a merchant's son (as we Eastern Knights of the Bath were called by the *Morning Chronicle*). Now, though I will no more quarrel with Munro's nomination than I did with yours—though I congratulate India on such appointments, I am not, and never will be, reconciled to being so completely thrown out of the question as I have been, particularly on this last occasion.'

Malcolm attributed his failures greatly to the opposition of Charles Grant, 'an able leading Director,' as he said. But I believe that this was a mistake. Mr Grant wrote, in letters before me, that although he had disapproved of some of Lord Wellesley's measures, he greatly admired the ability and integrity of many of his chief officers, and was well disposed to trust them; and I believe that he was utterly incapable of any such prejudice and narrow-mindedness, as systematic opposition to the advancement in the public

military duties? Has not the whole government, in all its parts, been my constant study? And what but the knowledge I have gained and put in practice could have brought the whole of this quarter to the state it is now in? Has not my life been given to all the details of revenue settlements and judicial proceedings, Native as well as European modes of administering justice, and the most minute investigation of everything relating to the rules and institutions, great and small, of this and neighbouring countries? They shall, ere long, see all this in a Report, which will enable me to ask my friends whether I am, or I am not, fit for a civil government. But let them in the mean while take as no slight evidence the condition of these countries, and then ask how much of this remarkable work has been effected by force.'

service of such a man as John Malcolm would have indicated. The fact is, that there were three old servants of the Company, very nearly of the same standing, with very nearly equal capacity for government and administration. There were essential points of difference between them, and no one in all respects surpassed the other; so that it is hard to say to whom the palm of general superiority should be assigned by the biographer or the historian. Any accident, therefore, might have determined the preference to be given by the home authorities to one candidate or the other. And, perhaps, they were influenced, in some degree, by the feeling that Sir John Malcolm could not well be spared from Central India, and that there was a probability of a separate Lieutenant-Governorship being established in that part of the country, with Malcolm at its head. It must have been a heavy blow to one of Malcolm's aspiring nature; but he bore it with characteristic manliness and cheerfulness, feeling all the time that it was but a postponement of his reward, and that if he could not command success he would deserve it.*

* There is no doubt that Malcolm inwardly felt his supersession very bitterly, though he had a very high opinion of the deserts of both Elphinstone and Munro, and never expressed himself with any unbecoming warmth. 'I have,' he wrote to Captain Tod, afterwards the historian of Rajpootana, 'through a breach of promise in rulers, the intrigues of opponents, and the defection of friends, seen a person who was not only my junior by twelve years in the political line, but had been under me (Mr Elphinstone), supersede my fair and recognized claims to a government. I have seen another, whose pretensions, though great, were placed by the Indian Minister below mine, raised to a government for which I was declared not eligible. All my friends are disappointed; but I am neither in a rage nor

He was not one, as I have before said, to be long downcast, or to hug his disappointments with unwise tenacity; so we soon find him writing again in the old strain of cheerfulness, thankful for the many blessings he enjoyed. 'Let us learn,' he wrote to his wife, 'in the first place, to be grateful for the extraordinary good fortune we enjoy. Let us habituate ourselves to look down as well as to look up; and then we shall escape many a torturing reflection. When occurrences like these, which have recently happened, cross my path of ambition, I pause for a moment; but a recollection of their causes, of the rank I have attained, of the resources I possess to enable me to go higher should I still desire it, of my admirable wife, my delightful children, my fair fortune, and, what is more, my fair fame, comes upon my mind, and tells me that with all these crosses and jostles I am still among the most fortunate of mankind, and that it is unreasonable, if not impious, to complain. All this I feel consistent with a steady view of my interests in life; and though anger cannot blind my reason, I am not insensible to passing events, nor to the comparative claim upon my regard of real and pretended friends.' Moreover, there were palpably before him, at this time, the good fruits of his great work in Malwah. Most successfully had he laboured, and there was ample reward to his heart in the altered appearance of the country. He looked with pride at the many evidences of returning prosperity that surrounded

disappointed. Two most able men, who were behind me, have, by accident (my self-love persuades me), shot ahead, but the race is not over. The day's work is not done. Besides, how many have I beaten?'

him, and learnt with the purest sensations of delight that the blessings of the people attended him. 'The old ruins of this place,' he wrote from Mehidpore, 'and the celebrated city of Maidoo, have for more than a century been shared by tigers and Bheels, more destructive than the tigers in their ravages. The tigers I shoot; the Bheels are my friends, and now serve in a corps I have raised to cultivate lands. I have made and am making roads in every direction. A great Fair at a holy place which has not been visited for seventy years, was a week ago visited by thirty thousand people. I gave guards at the place and cleared the road; and I confess that I was a little sensible to the flattery of the poor creatures making the air ring with 'Jy, Malcolm, jy!' (Success to Malcolm), &c. &c. This, and the discovery a few days ago, that among the Bheel ladies, tying a string upon the right arm of their children whilst the priest pronounced the name of *Malcolm* three times, was a sovereign cure for a fever, are proofs at least of my having a good name among these wild mountaineers, which will do me as much and more good than one in Leadenhall-street.' *

The establishment of the new Lieutenant-Governorship, which Malcolm had always warmly advocated, never took practical shape in his time; and so, as the year 1821 advanced, he determined to rejoin his family in England, with

* There was no exaggeration in this picture. Some years afterwards, when Bishop Heber travelled through Central India, he found everywhere indications of the affectionate remembrance in which Malcolm and his good deeds were held by the people of the country. The name of Malcolm on an amulet was regarded as a charm to protect the wearer of it against the powers of evil.

no intention of returning to Indian work, unless he could return as Governor of a Presidency. 'My Indian marches,' he wrote to his wife, on the 1st of September, from Bombay, 'are, I trust, over for ever. I arrived here a few hours ago, after a very quick journey from Poonah. I am uncommonly well—better than I have been for many months. Elphinstone has given up Malabar Point to me—a most delightful residence, almost in the sea.' His reception at Bombay was of a most enthusiastic character. A grand entertainment was given to him by the inhabitants of the Presidency; and he took his leave of India, not, however, for the last time, amidst universal demonstrations of respect.*

He went to England by the then unfamiliar route of Egypt, where he was received with all possible courtesy and hospitality by Mehemet Ali. From Alexandria he sailed to the Ionian Isles, where Sir Thomas Maitland and Sir Frederick Adams vied with each other in kindness and attention to him. From Corfu he sailed to Valetta, proceeded thence to Naples, visited Herculaneum and Pompeii, explored Vesuvius, and afterwards pushed on to Rome. Thence he posted to Florence, Bologna, Milan, and, skirting Lago Maggiore, presently crossed the Simplon, and, proceeding through Switzerland and France, reached Lon-

* Some references to this entertainment are given in a subsequent Memoir of Sir Alexander Burnes, whose juvenile ambition was fired by the sight of all the honours heaped upon one who had started from as small a beginning as himself.

don at the end of April, 1822. It was no small delight to him to rejoin his wife and children. They had a house in London and a cottage in Kent; but the latter was too small for the family, so he looked about for another country residence, and found one upon the borders of Hertfordshire, twenty-five miles from town, on the road to Cambridge, not far from the town of Sawbridgeworth. It was known by the name of Hyde Hall; and there, after a time, Malcolm pitched his tent—and a very hospitable tent it was, almost as much open, on all its four sides, as that other tent in Central India. There he entertained many visitors from Cambridge, who still cherish the recollection of those days as among the happiest of their lives. Among them, I may cite the honoured names of Whewell, Sedgwick, and Hare, who ever looked back to the days which they spent at Hyde Hall as among the most joyous of their lives.*

* Julius Hare has left behind him, scattered over his writings, some tender records of his happy associations with Malcolm. In one passage, speaking of Hyde Hall, he says: 'The house in which above all others where I have ever been an inmate, the life and the spirit and the joy of conversation have been the most intense, is a house in which I hardly ever heard an evil word uttered against any one. The genial heart of cordial sympathy with which its illustrious master sought out the good side in every person and everything, and which has found an inadequate expression in his delightful *Sketches of Persia*, seemed to communicate itself to all the members of his family, and operated as a charm even upon his visitors.' And I have heard all this, in language equally enthusiastic, from the lips of Whewell and Sedgwick. It was through Hare that Malcolm became acquainted with those two large-brained men, both of whom afterwards came to love him very dearly for his own sake. I wish I could recall the very words in which they dwelt upon the many noble and gentle qualities of the Indian soldier, especially on that

But happy as he was at Hyde Hall, he had been too much accustomed to locomotion all his life to remain long in the same place; so he paid a visit to Ireland, where his old friend Lord Wellesley, then Lord-Lieutenant, welcomed him with the cordiality of past times. Those were days of much misery and much trouble in that country, and Malcolm could not help thinking sometimes that his Central Indian system might be advantageously applied to the reclamation of the unhappy people of Ireland. He wrote a long letter to the Duke of Wellington on the subject, in the course of which he said: 'In some of the southern counties nothing short of the exercise of arbitrary power over the proprietors and occupants of the soil, as well as the disturbers of the peace, could effect a speedy settlement of these counties. I wish I had them, as I had some worse counties in Malwah, and that I could act without fear of the Parliament, the Lord Chief Justice, and the hangman, and set about putting the zemindars and ryots to rights.' Soon afterwards he set out on an excursion to Scotland, where he visited his kinsfolk at Burnfoot, and many other friends and friends' friends, and delightedly renewed his intimacy with Walter Scott, who by that time had built up his lordly castle on the banks of the Tweed. 'I was two days at Abbotsford,' Malcolm wrote to one of his daugh-

wonderful sunny-heartedness that made everything bright and joyous around him. I remember how the accomplished Master of Trinity—whose voice is now still for ever—narrated to me, with enthusiasm, the incidents of one delightful evening, when Malcolm having carried down Schlegel to Cambridge, introduced him to Whewell and Sedgwick in Hare's rooms; and there was such talk as is not often heard even in Trinity.

ters, 'and most delighted was my friend Sir Walter to see me. We walked together over all his estate, and looked at all his fine castle. We had a large party and many a tale, and Sir Walter declares that I beat him in legends. But his is the wizard's art of giving them the shape that delights the world.' From Abbotsford he went to Minto, on a visit to another of the old Governors-General, under whom he had served; and in the following year he went, under the special tutelage of the Duke of Northumberland, our Ambassador-Extraordinary, to see Charles X. crowned King of France in the Cathedral of Rheims. During this visit to the Continent, Malcolm enjoyed much pleasant and instructive conversation with many distinguished personages, including the King, who paid him marked attention. The men in whose society he took most delight were Humboldt and Soult, and he was as much at home with the one as with the other.

Varying his home pleasures with excursions of this description, and finding abundant occupation among his books and papers, the stream of life flowed on very tranquilly; but his ambition had not been laid to rest. If he had sought merely the gratification of his personal vanity, he might, perhaps, have found more to appease it in literary success than in further service as an Indian administrator or diplomatist. It was chiefly as the Historian of Persia that he had been courted and honoured in Continental Europe, and even in the colder atmosphere of England he had not been without reward of this kind. He had more than one literary project in his mind at that time, and his friends were constantly stimulating him to new exertions in the

pleasant fields of scholarly enterprise. He was writing those delightful *Sketches of Persia*, which have been, perhaps, more extensively read and more highly appreciated than any of his more elaborate works; he was preparing for the general public a revised edition of his Report on Malwah,* and he was collecting materials for his *Life of Lord Clive*. But the desires of a man of his active habits and experiences were not to be thus appeased. Moreover, he had for many years been looking steadily forward at an object which he had not attained, though he had seen others starting from the same point attain it, and was resolute not to retire from the contest with the stamp of failure on his career. Some proud and sensitive natures would have shrunk from all further competition; they would have wrapped themselves in a dignified reserve, and would have waited for the summons of their country. There is, perhaps, no one respect in which men of noble natures differ more from each other than in the manner in which they assert or refuse to assert their just claims to promotion or distinction. All this is as essentially part of themselves as the length of their limbs or the tone of their voices. It would have been impossible for such a man as Sir John Malcolm, who always wore his heart upon his sleeve, who was a great talker, and altogether a robust and rather boisterous person, to have exhibited a scrupulous and delicate reserve on the subject of his public services and his just pretensions to reward. Besides, as I have before said, he looked upon any distinction that was conferred upon him as an evidence of that just recognition, for which

* Now known as Malcolm's 'Central India.'

he had so long been contending, of the claims of the great Service to which he was proud of being attached. How strongly he felt this, how great and generous was his *esprit de corps*, may be gathered from the fact that his services in Central India, including his generalship at Mehidpore, had placed within his reach either a Baronetcy or the Grand Cross of the Bath. Most men would have chosen the former; but it happened that the first class of the Bath had never been conferred on a Company's officer, and Malcolm was eager, therefore, to make a precedent for his comrades. He had elected to receive the Grand Cross, although it was necessary that he should wait for it until he had attained the rank of a General Officer.* The love of the Service, which thus manifested itself, spoke out also in his eagerness to obtain the government of one of the Presidencies—and eventually, perhaps, the Governor-Generalship—of India.

So Malcolm did not desist from his pursuit of a distinction which he knew to be his due. Disappointed still, he was still deceived by new opportunities and promises, but he never flung up the game in despair. On the death of Sir Thomas Munro, the government had been conferred on Mr Hugh Elliot, a brother of Lord Minto; and now, on his retirement, Malcolm thought that his own claims might be fairly asserted. But the Government had favoured the pretensions of Mr Lushington, a member of the Madras Civil Service; the ostensible objection to Sir John Malcolm being that his wife's father, then Sir Alexander Campbell, was Commander-in-Chief of that

* He was only Brigadier-General at Mehidpore.

Presidency. The Duke of Wellington never ceased to push the claims of his friend so long as he could do so with advantage to the claimant. But he wrote to Sir John Malcolm, saying: 'I desired you yesterday not to be too sanguine. I had conversations with the President of the Board of Control and others, after I wrote to you yesterday, from which I judge that there is no chance of your attaining your object. I believe that the Court object to a soldier being a civil governor; to the son-in-law being the Governor where the father-in-law is Commander-in-Chief; and even to a servant of a particular establishment being the Governor. I think there is a disposition to bring you forward in the arrangement, but I doubt that the manner would be agreeable to you. Upon all this I am but little listened to. I am like the boy in the fable, who cried "Wolf!" so often, that nobody would credit him. I have come forward so often to assert and support your claims, that I am considered a party and an intruder in the case in the decision to be taken.'

To this Malcolm sent a characteristic answer. He had a more novel story to bring forward in illustration of his case than that of the shepherd-boy and the wolf. 'I have heard,' he said, 'that objections have been given, at both ends of the town, against my nomination in Madras, of which the principal is my having a father-in-law at the Presidency. If Bombay becomes the object, it would be found out that I have a brother there; and should I ever aspire to Bengal, I should be rejected because I have no connections at that place. But the meaning of the objections started on this occasion will be best explained by a

Persian story: "A man wanted to borrow a horse, but the friend to whom he applied answered, 'My horse is black.' 'I prefer that colour,' said the borrower. 'But he has large eyes.' 'I like them better than small ones.' 'That is an odd taste, but he has hair upon his body.' 'Oh, I see, you are making excuses.' 'I think that you might have guessed that by the first reply.'" Now, I did guess it from the first; but I will persevere to the last in my efforts to mount myself.'

Strongly impressed with a sense of the emptiness of the prize which his friend was pressing forward so anxiously to obtain, the Duke of Wellington tried to persuade Malcolm to abandon the thought of further employment in India, to enter Parliament, and to devote his remaining years to England and English affairs. But Malcolm was not to be persuaded to settle down contentedly at home; so he still pressed his claims upon the Government, looking to the Duke to support them. But the stubborn will of the latter, who, without reference to the fitness of the selection made, commended the determination of Lord Liverpool to adhere to his first resolution, and who conceived it to be his first duty to support his ministerial chief, refused to yield to Malcolm's solicitations. 'I received yesterday,' he wrote, 'your letter of the 1st. When I wrote you the first note to which you refer, in which I begged you not to be too sanguine, I was aware of the desire of Lord Liverpool to promote Mr Lushington to one of the governments in India. I went to the Cabinet immediately afterwards, and I there found not only that my former intelligence upon the subject was confirmed, but that particular objections existed

to your appointment to the office which you particularly desired to fill. Of these objections I informed you, and I told you what I found to be the fact, that I was not considered a fair judge upon such a question in a case in which you were concerned, as I had taken the field so often and upon every occasion in your favour. So the matter rested. The question then comes before me in this light: there is a vacancy in the Government of India, and Lord Liverpool thinks proper to propose, not that Mr Lushington should fill this vacancy, but that Mr Elphinstone, on whose pretensions the Directors were likely to look favourably, should be appointed to Fort St George, and that Mr Lushington should succeed to the Government of Bombay. In this decision Lord Liverpool thinks proper to pass by your pretensions, and the opinions and wishes of myself and others in their favour. But having thus decided, can I with honour or with any advantage to you take part against Lord Liverpool? Certainly not. In the contest between Lord Liverpool or the Government on the one hand, and the Court of Directors on the other, whatever may be my opinion or wishes of, or in favour of, the individuals put forward by the parties, I can take the side of the Government alone; and I certainly must and will (as it is my duty to do) encourage Lord Liverpool by every means in my power to carry his object, and to consent to nothing unless his object is carried. I am much concerned that his choice has not fallen upon you. But, to tell you the truth, I suspect if it had, he would not have been more successful in his negotiations with the Directors than he has been in favour of Mr Lushington. You are become popular in Leadenhall-street,

not because you deserve to be so, but because you happen to be the fittest instrument at the moment to be thrown in the face of the Government, and to oppose them. But if you had been proposed by the Government, then all the reasons against your appointment would have been urged as strongly as those in favour of it are at present. I told you before, and I repeat it, you cannot succeed if Lord Liverpool does his duty firmly as he ought. I shall regret exceedingly if you and Mr Elphinstone should have the King's negative put upon your appointments; but I declare positively that if I was in Lord Liverpool's place, knowing both as I do, and appreciating as I have a right to do the talents and fitness of both, I would recommend the King, under the circumstances above stated, not to confirm the appointment of either.'

This was a characteristic letter, but to Malcolm a very discouraging one. Nothing more could be said—so another chance was lost to him. Mr Lushington went to Madras; and it almost seemed to Sir John Malcolm as though he were under a ban, and that there was no further work for him in the East. But it often happens that our blessings come upon us when we least expect them—that in the affairs of life, it is the darkest hour that precedes the dawn. It had not been part of Malcolm's philosophy to wait; but now he saw clearly the value of that great lesson of faith, abiding the appointed time, which most men learn sooner or later. That which he so much coveted came to him at last. The government of Bombay was about to become vacant by the retirement of Mr Elphinstone; and both the King's Government and the Court of Directors were of

opinion that it would conduce greatly to the public interests to appoint Sir John Malcolm to the post. The offer was made and accepted. A grand farewell banquet was given to him at the 'Albion' by the East India Company; and both Mr Canning and the Duke of Wellington made impressive speeches in honour of the guest of the evening. It was then that the former, whose great career was about so soon and so suddenly to end, delivered himself of those memorable words: 'There cannot be found in the history of Europe, the existence of any monarchy, which, within a given time, has produced so many men of the first talents in civil and military life, as India has first trained for herself and then given to their native country.' Not less worthy is the speech of the Duke of Wellington to be held in remembrance: 'A nomination such as this,' he said, 'operates throughout the whole Indian service. The youngest cadet sees in it an example he may imitate—a success he may attain. The good which the country derives from the excitement of such feelings is incalculable.' Nothing more true; nothing more deserving of abiding remembrance. When he had said it, the Duke continued: 'It is now thirty years since I formed an intimate friendship with Sir John Malcolm. During that eventful period, there has been no operation of consequence, no diplomatic measure, in which my friend has not borne a conspicuous part. Alike distinguished by courage and by talent, the history of his life during that period would be the history of the glory of his country in India.' No words that were ever spoken would have rewarded him so amply for all that he had done. He went home that night happier than he had ever been before,

with the words sweeter than honey of one who was the greatest man of the age and the dearest friend of his heart still making music in his ears. When he awoke on the following morning, those words came back upon him with renewed sweetness, and he wrote a letter to the Duke pouring out in a few warm sentences the fulness of his gratitude and joy.

On the 1st of November, 1827, Sir John Malcolm, having arrived at Bombay a few days before, took the oaths of office, and entered upon the government of that Presidency.* It was by no means an eventful period of our history; and there were no great opportunities, therefore, for Malcolm to display his capacity for government. It is generally said that his administration of Bombay was distinguished more by his collision with the Supreme Court

* During his voyage out, Malcolm employed his time chiefly in the preparation of his *Life of Clive*. He found Mr Elphinstone still at Bombay, and during the time that they were there together, they talked as much about English literature as about Indian politics. 'I have been busy during the voyage,' wrote Malcolm to Sir Charles Metcalfe, 'with the *Life of Lord Clive*, all his papers, public and private, having recently been discovered and given to me. I have finished about one thousand pages; and Elphinstone, who is fastidious enough about such works, is quite delighted—not with my composition, but with the admirable letters of Clive, whom he thinks I have managed to make tell his own story in a way that is both instructive and entertaining. I may have to refer upon some points that may require looking into old public records, or inquiries from natives. Let me know whom you think the best man to correspond with to obtain such information. It must be one who has a *schocq* (taste) for the thing, otherwise he will think me troublesome.'

than by anything else. This, however, is not strictly true. In a noiseless, unpretending manner, Malcolm did much good, and recorded, out of the fulness of his knowledge and experience, many important minutes, distinguished by a strong sense of justice and a warm sympathy with the feelings of the people of the country. Perhaps he was not a popular Governor, any more than was his contemporary, Lord William Bentinck, who was carrying on the work of retrenchment as Governor-General of India—work, ever unwelcome, which Malcolm was bound to second and support. It was hard upon them, for they were only the agents of the unpopular measures which, in a paroxysm of economy, the Company had decreed. Malcolm understood this, and was content.

It would be neither interesting nor instructive to recite in detail the history of the conflict with the Judges of the Supreme Court—most prominently with Sir John Peter Grant. Controversy is ever prone to become more than commonly acrimonious in India, where men are constitutionally excitable, and the smallness of the public gives a provincial greatness to little things. I do not mean by this that the principle contended for was not an important one, but that much of the asperity with which it was discussed resulted from the personalities with which it was encrusted. It is not to be doubted that the Judges of the Supreme Court tried to push its authority beyond its legitimate limits, and so to bring the Government into contempt. It was Sir John Malcolm's duty to resist this, and he did resist it. There was, however, perhaps a little too much of the fiery courage of the Scotch clans in the strife between the Mal-

colms and the Grants, and this was afterwards frankly and honourably acknowledged. Malcolm's natural unreserve in all matters affecting himself, led afterwards to a supplementary discussion of considerable vitality in its day. He received a letter of hearty, genuine support from Lord Ellenborough, who was then President of the Board of Control. The contents of this letter were mentioned at the Governor's breakfast-table, and some one forthwith posted them to Calcutta, where they soon appeared in the *Hurkaru* newspaper; and soon everybody in the three Presidencies was talking about Lord Ellenborough's plan of sending Sir John Grant to Calcutta, in order that he might there be in the position of a wild elephant between two tame ones. The publicity given to the contents of this letter vexed Malcolm as much as the letter itself had pleased him. But, like other episodes of the kind, it was but a brief wonder, and the scandal soon burnt itself out.*

* The only really instructive incident of this affair is the impression made upon Malcolm's mind by the hearty, genuine, inspiriting support given to him in Lord Ellenborough's letter. Malcolm's own account of the effect wrought upon his mind by such encouragement, is worthy of citation—as a lesson to statesmen: 'Independent of the substances of this communication, there was in those very expressions which have been most carped at, what conveyed to my mind the fullest reliance upon the firmness and decision of the Indian Minister. With Lord Ellenborough I was personally unacquainted. I received his letter, therefore, as far as the expression went, as a kind proof of the impressions he had formed of my private and public character. These impressions alone could have made him write in so familiar a tone of friendship; and those only who have served their country in remote stations can judge the difference of feeling between what such a communication is calculated to inspire, and one of a more cold,

Of Sir John Malcolm's personal habits during the time of his tenure of office as Governor of Bombay, he has himself given some account in a letter, from which the following passage is taken: 'I have started on the comparatively moderate plan to which Elphinstone had recently come. I have a public breakfast at Parell on six days of the week, and one council-day in the fort. Every one comes that likes. It is a social levee, without formality or distinction. I am down half an hour before breakfast, and stay as long after it. Every human being who desires it, from writer to judge, from cadet to general, has his turn at the Governor. At half-past ten I am in my own room, have no visitors, and am given up to business. I give a grand dinner and a dance to from eighty to one hundred every month, and a dinner occasionally to a big-wig going to England. My other dinners are to my own family. A Governor, particularly here, can have no invited private parties of persons whom he likes, for such would be deemed favourites. My equipments are as good as my station. I have three elegant carriages, and three pairs of Arabian horses. I have four or five good riding horses, and leave the door every morning at a quarter after five, returning a little after seven, having always gone nine or ten miles, sometimes more. I drink no wine, and live very moderately. The business is considerable; but it is always greatest

guarded, and official character. The latter may save a Minister from the effects of the indiscretion of others, but it will never animate public officers to that zealous and bold execution of their duty which is produced by cordial and unreserved communication with their superiors.'

at the commencement. Besides, I already see my way towards a diminution of it by making others do much of the minutiæ of business.'

It is probable that of all the appointments which Malcolm had ever held, the Governorship of Bombay was that which afforded him the least personal pleasure. With the exception of his son, George Malcolm, who was on his Staff, all the members of his family circle were absent from him; and for a man of his marked individuality we may be sure that the work of government, encumbered as he was by a Council, was scarcely less distasteful to him than the formalities of high official position. He had attained his object. He had afforded another great example to stimulate the ambition of the officers of the Company's Army; and now he was eager for England and for rest. So, when the Governor-General wrote to him, setting forth that under the new charter a Lieutenant-Governorship of the North-Western Provinces would be created, and that Malcolm might have the office if he would, he wrote to Lord William Bentinck, and after expressing very freely his private feelings, said: 'Your Lordship will not be surprised that, possessed as I am of an independent fortune, and with such a family and circle of friends as you know me to enjoy, I should be most anxious to return to England. I contemplate, however, no idle life. I have, I trust, a seat in Parliament awaiting my arrival; and on the approaching question regarding the future administration of India I shall be better able to serve my country than by contending with the prejudices and opposite opinions of office-men in India and England. I now, from many causes, regret that

I did not follow the opinion of the Duke of Wellington, who was strongly against my coming to India. . . . I have already persuaded myself that whatever disappointment my ambition may suffer from the line which I can perceive your Lordship is likely to adopt, will be more than compensated by decreased hazard to health; and I am not without hope that the period which remains of my existence may be better employed than in keeping the peace amongst wild rajahs and thakoors, and reconciling them to principles of rule which, however liberal, were not known to their fathers and mothers; and all this up-hill work liable to be criticised and condemned by men who had foretold my failure, and whose reputation for foresight and wisdom depended upon the fulfilment of their prophecy.' So, on the 5th of December, he turned his back upon India for ever. There was doubtless great happiness in the retrospect. The boy of thirteen, who had gone to India from the Eskdale Farm, had left it as the honoured Governor of a great province. Only one, who had started from the same small beginning, as a cadet, had done as much. Not one had ever done more.

When Sir John Malcolm arrived in England he was in his sixty-second year. The Duke of Wellington had told him years before to 'go into Parliament.' Whether the Duke would have given the same advice then, is doubtful. But Malcolm did go into Parliament, supported by the interest of the Duke of Northumberland, and sat for Launceston as a red-hot Tory. Had he sat in Parliament a

year or two later, when the continuance of the East India Company's Charter was one of the leading questions of the day, he would doubtless have been listened to with the profoundest respect; but speaking on the Reform question, and on the unpopular side, an old Indian General was not likely to make for himself a very attentive audience. His opinions, however, were very genuinely his own, and precisely what might be predicated from the story of his life. He had grown up with a strong hatred of revolutionary France; he had in India ever been a Conservative, often opposing himself even to the aggrandisement of his own country; he had been shocked by recent revolutions in Europe, one of which had driven from the throne the King whom he himself had seen crowned at Rheims; and he believed that Reform was only another name for Revolution. Bound alike by public admiration and private affection to the Duke of Wellington, he was ready to follow that great leader to any battle-fields of politics, as of war. It is not strange, therefore, that at a period of great popular excitement we should find him writing thus on the great question of Reform: 'April 15, 1831.—I have just come into Parliament for the borough of Launceston, in Cornwall. It is a corporation which the present sweeping Bill would, if it passed, disfranchise;* but I trust in God it will not. For this Goddess Reform, in the shape her votaries have given her, is twin-sister to the Goddess of Reason, who troubled Europe forty years ago, and has reappeared to vex the world with changes. I have taken a

* The Reform Bill, however, only deprived Launceston of one member.

delightful house for my family on Wimbledon Common, seven miles from town, where my duties in Parliament will not prevent my being continually with them all. It is rather small, but that is its only fault.' 'April 25, 1831. —I am no enemy, as you may suppose, to Reform; but that, to be safe, should be very moderate and very gradual. Time, we are told, is an innovator. This is true; but he is an old and a slow one. If we march with him, we are safe; but if we outstrip him, we rush upon danger, if not upon ruin. If not satisfied with the proud and glorious position in which our country stands—if discontented because there is partial distress, though less, comparatively, than any nation ever knew—if, in the vanity of our knowledge, we cast away all the benefits and blessings which have descended from our forefathers—if that reverence for established order, that regard to vested rights, that reluctance to lay a rude and unhallowed hand upon the venerable fabric of our constitution, prevails, all those Conservative principles which have hitherto bound us together will be abandoned, and new ties and a new order of things must be established, —I deprecate such sweeping demolition. I expect nothing from such destruction, except that it will be long remembered as an awful instance of the truth of that sacred text which says, "God maketh the wisdom of men folly." . . . The consequences my experience leads me to anticipate may not be immediate, but they are, in my mind, certain; and the option appears to be between our fighting the battle or leaving a sad inheritance of a deteriorated and broken constitution to our children. My practical education makes me an unbeliever in these new political lights. I

cannot think that the mantle of Francis Bacon has descended upon Jeremy Bentham. I would not consult men in a fever on their own case.' 'April 28, 1831.—I send you copies of my speech as taken from the *Mirror of Parliament*. . . . It was well received and cheered by the House. I shall, however, speak seldom, reserving myself for Indian affairs. But these, like everything else, if Reform, in its present shape, continue, will be carried by petitions from men who want something but they know not what—by mobs of meetings. By the blessing of God, however, a stout stand will be made for the rich inheritance of the constitution which our fathers have transmitted to us, and which, with all its defects, is the best in the known world. I shall never forget our revered father when this rage for change was abroad thirty-six years ago. "I was well," he said, quoting an old Greek proverb, "I desired to be better; I took physic, and I died!" I have his warm blood in my veins, and I will do my best to stem the torrent.' 'August 6, 1831.—I am fighting the revolutionary battle. All Europe is about to fight, and he must be a sage indeed who can foresee the result of the next four years. The evil in this country lies deep. The whole of the lower and numbers of the middle classes have been sedulously taught to regard their superiors not only with envy but hostility, as men that sleep and fatten on their labour and hard earnings. Knowledge without religion or principle has been universally disseminated, and the desire to better their condition through chance of spoliation excited. The designing, who seek change, and the ignorant, who are deceived by them, are active and loud, whilst

those who desire the tranquillity of the country are hitherto silent and inert. But the period has come when they must be roused, or England will change her character, as well as her constitution.'

So, no man rejoiced more than Malcolm when, in the autumn of 1831, the Reform Bill was thrown out by the House of Lords. He was confident of the ultimate triumph of Conservatism;—but it was only a brief gleam of cheerfulness and hope. The following year found the Reformers more resolute in action than before; and the cry of the People was not to be resisted. It then became apparent to him that his days as Member for Launceston were numbered; but the India Committees had now been appointed, and both as a committee-man and a witness Malcolm could make himself useful to his country. His labours in this direction, however, were soon cut short. In June, the Reform Bill was passed. Launceston was disfranchised. There was a general election. Sir John Malcolm was requested to stand for Dumfries-shire, but a little inquiry soon assured him the case was hopeless; so he issued a frank, manly address, and withdrew from the contest.

But he had an ovation of another kind in his native county. The gentry of Dumfries-shire, though they might not accept his politics, were proud of the man, proud of the family; Eskdale and Ewesdale especially rejoicing in the honour reflected upon them by the deeds of the Burnfoot family. So they gave a great dinner at Langholm to the 'three Knights of Eskdale'—Sir James, Sir Pulteny, and Sir John; and toasted them with the heartiest enthusiasm. Sir John, though the youngest of the three, was the most

practised speaker, and his brothers asked him to respond to the toast. The speech is said to have been 'full of strong feeling and impressive eloquence,' warm from the heart, and it drew tears into many eyes. That dinner is still vividly remembered in Langholm; and people relate how, when the three Knights took their seats in the carriage that was to convey them to Burnfoot, the people took the horses out of it, and drew the heroes with shouts beyond the boundaries of the town.*

Then Sir John Malcolm returned to his books and his papers, and betook himself to another occupation in which men of all kinds have found delight. He had purchased an estate in Berkshire, and he was solacing himself with bricks and mortar. He wrote to his friends that his 'genius must be employed in reforming an old English fabric;' 'which I trust to do,' he added, 'in a manner that would be a lesson to Ministers, if they had leisure to observe and sense to copy my proceedings! Nothing is subverted, though much is amended, and looking to the good shelter from the storm this home-nest afforded for more than a century to its inmates, I care little for its shape not being accordant with modern rules.' Work of this kind was laden with delightful anticipations of a future, in which those dearest to his heart held a happy place. 'At Warfield,' he wrote in his journal, 'directing a few buildings of brick and mortar,

* There is a statue of Sir Pulteny Malcolm in Langholm, and an obelisk to the memory of Sir John on the heights above the town. It should be added that there was a fourth knight in the Malcolm family—Sir Charles, who was then at Bombay as Superintendent of Marine.

and building at less cost various castles in the air, associated with the future enjoyment of this beautiful residence. God grant it may be early tenanted by those whom my busy imagination portrayed as sitting in its chambers or wandering in its walks, while all, according to my fond anticipations, agree in praising the taste and labour that had prepared for them so delightful a home.' And with these thoughts were blended others, scarcely less pleasant, of the literary pursuits from which he had been compelled to turn aside under the pressure of public life. He was eager to bring to a conclusion his *Life of Lord Clive*, and he had commenced a new work on the government of India, in which he purposed to set forth the results of an experience of nearly fifty years.

The Company's Charter question was now coming on for discussion, and Malcolm, though excluded from the House of Commons, felt that he could at least do something by making his views known to the public through the medium of the Court of Proprietors of India Stock. He owed little or nothing to the Directors, except the cadetship, which he had turned to such good account. It was his opinion that, as the pupil and friend of Lord Wellesley, who had denounced them as the 'ignominious tyrants of Leadenhall-street,' they had set their faces against him. This was a mistake; but he was not beholden to them for any special favours, and he could not be accused of any unjust leanings towards them. But he knew how necessary to the welfare of our Indian Empire was the existence of such an intermediate body as the Court of Directors of the East India Company, and he moved, in a long and able speech at the India House, the resolutions in favour of the

acceptance by the Company of the governing authority, without the commercial privileges they had enjoyed, 'provided that powers be reserved to enable the Company efficiently to administer the government, and that their pecuniary rights and claims be adjusted upon the principle of fair and liberal compromise.'

It was the last public act of his long and eventful life. There are many who remember that spring of 1833. The cholera had invaded our island, and, supervening upon it, a dire influenza, even more destructive than the foreign enemy, came to fill our houses with mourning. It was one of the saddest seasons within my recollection.* The whole population of London seemed to be clothed in black. Among other victims, the home-born epidemic seized upon Sir John Malcolm. It weakened him grievously; but, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, he insisted upon going down, day after day, to the India House to watch, if he could not take part, in the debates. But before those debates were brought to an end, Sir John Malcolm was struck down by paralysis in his carriage; was carried home to his house in Prince's-street, and never again gave articulate utterance to his thoughts.

In this state he lay for some time, pitiably feeble and distressed, able neither to speak nor to express his wants and wishes by intelligible gestures. His family were absent from him when the blow fell; † but they hastened to Lon-

* I went out to India, for the first time, in the midst of it—taking with me Sir John Malcolm's book, from which I learnt, as a cadet, my first lessons of Indian government.

† Lady Malcolm was at Hastings, where Sir John, then residing

don with all possible despatch, and he was solaced by the tender ministrations of his beloved wife to the last. Though physically prostrate and helpless, his mind had not lost its activity; his thoughts were continually travelling back to the court-room in Leadenhall-street, and the progress of the debate on the Resolutions which he had moved. When Lady Malcolm, rightly interpreting these thoughts, told him that the Resolutions had been carried by a decisive majority, it appeared as though a burden of painful uncertainty had passed away from him, and that he was content. After some weeks he rallied a little; and the principal physician in attendance upon him thought so well of the appearances of recovery that he sent his patient out for a little carriage exercise. But on one of those bitter May days, so common in our English springs, the sick man was chilled by the exposure, without being revived by the change; and the worst symptoms of his malady returned. From that time his decline was rapid, and the hopes which had animated those who watched by his side were stilled for ever. It was now plain that he was dying. It had at one time seemed possible that he might be removed to the new Berkshire home, which he had been so diligently preparing for himself; but now this cherished thought was abandoned, and on the very day on which tidings came to Prince's-street that the mansion at Warfield was ready for his reception, that active, strong, whole-hearted workman closed his eyes upon the world for ever.

He died upon the 30th of May, 1833, and was buried

in Prince's-street, Hanover-square, was about to join her, when he was struck down.

very privately and unostentatiously in the vaults of St James's Church, Piccadily. But fitting monuments were erected to his memory by friends and admirers in England and in Scotland. A noble monumental statue by Chantrey adorns our venerable Abbey at Westminster, and a lofty granite obelisk, of which it has been said that, 'symbolizing Malcolm's career, it rises from the heather and looks across the border far into the gray distance,' stands out against the sky from the summit of Langholm Hill. On both, the claims of Sir John Malcolm to the admiration and the esteem of his fellows, are set forth in very similar terms of admiration.

Having told the story of his life—the life of one who had no disguises, and who lived, perhaps, more than any man of his age, in the broad daylight, fully exposed to the observation of his contemporaries—it is scarcely necessary that I should dwell upon his character. Men differ about the place that should be assigned to him in the gradation-list of the Company's distinguished servants; but it would be impossible to fix his relative position, and of small use to do it if it could be done. He very little resembled those friends and fellow-workmen, Munro, Elphinstone, and Metcalfe, with whom we are wont to rank him. He was a man, indeed, *sui generis*. Of all the men of whom it is my privilege to write in these volumes, he possessed the most perfect physical organization. The monumental inscriptions, which dwell upon his 'extraordinary mental and physical powers,' show a right appreciation of the great union—the *mens sana in corpore sano*—to which is to be attributed his successful career. He was the robustest and

most athletic of all our Indian statesmen—soldiers or civilians. He was, and he acted, on a large scale. The most depreciatory commentaries upon him are that he was a boisterous sort of person—that he talked and laughed a little too much. But, in the much talking, there were indications of an admirable amount of frankness and sincerity, and in the much laughing, of the cheerfulness and kindliness of a simple nature and a good heart.* He was an enthusiast, and he loved enthusiasts. Men's own words often best describe their characters; and I do not know that anything can better describe the innermost springs of Malcolm's nature than the following passages of a letter which he wrote to a young friend—a nephew, I believe—who was about to enter upon a career of Indian military service: 'An officer,' he wrote, 'who desires distinction (and he must have a mean, wretched soul who does not), must be alike active in body and mind. He must devote every moment he can spare from duty to the improvement of his education, in the conviction that increased knowledge, if it should not even promote his advancement, must promote his happiness. He should join his companions in every manly exercise and every moderate enjoyment, but shun vicious indulgence and intemperance of every kind, as the bane of all his hopes, and the ruin of all those expectations which his friends had formed. To enable him to do this, I know of nothing more essential than that his heart should

* When he was sitting for his bust to Chantrey, he wrote to a very intimate friend, saying that the sculptor had tried hard to catch his 'saucy' expression. The epithet is Chantrey's, but Malcolm recognized its truth, and was not displeased by it.

always have a home. Cherish your love for your surviving parent, for those who brought you up, for those who will exult in your future good reputation, and whose hearts will bleed for your errors or misconduct. Habituate yourself to have such feelings always in your mind; they will enable you to withstand temptation, they will impart a fortitude that will overcome difficulties, and they will animate you in the hour of danger. Commence your career with a resolution to be a soldier, and give your mind (if the impression is not already made) the conviction that there is no profession more virtuous, more elevated, or more glorious than that into which you have entered. As a defender of your country, you should feel an importance that will raise you above the motives of those who deem the army a livelihood, and continue in it merely because they can discover no better means of supporting themselves. *Such men never can be enthusiasts, and without real enthusiasm a person in your situation never can rise.** If I could conceive that you ever would sink into one of those jog-trot animals, I should regret that I had not tried to place you behind a counter as a man-milliner. Do not mistake me about enthusiasm. I mean no light vapouring quality, such as unsteady characters often possess, whose efforts are born one moment and die the next; but that noble resolution of the mind which no labour or danger daunts in the pursuit of its object, which fixes the subaltern for years to studies that are to enable him to excel when he is a field-officer,

* The reader may advantageously compare this with what Sir H. Lawrence said on the same subject of enthusiasm or romance.—*See Memoir in Vol. II.*

which leads him to inure himself to privations in the time of plenty that he may not heed them where they are unavoidable, and makes him court every kind of service that can increase his chance of notice and distinction.' In this Sir John Malcolm sets forth the results of his own experience, and all the more earnestly for the recollection that he himself had nearly broken down at the outset of his career, and was saved almost by a miracle from becoming a mere cast-away.*

As it is my object in this work to display personal examples of a varied but all of a high character, and not to propound theories of Indian government, I shall not speak, at much length, of Sir John Malcolm's character as a statesman, or of the opinions which he entertained. History has claimed him as a follower of Lord Wellesley, and inasmuch as he was, before all men, perhaps, the most active agent of that great man's policy, the description may be correct. But it may be doubted whether Malcolm derived any inspiration from that source. He formed his own opinions, and he honestly acted upon them, even though, by his self-

* In a little book by Mr Ruskin, which I read on the evening before I wrote the above sentence, I found the following passage. It is part of a lecture delivered by that great writer to the Woolwich cadets. 'No good soldier in his old age was ever careless or indolent in his youth. Many a giddy or thoughtless boy has become a good bishop, or a good lawyer, or a good merchant; but no such an one ever became a good general. I challenge you all in history to find a record of a good soldier who was not grave and earnest in youth.' I accept the challenge, and offer Sir John Malcolm to Mr Ruskin; and I could give him a few more modern instances in refutation of his wise saw.

assertion in opposition to his master's views, he might have lost for ever the friendship which he so much valued. He was more moderate than Lord Wellesley. He had a deeper and more abiding sense of what was due to the princes and people, and a more paramount respect for obligations involving the good faith of the British Government. He ever thought good faith of more importance than political expediency. Whilst he was yet a stripling, he recorded his opinion that an 'invariable rule ought to be observed by all Europeans who have connections with the natives of India—never to practise any art or indirect method of gaining their end, and, from the greatest occasion to the most trifling, to keep sacred their word. This is not only their best but their wisest policy. By this conduct they will observe a constant superiority in all their transactions; but when they act a different part—when they condescend to meet the smooth-tongued Mahomedan or the crafty Hindoo with the weapons of flattery, dissimulation, and cunning, they will of a certainty be vanquished.' * And these were no mere puerile platitudes, but the strong convictions which were striking root within him, and which never decayed to the last day of his life. At a later period, when he was in antagonism with Lord Wellesley, he wrote, that 'if we determine a case of a disputable nature in our own favour because we have power, we shall give a blow to our faith which will, in my opinion, be more injurious to our interests than the loss of fifty provinces.' The maintenance of the good faith of the British Government was ever uppermost in his thoughts, and he

* *Ante*, p. 194.

strove, justly and generously, to develop this principle in his practical dealings with the Native Princes of India. He was one who would have resisted to the utmost the looser morality and the more short-sighted policy of later days. He loved the natives of India, and he was loved by them; and even in these days his memory is sweet and 'blossoms in the dust.'

THE

THE HON. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE.

[BORN 1779.—DIED 1859.]

A HISTORY of the Civil Service of the East India Company would be a most interesting and instructive record. In that service many great men, sprung from the middle classes, without high family connections or any other adventitious circumstances to give them more than their first start in life, have risen to high position and to still higher reputation. From the days of Warren Hastings to the days of John Lawrence, there have never been wanting members of the Civil Service to evince by their actions the possession of heroic qualities of the highest order. To be a civilian in India is not to be merely a member of a great bureaucracy. The duties which he is called upon to face are not solely the duties of the desk. As the soldier in India is often called upon to lay down the sword and to take up the portfolio of the administrator, so the civilian is often, on the great high road of his duty, surrounded by circumstances which compel him to lay down the portfolio and to gird on the sword. Of the civilian-soldier there was no better type than John Malcolm. Of the soldier-civilian there is none better than Mountstuart

Elphinstone. I have given some account of the first; I now proceed to narrate some of the more noticeable incidents in the history of the second.*

Mountstuart Elphinstone was the fourth son of a Scotch peer of that name; but though by courtesy an 'honourable' and of a very ancient lineage, the associations of his family were rather those of the middle classes than of the aristocracy, and many of his kindred, moved by that spirit of adventure which is so powerful an element in the national character, had gone forth to seek their fortunes in the East. His father was a soldier, who rose to be a General Officer and Governor of Edinburgh Castle; but one of his uncles was a Director of the East India Company, and Indian writerships were held to be no unsatisfactory provision for the younger sons of Scotch peers.

The first fourteen years of Mountstuart's life were spent in Scotland; a goodly part of them in Edinburgh Castle. What he learnt either at home or at the High School, which he attended for two years, was probably not much; for he was not a studious boy, but one delighting in manly exercises and somewhat addicted to mischief. Seventy years afterwards there were those who still bore in remembrance the lithe figure and the long curly golden locks of the good-looking, lively, sprightly boy, who outraged the loyal sensibilities of his father and other officers of the Castle, by singing snatches of revolutionary songs

* As Sir Henry Lawrence may be bracketed with Malcolm, so Sir Charles Metcalfe may be bracketed with Elphinstone. I write merely of the external circumstances of their lives. Their characters were widely different.

learnt from the French prisoners who were confined there. His juvenile principles had a strong republican complexion, and the hair which he wore down his back was intended to be the outward sign of his revolutionary sentiments. And it is related that years afterwards the memory of this juvenile republicanism was a standing joke against him, and that after his arrival in India some of his companions gave it practical demonstration by presenting Mountstuart with a cap of liberty and a tricolour cockade.

When he was fourteen years of age he was sent to England, and placed under the educational charge of Dr Thomson, of Kensington; with whom he remained until he was taken away to be sent to India, as a writer on the Company's establishment. He spent his holidays at the house of his uncle, Mr Adam, whose son John was destined for the same service, and who lived to become one of its brightest ornaments. As a stripling, young Elphinstone does not seem to have been more grave in his studies than as a boy. He was said to have been 'clever enough for anything,' but very idle, full of spirit, and somewhat boisterous in his mirth. But he was fond of reading too —in certain directions; and it is remembered that he delighted in quoting Shakspeare and reciting snatches of doggrel rhyme, perhaps of his own making. Those were days when no one thought of literary examinations or proficiency tests of any kind, and yet they produced public servants unsurpassed by any that have been given to India by Haileybury or the Civil Service Commission.

In July, 1795, Mountstuart Elphinstone, being then sixteen years of age, embarked for India. Among his

fellow-passengers was his cousin, John Adam, of whom I have already spoken, and a cadet named Houston, who was going out to join the Bengal Cavalry. The former, in due course, became Secretary to Government, member of Council, and, during a brief interregnum, Governor-General of India. The latter, after doing some good service in India, became Lieutenant-Governor of Addiscombe (where he was known to more than one generation of cadets by the sobriquet of 'Black Dick'), and died Sir R. Houston, K.C.B.*

When, early in 1796, young Elphinstone landed at Calcutta, Sir John Shore was Governor-General of India. He was a man of a quiet mind, and the times were eminently quiet. But the historian of his career has one noticeable incident to dwell upon—one not unexciting story to tell—the story of the Oude succession. Sir John Shore set aside the claims of Vizier Ali to the throne of Oude, and the young man from that time cherished a feeling of bitterest resentment against the English. A dangerous and disaffected person, he was held under some kind of surveillance at Benares, but he had a considerable number of followers, with all his own insolence and vindictiveness, and one day in 1799 they fell upon the British officers at the Residency and massacred all within their reach. It happened that at this time Mr Elphinstone was assistant to the magistrate at Benares. His young Cavalry

* I am indebted for these memorials of Elphinstone's early life principally to a very interesting and valuable biographical sketch contributed by Sir Edward Colebrooke to the *Journal of the Asiatic Society.*

friend, Houston, was paying him a visit whilst the slaughter was going on at the Residency; and the disastrous tidings reached them in time only for them to mount their horses, and, pursued by Vizier Ali's troopers, to ride for their very lives. There are some men who appear to be born ever to be in the thick of the world's action—ever on the great high road of History, pressing forward, with their loins girt about; whilst others repose quietly in peaceful nooks, or saunter idly along the byways of life. To the first and the smaller class belonged Mountstuart Elphinstone. This escape from Vizier Ali's horsemen prefigured his whole career. There was now to be a great growth of History; and ever for more than twenty years he was to be in the thick of it.

A new Governor-General had begun to reign; and a new era had commenced. Lord Wellesley was a man with a 'grand policy,' and, scorning all constitutional restraints, he determined to work it out. This grand policy was incompatible with peace; so in a little time our armies were in motion, firstly in Southern India, where Tippoo was to be subdued, and secondly in Central India, where accounts were to be settled with the Mahratta Princes. To the events which were developing themselves in the latter part of the country, I have now to invite the reader's attention—a wide expanse stretching from Delhi to Poonah, over which Lord Wellesley was extending the network of his diplomacies in days when diplomacy was ever another name for war. For men of action the times were most propitious. The Company's civil servants might 'provide the investment,' or administer the regulations; they might

be merchants, or magistrates, or revenue collectors, if they desired to live peaceably with good houses over their heads; but for more adventurous spirits there was a grand outlet through what was officially called the 'Political Department,' but which in Europe is known as the Diplomatic Service. To that service all the most high-spirited young civilians eagerly betook themselves; and Mr Elphinstone among the first of them. His early inclinations had been all towards the military profession; in his teens he had looked upon the life of a subaltern as the *ne plus ultra* of human enjoyment; and there was that in him which, had circumstances favoured his wishes, would have made him one of the first captains of the age. But although it was provided that he should live much in the camp, and see, face to face, the stern realities of war, there was no recognized position for him in the battle-field, and therefore only the danger of the fight without its honours and rewards.

But there were honours and rewards of another kind, and young Elphinstone was fully satisfied. In 1801, he was appointed an assistant to the British Resident at Poonah, or, in other words, an attaché to the British Mission at the Court of the Peishwah—the greatest of the Mahratta Princes. The Resident was Colonel (afterwards Sir Barry) Close; an officer of high distinction, to whom both soldiers and diplomatists looked up with reverence, and under whom any young aspirant might be proud and happy to serve. In the whole range of service there was no post better fitted to call forth and develop the energy and ability of such a man as Mr Elphinstone. Once appointed to it, he was on the high road to fame and

fortune. The times, as I have said, were most propitious for those who panted for action. The Mahrattas, having usurped the power of the Mogul and established their supremacy in Upper India, were now contending among themselves. This was our opportunity. The great game was now to be played with something like a certainty of winning. The disunion of the Mahrattas was their weakness; their weakness was our strength. *Dum singuli prœliantur universi vincuntur.* It was Lord Wellesley's policy to interfere in these internal disputes, and he did so, by espousing the cause of the Peishwah, and entering into a friendly alliance with him. Whether the British Governor might not have been content to look on a little longer, without taking a hand in the game, is a question for historians to discuss. It is enough here to say, that, having entangled ourselves in diplomacies, we were soon in the midst of war.

The year 1803 was a memorable one in the annals of India—memorable in the career of Mountstuart Elphinstone—memorable in the career of a still greater man, who then first made for himself a place in history. Colonel Arthur Wellesley, the brother of the Governor-General, had taken part in the operations which resulted in the conquest of Mysore; but the qualities which he had displayed were not so conspicuously great as to preserve him from the reproach of being favoured as the brother of the Governor-General. The Mahratta war, however, proved him to be a true soldier. It was the privilege of Mountstuart Elphinstone to watch the dawn of the great captain's glory. It has happened to many a man at the outset of his career to

profit largely by an accident which has been a heavy blow and a great loss to another. It has been told in the preceding Memoir how Major John Malcolm, to whom the Governor-General had intrusted the political conduct of the operations in Berar, fell sick at the commencement of the campaign, and, bitterly disappointed, was compelled, for very life's sake, to quit the camp. Then Mr Elphinstone was sent to fill his place, and eagerly he went to the front. In August, 1803, he joined General Wellesley at Ahmednuggur; and though he had not been long in camp before sickness fell upon him also, he did not succumb to it. The great battle of Assye found the young civilian with his foot in the stirrup beside his military chief. The flanks of their horses touched each other as they rode, conversing quietly as on parade, through the thick of that hot fight. All his old military ardour was then revived; and such not only was his coolness under fire, but the quickness of his eye and the soundness of his judgment with respect to military dispositions and combinations, that at the close of the campaign Wellesley said of his young friend that he had mistaken his calling, for he was certainly born a soldier.

This was after the siege of Gawilghur, at which Mr Elphinstone was present, and had again evinced the fine soldierly qualities which had excited the admiration of Sir Arthur Wellesley at Assye. There was then a season in which the negotiator took the place of the military commander, and there were some sharp diplomatic conflicts which demanded the exercise of no common skill and sagacity: for one of the astutest of native politicians was then arrayed

against us—the well-known Wattel Punt. Malcolm, as already told, soon returned to camp; but his absence had made Elphinstone's fortune. Sir Arthur Wellesley wrote officially to his brother, in eulogistic language, well deserved, of the services rendered to him by the young civilian. 'Upon the occasion,' he said, 'of mentioning Mr Elphinstone, it is but justice to that gentleman to inform your Excellency, that I have received the greatest assistance from him since he has been with me. He is well versed in the language, has experience and a knowledge of the Mahratta powers and their relations with each other, and with the British Government and its allies. He has been present in all the actions which have been fought in this quarter during the war, and at all the sieges. He is acquainted with every transaction that has taken place, and with my sentiments upon all subjects. I therefore take the liberty of recommending him to your Excellency.'

On the conclusion of peace, Mr Elphinstone was appointed to represent British interests at the Court of the Rajah of Berar; and he remained at Nagpore, after the departure of Lord Wellesley from India, during the brief second reign of Lord Cornwallis and the interregnum of Sir George Barlow. The times were uneventful; but they were not wanting in opportunities to a man of Mr Elphinstone's character; for rarely has one so fitted for active life evinced at the same time so eager an inclination towards studious pursuits. In quiet times, he could subside contentedly into a bookworm, and find measureless delight in the great works of ancient and modern literature. One of his favourite authors was Thucydides, and many years after-

wards he reminded his friend, Mr (afterwards Sir Richard) Jenkins, of the days when they read the works of that great historian together at Nagpore. Having left England at the early age of sixteen, and having up to that time shown no great partiality for persevering study, he had carried with him to India only a slender stock of learning. But he had taken with him, all the same, a genuine love of literature, and he coveted the possession of a greater store of that precious intellectual wealth. So, whenever there was not much active work to be done, in the line either of war or of diplomacy, he addressed himself eagerly to his books. There are many who, in after days, knowing him only as a scholar and a recluse, were slow to believe in the energy of his character and the activity of his habits; but at the time of which I am now writing he was all energy and activity, and his library campaigns were but the complement or filling-up of a life of action. He was a bold and accomplished rider; he delighted in field-sports; he had a quick eye and a ready hand with the boar-spear; and in the face of any kind of danger was as cool and collected as though he had nothing before him more difficult than a Greek verb.

Those were days when reputations ripened rapidly, and young men went to the front with great responsibilities upon them, such as in later times were seldom intrusted to them in the earlier stages of their career. The British Government in India, now represented by Lord Minto, had need of all its ablest servants; for it seemed that a conjuncture had arisen of a grave and alarming character, and that England might soon be called upon to contend with other

great Powers for the mastery of the East. It happened, as already told, that after the peace of Tilsit in 1807, there was great dread of the results of the close alliance which was then formed between the Powers of France and Russia. So the British Governments in India and in England prepared themselves for the defence of their eastern dominions. This, in the first instance, was to be done, not by the equipment of armies or the erection of fortifications, but by diplomatic address. It was possible to undermine French influence at the Court of Persia; and it was possible to obtain the good offices of the Sovereign Princes occupying the territories between the British and the Persian frontiers. The invading armies must have marched through Affghanistan and Sindh, or through Affghanistan and the Punjab. It was of primary importance, therefore, for the British Government to cement friendly alliances with the rulers of those countries. And Lord Minto wisely determined to send embassies to them. Mr Elphinstone was then selected to conduct the British mission to be despatched to the Court of Caubul. In these days, there is nothing in such a task as that which then devolved upon the young statesman to lift it out of the regions of common-place. But fifty years ago the great tract of country lying between the Sutlej River and the Hindoo Koosh was almost a *terra incognita* to British travellers. One enterprising Englishman—a civil servant of the East India Company named Forster—had explored those countries, and had published two interesting quarto volumes descriptive of them. But he had travelled in disguise, and crept along his route; whereas there was now to be an imposing embassy, making

a great display of the wealth of the British Government and the greatness of its resources. The reigning monarch at that time was Shah Soojah, he with whom at a later period we formed a closer and more disastrous alliance. Mr Elphinstone was to endeavour to rouse his fears for his own safety, and by showing him that if Persia entered into a compact with the European Powers hostile to England he would inevitably be destroyed, stimulate him to put forth all his strength to oppose their progress from the westward. It was the policy of our Government to abstain from entering into any offensive engagements with the Court of Caubul; but Mr Elphinstone was told that 'should the contracting these engagements be absolutely required by the King, the eventual aid to be afforded by us ought to be limited to supplies of arms, ordnance, and military stores, rather than troops.'

Proceeding by the route of Bekanier, Bahwulpur, and Mooltan, the Mission entered Peshawur on the 25th of February, 1809; and on the 5th of March, Mr Elphinstone had his first audience of the King.* Whatsoever might be

* He was attended by a staff of English officers, among whom were Mr Strachey, as secretary, and Lieutenant Macartney, as geographer; Captain Raper, Mr Tickell, and Mr R. Alexander were also attached to the Mission. Macartney died shortly after his return to India, and his loss, of which mention will be found in Sir James Mackintosh's journals, was great to Eastern science. The duties of collating and recording information were divided between these officers, Elphinstone himself taking the department of 'Government and Manners.' At a later period, when our officers visited Afghanistan, they generally orientalized themselves as much as possible. But the officers of Elphinstone's Mission took no pains to disguise the outward characteristics of English gentlemen of that period; and

Shah Soojah's character as a ruler or a statesman, the English Ambassador saw plainly that he was a courteous, well-mannered gentleman, and that his feelings towards the British Government were really, as they were professedly, friendly. But he was distracted by domestic cares. He had a dangerous revolution to cope with in his own kingdom. He did not wish the British Mission to proceed any farther into the heart of his dominions, which were in a disturbed state; and, indeed, the best advice he could give to the English gentlemen was, that they should go home as fast as they could, unless they were inclined to help him against his enemies. When a man's own house is on fire, it is no time to alarm him on the score of remote dangers; and he soon found that the British Government would not help him to extinguish these domestic flames.

The Affghan Ministers, it must be admitted, argued the case acutely and not without some amount of fairness. They could not see why, if the English wished the King of Caubul to help them against their enemies, they should not in their turn help the King to resist his; but as it was, they said, all the advantage was on our side, and all the danger on the side of the King. 'They stated,' wrote Mr Edmonstone in a letter to Lord Minto, 'that an alliance for the purpose of repelling one enemy was imperfect, and the true friendship between two States could only be maintained by identifying their interests in all cases; that Shah Mahmoud had not influence over the Douranees, and

they were told that they might have done better if they had only let their beards grow. Elphinstone himself was always a fair, close-shaven man, with nothing in the least oriental in his appearance.

would be obliged—if he obtained the crown—to put himself under the protection of the Persians to maintain his authority; that he had before connected himself with that people, and was naturally inclined to them; and that from the moment of his restoration to the government of this country we might consider the French and Persians as already on the Indus. They said the Affghans were a powerful people against foreign invaders, and that when the French and Persians came, they might not require our assistance, but that we might regret our tardy aid if, before the threatened attack commenced, the present Government of this country was overthrown, and all the fruit of our alliance with it destroyed. Supposing a weaker case, and that Shah Soojah was only able to make head against the rebels without destroying them, they said that an attack from the French and Persians might then be difficult to withstand, and it would cost us millions to effect what might now be done for thousands. Throughout their whole discourse they seemed to consider the invasion of the French and Persians to be by no means formidable, unless aided by intestine divisions; but they were candid enough to admit that the war with those nations concerned them as much as it did us. In reply to this, I said that my instructions went only to the conclusion of a defensive alliance against the French and Persians, and that I knew your Lordship would never wish to take any part in the domestic quarrels of the Afghans, that your Lordship would of course be anxious that his Majesty's means of repelling invasion should be strengthened by the removal of the disturbances within his dominions, but unless it could be proved to

your Lordship's satisfaction that the party in rebellion was connected with the common enemy, it would be entirely out of your plan to interfere in them. I said that we did not profess to act towards this State merely from motives of disinterested friendship. If we did, the King would have cause to suspect us of harbouring designs which we thought it impolitic to avow. I frequently urged them to bring forward any information they possessed respecting Shah Mahmoud's connection with the Persians, but they always acknowledged their belief that he had no transactions with that nation.'

At the subsequent interviews the Afghan diplomatists repeated these arguments, and besought the English Ambassador to grant assistance to the King to enable him to put down the revolution of Shah Mahmoud. But Elphinstone, ever proceeding with extreme caution, answered these demands by saying that he would refer the question to the Governor-General. They professed to be surprised at this, and told him that they could not understand the object of his embassy, as they saw nothing with which he was charged that could not have been intrusted to a chuprassy. The treaty, they said, was merely a snare for them, and would force them, if they concluded it, either to break their faith or to bear the whole brunt of the war, whilst the English Ambassador was referring for orders. 'I answered them,' wrote Elphinstone, 'by stating in the least offensive manner the utter fallacy of their statements, and the entire misconception of the case into which they had fallen. I said they seemed to think we came to beg or purchase their assistance in a war which concerned us

alone, and that our situation was such that we should be ruined if they did not immediately accede to our demands, but that the truth was that the war concerned them more than us; whether the French came as pretended friends or open enemies, the Afghans must fight or lose their country, and the enemy could not approach us till they were subdued either by force or fraud. All I had to add was to show them their danger and offer assistance to repel it. They might tell me what assistance they required, and I would submit to your Lordship. If the British Government had thought their co-operation necessary to its safety, I should have been authorized to purchase it by concessions; at present, your Lordship empowered me to offer aid and to hear what they required, but reserved the decision to yourself. In the mean time you depended on your own means of warding off the danger. I then gave a short account of our expeditions to Spain and Portugal, and explained the preparations at Bombay as far as I could with propriety, and concluded by saying that we had often been at war with all the world, and had never suffered in the contest, and that if the French by any means got this country into their power we should still be able to oppose them, as we had been in many more difficult junctures.' *

* It was not the least difficult part of Elphinstone's work at this time to convince the Afghan Ministers that the English were not a very weak nation in comparison with the Douranees. The following extract from one of Elphinstone's letters is highly amusing: 'I took this opportunity of enlarging on the openness of the English character, and of showing how little a system of refinement and deceit was suited either to the principles or to the genius of our nation, and complained of the hardship of being suspected of concealment at the

The Mission remained at Peshawur, watching the progress of events, until the middle of the month of June. As time advanced, the troubles of the King thickened around him. He could not make way against the rebellion of his brother; and in the early summer he was disastrously beaten in a pitched battle. He has himself recorded, in his Autobiography, that he had resolved, on hearing of the rebellion of Mahmoud, 'first to place the Company's ambassadors in a state and place of safety, and proceed to punish the rebels; and then, if God would grant a victory, he intended to re-

time when I was suffering the inconveniences of plain dealing. Moollah Jaffier observed, in reply to what I had been saying, that his Majesty was resolved not to give a passage to the French and Persians, but if he did there seemed no reason to apprehend the dangers I had described. If ten thousand French were in each of the cities of Herat, Candahar, Caubul, and Peshawur, the word of one Moollah would be sufficient to destroy them without the assistance of a single soldier. He said the King did not fear their intrigues. The Afghans were divided among themselves, but such was their national spirit that a rebel would rather deliver himself up to the King than accept the assistance of a foreign Power. He could not allow that it was so easy for us to repel our enemies on our own frontier. If the King gave them a passage he would join in their enterprise, and we should find a war with the Douranees very different from one with the French. He followed up this ridiculous bravado with a long encomium on the valour of the Douranees, and the absurdity of supposing that any foreign Power could make an impression on them. He said that he did not believe that we intended to impose upon the King, but he did not think that we were so plain as we pretended to be. He said our reputation was very high for good faith and for magnanimous conduct to conquered Princes, but he frankly owned that we had the character of being very designing, and that most people thought it necessary to be very vigilant in all transactions with us.'—*MS. Records.*

turn to treat them in a proper manner.' But there was no such good fortune in store for the unfortunate Prince. He was eminently unprosperous, and in his misfortune he would have made any terms with the English, so long as he could have obtained assistance from them against his internal enemies. But the English would not assist him except with money, and, indeed, as time advanced, it was more and more apparent that the Douranee monarch could no nothing to promote our interests; for things were righting themselves to the westward, and the alliances which we once dreaded were found to be little more than idle menaces. But whilst waiting thus at Peshawur, it appeared to the young English Envoy that we might turn the existing relations between England and Caubul to profitable account, for the future defence of our empire, by entering into a compact for the cession of Shah Soojah's somewhat doubtfully acquired Sindh provinces to the British Government in return for certain money-payments. It was a spasm of youthful diplomatic energy to which, doubtless, in his maturer years, he did not look back with much satisfaction. The suggestion was scouted at Calcutta. There was small chance of a Government, of which Mr Edmonstone,*

* This is not by any means the first time in which I have referred in this volume to Mr Edmonstone. But the more I study the history of India, in the transactions of the first twenty years of the present century, the more convinced I am that, among the many eminent public servants who helped to build up the great *Raj* of the Company, he had not a superior and scarcely an equal. He was the great political foreman of a succession of Governors-General. It was his lot to be, ostensibly, little more than the mouthpiece of others. Seen in official records, therefore, the merit of his best work belongs

though only an irresponsible servant of the State, was, in reality, the informing spirit, giving heed to such promptings for a moment. Mr Elphinstone was rebuked for putting forth such a proposal. But though an error, it was not an unjustifiable one, and he wrote to Government a full explanation of the motives which had prompted him to this display of injudicious zeal. 'The expediency,' he wrote, 'of accepting of the cession of Sindh has clearly been removed by the change which has taken place in the state of affairs, and the consequent alteration of the views of Government, and I have to beg the Right Honourable the Governor-General's excuse for having at any time submitted a plan founded on such imperfect information. I was induced to do so by the consideration that the slowness of the communication between Peshawur and Calcutta rendered it necessary to lose no time in pointing out the disposition of the Court of Caubul with respect to Sindh, and the advantages which might be derived from it. I trust that the following explanation will make it appear that the plan which I proposed did not involve any step at all inconsistent with the strictest principles of political morality. When I had the honour to address to the Governor-General my letter No. 12, I had not the same information respecting the state of Europe which I now possess, and I was very far from considering any event that had taken place in that quarter of the globe as fatal to the French invasion of India.

to others; and it is only by men who have access to those best materials of history—the rough-hewings, as it were, of great measures, traceable from their first inception to their final formal execution—that the measure of his greatness can be justly estimated.

I understood that the Chiefs of Sindh had given a cordial welcome to an agent of France and Persia, while they had received the British Envoy with coldness and distrust. I had also received intelligence (which has proved to be erroneous) that Mr Smith had arrived at Hyderabad, and had been immediately dismissed. I had no doubt that the views of the Chiefs of Sindh were entirely repugnant to an alliance, or anything like the terms proposed to them, and I conceived the period to be fast approaching which had been anticipated in the 67th and 68th paragraphs of your despatch, when the submission of the Chiefs of Sindh to the King of Persia would render it just and necessary for our Government to assist in reducing them into complete subjection to the King of Caubul. Considering an attack on Sindh to be in the event of certain probable contingencies determined, I addressed the Governor-General chiefly with a view to show that it was more for the benefit of both States that we should take Sindh for ourselves than for the King of Caubul. Though my principal object was to enumerate the advantages we should derive from the possession of Sindh, I was aware that our obtaining them depended on the conduct of the Chiefs of Sindh, and on the facility with which we could occupy their country, if the state of our relations with them rendered it necessary to attack them; but with these subjects I was unacquainted, and was obliged to content myself with alluding to them, and referring them to his Lordship's better information.' 'It did not,' he continued, 'fall within the range of this discussion to examine the King of Caubul's right to Sindh, and from what I was in the habit of hearing daily, it did not

occur to me to question his title. There seemed little or no difference in point of form between the manner in which the King held Sindh, and that in which he holds the countries most subject to his control, nor is there any real difference, except that he cannot remove the governor, and that more of the revenue is withheld on false pretences (of inundation, &c.) than in the other provinces. The King does not appear ever to have renounced his right to the full sovereignty of Sindh. His march in that direction last year was, professedly, at least, for the purpose of settling the province, and the reduction of Sindh is as commonly spoken of as that of Cashmere. On the other hand, I understood the Chiefs of Sindh to acknowledge the King's sovereignty in the fullest manner, and to pretend no right to the countries they govern, except what they derive from the King's Rukkum. These facts would have rendered it necessary for us to attend to the King of Caubul's claims in any arrangement we might make for Sindh, but it was on the supposed transfer of their allegiance to Persia that I conceived our right of interference to be founded. I have said so much on this subject because I am very anxious to show the Governor-General that I did not intend to recommend a wanton attack on Sindh for mere purposes of aggrandizement.'

He wrote this from Hussun-Abdul, in the Punjab, on his way back to the British Provinces. He had taken leave of the Afghans a week or two before, and had distributed among them an amount of English money and money's worth which made them look greedily for the coming of another envoy, and caused them bitter disappointment when

he came. But before his departure Elphinstone had negotiated a treaty of friendship with the Shah, and had indeed done all that it was requisite to do; for the dangers which he had been sent to anticipate had disappeared by themselves. The King of Caubul undertook to prevent the passage of the French and Persians through his kingdom, and the English undertook to provide money for the purpose. But so little fear was there of Persia becoming the vassal of France and Russia, and helping those Powers to invade our British dominions in the East, that the King of Kings had already consented to a treaty, binding him 'not to permit any European force whatever to pass through Persia, either towards India or the ports of that country.'

But there were other results flowing from this embassy than those of a diplomatic character. Though Mr Elphinstone had visited only the outskirts of what was then the kingdom of Caubul, and, according to subsequent distribution of territory, did not enter Afghanistan at all, he contrived to acquire almost as much information relating to the whole country and all classes of its inhabitants, as if he had made the grand tour from Peshawur to Caubul, and from Caubul to Candahar. He returned, indeed, laden with literary spoils, and it is not to be doubted that the fruit was well worth the cost of the gathering, large as was the expenditure upon it. The Government of the day grumbled—as Governments and individuals are wont to grumble in such circumstances—when the bill was to be paid; but the highest praise was bestowed upon Elphinstone, and the

most liberal consideration shown to him, when he sought an extension of time to make out his accounts and to complete his reports. This work he performed at Calcutta, where he remained throughout the year 1810. But one of the highest diplomatic appointments in the country was waiting for him. He had been selected to fill the office of Resident at Poonah; and at the beginning of 1811 he set out to join it.

He took ship at Calcutta; and among his fellow-voyagers was that young apostolic chaplain, Henry Martyn, who was setting out on his journey to the Persian Gulf, and to that bourne whence no traveller returns. Widely different as were their lives, their characters, and their objects, they were both men of a high order of intelligence, and united by the common sympathies of genius. It is easy to understand how, after a little while, they mutually agreed between themselves to avoid certain debatable topics of discourse, and to take for their themes such matters of common interest as are never wanting when two highly-cultivated minds are brought into contact with each other. If Martyn learnt much from Elphinstone, we may be sure that Elphinstone also learnt much from Martyn. When they landed at Bombay, both were brought up for critical judgment before the learned Recorder Mackintosh, who was continually sitting in literary assize both on books and on men. Malcolm was then at Bombay making out the accounts of his last Persian Mission. He introduced Elphinstone to Mackintosh, and Elphinstone introduced Martyn.* When not interrupted by an incursion of

* Elphinstone made a very favourable impression on Mackintosh,

'Vandals'—or common-place, small-talk people—there was much animated discourse at the breakfast-table, or in the evening, between those four—the soldier, the civilian, the lawyer, and the priest—which truly must have been worth hearing.

These conversations, very pleasant as they were to Elphinstone, doubtless caused him to congratulate himself on the zeal with which he had cultivated literature a little time before at Nagpore,* and stimulated him to fresh ac-

who wrote of him: 'He has a very fine understanding, with the greatest modesty and simplicity of character.'

* *Ante*, p. 343. Some extracts from Elphinstone's private journals (which were not in my possession until after the preceding sheet had passed through the press), illustrative of the studies of this Nagpore period, may be given here: 'April 2nd. Rose at four. Read "Antigone" with Jenkins. Walked on the verandah. Returned to "Antigone," and read till half-past seven. I had not time to finish my breakfast before Jesurunt Row came. He stayed till twelve. Then read some of Page's History of the French Revolution, on which I have been employed for these two days. Jenkins tiffed at Close's, where I joined him. I stayed there some time, and read some of Gibbon's Life, my old inspirer and guide. Read some more of Page. He is a republican, and consequently hostile to the royalists, and insensible to their sufferings, but not, on the whole, furious or partial, as one would expect him to be. April 3rd. Rose at four. Read "Antigone." Rode out. Ran a jackal, but did not kill. Breakfasted. Read thirty-six pages of the "Memorabilia." Ate sandwiches. Wrote to Sydenham and Kennaway. Read Grotius. Went out in the buggy. April 4. Read three hundred lines of the "Antigone." Breakfasted. Put my papers in order. Set off in my palanquin for [illegible] Hall. On the way, finished Mackintosh. He is eloquent and acute, but inexperienced and enthusiastic. Also read some of Page. At the Hall ordered repairs. Read an Idyll of Theocritus, and Jenkins read aloud almost the whole fifth book of Homer. At five rode back. Dined. In bed, read Locke on Liberty

tivity of the same elevating kind. When he left Bombay, and was settled in the Poonah Residency, he very soon renewed his studies, and very much in the old direction. Rising very early in the morning, he devoted the first hours of the day to the perusal of some great work of ancient or modern literature. His favourite languages were the Greek and the Italian; the Greek dramatists being at that time, perhaps, the authors in which he most delighted. Among his journal entries for the year (1811) is the following: 'August 14. I spent a long time in reading new *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* Reviews, and have since read, with greater admiration than ever, Bacon's Essays. I have just been reading the "Hecuba" of Euripides. It is, as far as I have read, a noble production, rising at every step in dignity and interest. I have scarcely ever seen a finer turn than that when, after Hecuba has exhausted her eloquence in begging for Polyxena's life without success, and she tells her daughter to make a last effort herself to seize Ulysses' hand, and supplicate his mercy, Ulysses turns away, and hides his hand in his garment, but Polyxena, in a speech full of the sublimest sentiments, tells him not to be afraid, for she is not going to ask for a life which she disdains. Ulysses is too unfeeling, I think, for his character in Homer, and perhaps the play itself would be more pleasing were he more tender; but the effect of the speech I have just mentioned would certainly be weakened, and it is worth

and Necessity. April 5th. Finished "Antigone." I perceive this to be a very affecting play, though reading it in company does not give it a very fair chance. We begin to read Sophocles with more ease than we did Euripides.'

while sacrificing everything for it. The Chorus, as usual, is an encumbrance. It may sometimes fill the place of our modern confidant to hear the principal character's confessions, or to soothe his agitation. It may sometimes make those observations which are good for unconcerned spectators, though unbecoming men transported by passion, and which moderns are apt to throw into the mouth of the principal actors; but, in general, it puts one in mind of the Merryman at Astley's, who makes a speech after every feat of the equestrians, to point out something of which you have long before taken notice.' A few days afterwards he wrote: 'I have finished "Hecuba." The interest diminishes after the death of Polyxena. The punishment of Polymnéster is barbarous and shocking, and his complaints and fury are somewhat coarse and undignified. The sentiments and maxims throughout are too trite and obvious.' And see the following, which, though relating to a later period, may be given here, before I pass on to other things of a more active character: 'June 15, 1814. I have read a volume of the "Concilio Tridentino," and am pleased with the impartiality and sagacity of my author, as well as with the plainness of his style. . . . June 28th. I go on idly, or at least like a man at perfect leisure. There is little business at this moment, and my book is gone. I walk about three hours every day, and to-day six hours, planning or superintending improvements. I read Greek two hours or more with Jeffreys, and the "Concilio Tridentino" at all spare times. I find the doctrinal discussions tedious and useless, and now either skip them or run over them slightly. Besides the penetration which enables

Father Paul to unveil all the intrigues to which the Council gave rise, the impartiality which allows him to state them without diminution or aggravation, I am particularly pleased with the shrewd and sarcastic turn of many of his general observations on human nature, and on the modifications of the human character.' . . . 'August 8th. I have left off Father Paul. I never intended to read all the discussions about points of faith, and these seem to compose the whole of the fifth and sixth volumes. All connection between the Council and the politics of Europe is over before the end of the fourth volume, and the Fra now declares his intention of giving a diary of the debates of the Council. I do not know what I shall read next. I am reading the third volume of Madame de Staël *ad interim*, and the Greek with Jeffreys goes on to my great improvement. My former studies begin to tell, and I think four months' such study as the present would enable me to read most books in Greek with ease.'

From his correspondence at this time, no less than from his journals, it may be gathered that he took as deep an interest in the literature of the Eastern as of the Western world, and that, whilst working strenuously on his own account, he could devote much time and attention to the encouragement and promotion of the labours of others. During his visit to Bombay, he had made the acquaintance of Mr William Erskine, who had married one of Sir James Mackintosh's daughters, and who held a legal appointment under the Recorder. This gentleman was then preparing his translation of the autobiography of the Emperor Baber, and Elphinstone was exerting himself to obtain different

manuscripts of the work at once authentic and complete.* To Charles Metcalfe, then Resident at Delhi, he wrote on the subject, saying: 'Poonah, June 28, 1813. You and I do not make very good correspondents, and though I write oftenest, I cannot say much for the disinterestedness of my exertions, as I never write but to ask a favour. At present I have one to solicit about which I am very anxious. Mr Erskine at Bombay is employed in translating the commentaries of the Emperor Baber from a Persian translation of that work, which is certainly the most curious and interesting I ever met with in an Asiatic language. There are, however, several gaps in the translation he has got, and a complete copy in Turkish which I brought from Peshawur was lost in consequence of poor Leyden's death,† so that Mr Erskine's translation must remain incomplete unless you can get us a complete copy of the translation at Delhi, in which I apprehend you will meet with no diffi-

* This kindly disposition to aid others in their literary efforts remained with him to the very close of his life. I have before me a very remarkable proof of it, which may be mentioned here the more appropriately as it is illustrative not only of Mr Elphinstone's character, but of the immediate subject referred to in the text—the literary career of Mr William Erskine. Shortly after the appearance, in 1854, of Mr Erskine's posthumously published 'History of the House of Timour,' I wrote to Mr Elphinstone, asking him for some particulars of the life of his former friend, which I wished to introduce into a review I was then writing. After very little delay, Mr Elphinstone sent me a letter of sixteen closely written pages, containing the desired information in full measure running over. Some passages of this letter will be given at a subsequent stage of the narrative.

† Leyden had written a Life of Baber.

culty. The august representative of the house of Timour must assuredly possess the commentaries of the most illustrious of his ancestors, and the founder of his empire; but if his Highness should not be able to put his hand on the work, some of the literati of Delhi will probably be able to produce it. It is called the 'Touzooki Bauberee,' and was translated into Persian by the Khan Khanmaun, I believe, in Acbar's time (I mean, Acbar the First's). As you may not be able to procure a complete copy, it is as well to let you know the *lacunæ* which we are anxious to fill up. The first is immediately before Baber's expulsion from his native country, where his last battle with Shybani Khan, and its consequences, are wanting; the second is after Baber's return from Herat to Caubul, where there is a gap of ten years. I dare say Stuart—to whom I beg to be kindly remembered—will be able to give you great assistance in this search, and his literary zeal will certainly dispose him to afford it. I intended to have written to him, but as all I have to say about Baber must have been a mere repetition of the contents of this letter, your showing him it will do as well. I suppose, by this time, Futteh Khan has got Attock, and made peace with the Sugs; he shows a great deal of spirit, and of the sort of talent that is wanted in his country. If he were a Suddozye, he would make a capital king, and soon restore the Douranee power; as it is, I am afraid the Government wants stability. I beg you to offer his Majesty respectful assurances of the Peishwah's loyalty and fidelity.' 'Poonah, Sept. 16, 1813. I am very much obliged to you for getting me Baber. Send him to me by dawk, *viâ* Dick Strachey, who will take good care of him.

Let me know the cost, and also the amount of the allowance I begged you to make to Izzut Oollah's brother for his labours. Close desires his best regards.' 'Poonah, October 30, 1813. Notwithstanding the unfortunate agreement between your copies of Baber and ours, I must beg you to send them, as they will be useful for collation, and to settle doubts about names, &c. I must impose a fresh task on you, which I hope your literary zeal will make you excuse. It is to obtain through Izzut Oollah a Turkish copy of Baber. It may be had at Peshawur, or certainly at Bokhara. If he could add the Chaghatai dictionary of Meer Ali Beg, or any other Chaghatai dictionary, it would be a great point. I enclose a letter to him on the subject, but I must beg you to add the weight of your recommendation. Jenkins leaves to-morrow for Nagpore, to my great regret. He has improved both in learning and wisdom, and has suffered very little by his long solitude. He desires his love to you. I am really sorry to hear of your being so fatigued with Adawlut; why do you not devolve it on your assistants? You must soon, for I suppose now Lord Moira is come, lamenting that so little is left for him to do, he will not fail to do what there is, and he will probably find more work than he is aware of. In that case, there will be enterprise of great pith and moment for you in your own line. I hear you are the most magnificent of all the vain-glorious tribe of Residents. I should like to see your grandeurs. I wish you could see mine: a tiled palace on wooden posts twelve feet high; two chobdars and two hurkaras; six plated dishes; six dozen silver spoons; two little union flags carried by the gardeners on high days or

holidays; but, after all, this place is delightful, the climate and scenery are pleasant, and the business not much otherwise, in spite of the excessive villany of the people. See my despatches, *passim.* I beg you to secure me a cordon of the Order of the Fish when it is instituted.'

But other subjects than these engrossed his mind and directed his pen. His interests and sympathies were manifold, and ranged over a large space. Not only, at this time, was he immersed in the politics of India, but his thoughts often travelled to England, and the strife of parties at home excited him in the Mahratta capital. He had left England as a mere boy; he had been seventeen years in India; communication between the two countries was at that time slow and irregular; but he seems to have had a remarkably keen insight into the state of parliamentary and public feeling in Great Britain, and to have entered into political questions with as much zeal as if he had been frequenting the clubs of Pall Mall and St James's. In the following letter to Mr Metcalfe, in which, after briefly touching on the state of the country around him, he suddenly plunges into home politics, there is an interesting exposition of his views: 'Poonah, September 16, 1813. Many thanks for your letter of the 14th, which reached me yesterday. The troubles in which we are involved by our petty allies in your neighbourhood are the consequence of our not having completed the system of defensive alliance. If we had gone through with that measure, and had every state on the left bank of the Chumbul connected with us, we could only have been disturbed by some convulsion, such as could scarcely have happened under the circumstances in which

we should have been placed; but, as things are, it is a wonder to me that we have any quiet at all, or that any peace is maintained among the friends, enemies, and neutrals whom we have so ingeniously assembled together at our own door. The Ministers will, I fancy, defeat the Company on the question about the outports, in which, perhaps, it is well the Company should be defeated. The contest is lucky, as it will draw attention to Indian affairs. I do not agree with you in wishing John Company at the devil. Things do not go on ill now, and under the King I cannot but suppose they would go on abominably. Parliament would not be much check on the Ministers, for Parliament despises India, so much as to grudge the trouble of bullying John Company (who shakes in his shoes whenever he is spoken to), and would never dream of quarrelling with a Ministry about a few millions of black rascals who have no votes. Only observe the different treatment which the interests of this Empire and those of Falmouth receive from Parliament. When the charter was about to expire, the Ministers agreed very well with the Directors, and no words passed about the seventy or eighty millions of Indians whose fate was to depend on the decision of the British Government; but half a score of mendicants in half a dozen seaport towns found out that the same decision would make some difference in their profits, and in a moment all England is in an uproar. The Ministers change their tone to the Directors, the Directors break off with the Ministers, and perhaps the destinies of Asia are about to be altered to accommodate a few traders at the outports. This is a digression from my subject, which was an opinion that there

would be less control over the administration of India, if under the Ministers, than there is now. I think the consequence would be enormous abuses. The revenue of this country would be looked on as a vast mass of droits of the Admiralty, of treasure to be spent without being accounted for; and the service would be a snug hole into which everything that was too disgusting to be seen at home might be thrust. Supposing things not to be so bad as I have made them, you cannot suppose that the Prince and the Ministers would attempt less in India, where they would not be opposed, than in England, where they are sure of a contest. Lord Yarmouth would then make an excellent Governor-General, and Colonel Macmahon would do well for Madras; Dr Dingenan would, perhaps, condescend (after the anti-Catholic war was over) to take a seat in the Council of Fort William, and George Hanger, if he is alive, might be put beyond the reach of the Military Commission, by superseding an obscure wretch, who never was at Carlton House, in the Residency with the Great Mogul, and in the expected honours of the Fish. As to foreign policy, the Company's servants have conquered India, while the King's have been losing America, and all but losing Ireland. I do not mean all this so much for a defence of the Company as for an attack on the Government at home, which is almost always bad, and which is only prevented ruining us by the democratic part of the constitution in which India would have no share. I intended to tell you a great deal (while waiting for a Mahratta writer) about Jenkins, who left me this morning for Bombay; but I have got into a long disquisition on politics, and here is the writer come. I can

only say that Jenkins is greatly matured and improved, without having caught any native habits in his long seclusion from European society.' *

This was, perhaps, the pleasantest period of Mountstuart Elphinstone's Indian service. He had enough official work to do to keep up an unflagging interest in it, and yet to leave him time for other pursuits invigorating alike to mind and body. 'The contiguity of the country under Bombay,' he wrote, at the end of a long letter to Metcalfe, detailing the nature of his Residency work, 'occasions correspondence with that Presidency, as the same cause sometimes does with Madras, and often with Hyderabad; and these, and numerous little things too trifling to mention, make up my employment. They leave me a good deal of leisure; and as this climate is delightful, and there is good hog-hunting in reach, I like it better than any station I have seen.' At

* The references in this letter are to the discussions which preceded the renewal of the Company's Charter in 1813. Much that is said about the scandalous disregard of the true interests of the people of India is, I fear, only too applicable to the state of things at the present time. The condemnation, however, was perhaps a little too sweeping, for there were some men in Parliament who stood up for the rights and interests of the people. Prominent among the few was Charles Grant the younger—afterwards Lord Glenelg—who, in the spring of 1813, concluded an eloquent speech on our duties to the natives of the country, by saying: 'On their behalf, in their name, I venture to address myself to the House. Through me they give utterance to their prayers. It is not my voice which you hear, it is the voice of sixty millions of your fellow-creatures abandoned to your disposal and imploring your commiseration. They conjure you by every sacred consideration to compassionate their condition, to pay due regard to their situation—to remember what contingencies are suspended on the issue of your vote,' &c. &c. &c.

this time the pleasant labours of authorship came as a variety and a relief to his other more active work. It has been seen how ready he was to help others in their literary incubations; it is time now to speak of his own.

During his residence at Calcutta, Elphinstone had brought together and arranged the valuable information he had collected relating to the countries which he had visited beyond the Indus, and those still farther to the northward, which he had never reached. But he had intended, in the first instance, that this information should take the shape only of a report to Government; and it was not until Sir James Mackintosh stimulated him to seek a larger audience and to give the public the benefit of his labours, that he began even to meditate on the possibility of publishing a book of travels. He had by no means made up his mind on the subject, when he quitted Bombay and made his way to the Mahratta capital, taking with him a promise from Malcolm to pay him an early visit. In May, the promise was redeemed. In spite of the hot weather, the two friends, in whom at that time the enthusiasm of the sportsman glowed with equal heat, gave themselves up rather to hard riding and fierce boar-hunting than to literary pursuits. In truth, they had both of them pored too long over their papers, and were fain to brush away the cobwebs in the jungle. It was not till some time after Malcolm had left him, that he began seriously to consider the question of publication; and then he said that his appearance as an author would depend much upon the extent of country which Malcolm intended to embrace in the great work upon Persia which he was then preparing for the press. 'It is

necessary,' he wrote, 'that I should know with some precision what you intend to do, or I shall spoil your work and waste my trouble (and no small trouble it is writing quires of paper, let alone writing for the public), while I might be hunting, hawking, reading, and doing my business with much more profit both to myself and the public, even if I did not take in hand the account of India, which you so fully convinced me was required.' Malcolm's answer was satisfactory. He purposed to confine his inquiries to Persia; so Elphinstone sat himself down at Poonah to write an account of the 'Kingdom of Caubul.'

He wrote very carefully and conscientiously, for he was one not easily pleased, and sometimes he was so little satisfied with his work that he felt inclined altogether to abandon his project. He was encouraged, however, by one or two of his correspondents; especially by Mr Jenkins, who then represented British interests at Nagpore, and to whom the historian from time to time submitted portions of his manuscript, courting the critical revisions of his friend. Jenkins, it would seem, had even a severer distaste for anything like diffuseness and redundancy than Elphinstone, and used the pruning-knife with an unsparing hand. 'I am once more at my eternal book,' wrote Elphinstone to Jenkins, in 1814, 'correcting the duplicate for despatch to England. I see the benefit of your cutting, and am very thankful for the zeal with which you performed that uninviting duty. It is something like a real amputation, where the surgeon has a tedious and disagreeable task, and for the time gets no thanks from the patient.' At last the book was finished and sent home; and the great publishing house of Longman

and Co. undertook to produce it. And they brought it out in becoming style, as books were brought out in those days —a magnificent quarto, with an elaborate map and coloured engravings, published at a price which would now be sufficient to scare away most purchasers.* It was an undoubted success. It made Mr Elphinstone's literary reputation; and it is still, after a lapse of fifty years, consulted with undiminished interest and advantage by all who seek information relating to the countries which it so well describes.

At that time, the patience of Indian authors was severely tried by the tardiness and uncertainty of communication with England. The interval between the despatch of the manuscript and the arrival of the printed book was so great, that a writer had almost forgotten his work before it came back to him in type. Mr Elphinstone's case was no exception to the rule. He had almost begun to think that he should never hear of his book again, when he received from England tidings to the effect that it had been published, that it had been reviewed, and had become the talk of London and Edinburgh. This revived his spirits, and he wrote with all the enthusiasm of a young author, in the first flush of his fame, to communicate his good fortune to the friend who had taken so much interest in the progress of his work. 'My immediate object,' he wrote to Mr Jenkins, in May, 1816, 'is to tell you of the success of my Travels, in which I am sure you will take as much interest as myself. My letter must in consequence be a mere collec-

* It is entitled 'An Account of the Kingdom of Caubul and its Dependencies in Persia, Tartary, and India.' It bears date 1815. It has since been republished in 2 vols. 8vo.

tion of puffs of my own works, for which this is all the apology you are to expect. First, the *Edinburgh Review*—[It is Sir James Mackintosh, a partial friend, and writing with the professed design of encouraging the Indians, but still it cannot be totally false and delusive]: "The style of Mr E. is, in our opinion, very good. It is clear, precise, significant, manly, often nervous, always perfectly unaffected, severely guarded against every tendency to Oriental inflation [*totum munere hoc tuum est*], quite exempt from that verbosity and expansion which are the sins that most easily beset our ingenious countrymen in the East." . . .Lady Wood writes from Edinburgh that "the reputation and success of *Caubul* astounded her ears on all sides, &c. The Man of Feeling (Henry Mackenzie) had been to see her on the evening before, and talked of the noise he had heard of this book, and his desire to see it (it had then been out above three weeks)." ' Other evidences of the interest which the work had excited and the praises it had elicited are given, and then Elphinstone says: 'Malcolm corroborates all these stories, and says that he was at Oxford when the review came there, and that the hakims [wise men] were even more struck with the extracts than with the review. Now,' he continued, 'as I am sure that you will be glad to hear all this, I tell it to you at the risk of appearing vain and foolish; but though I tell it to you, I do not tell it to all the world; and I beg you to consider well to what persons you whisper the secret that Midas has ass's ears. My conclusion is that the book has answered much above my expectations, which you remember were sufficiently

moderate, and that the great reasons are the novelty of the subject and the plainness of the work.'

But the time was now approaching when he was to 'have a rougher task in hand,' and to face more dangerous enemies than the critics of London and Edinburgh. Lord Minto had been succeeded in the government of India by Lord Moira, better known to Indian history by his subsequent title of the Marquis of Hastings. The new Governor-General had taken up the reins in a critical period of our history, and there was plainly much work to be done of the most active and stirring character. Ten years had passed since, under an alarming financial pressure, an unsatisfactory peace had been patched up with the Mahratta powers. It was a conclusion where nothing was concluded, a settlement where nothing was settled. And much of our work had now to be done over again. But before the great game was to be played in Central India, the Nepaulese, according to Lord Moira's programme, were to be fought and conquered. Some of our leading Indian statesmen at that time, including Elphinstone and Metcalfe, thought that it would have been wiser to have settled the Central Indian question first. 'We ought,' wrote the former to Mr Jenkins, in February, 1815, 'to have settled the centre of India before we began with the Goorkhas.' 'The grand and irreparable mistake,' he added, 'was Barlow's peace. Scindiah and Holkar had engaged us with regular armies, they were beaten to the ground, and we had only to impose such terms as should keep them quiet for the future, instead of which we left them entire to profit by

their experience. Accordingly, they have employed ten years in adopting a system of war better suited to their circumstances, and we must have another and perhaps a longer tussle, before we get them down again. I should hope Scindiah would stay quiet at present, and let us station a force in Bhopaul, after which we must lie on our oars, and not complete the confederation of the Nerbuddah until we have more leisure. When we once begin in earnest on the protection of the Peishwah's country in that neighbourhood, I think we must have a war with Scindiah; and even if we avoid that, we must one day have a Pindarree hunt, which is the same thing.' And then he added, with one of those rapid transitions from politics to literature which are so charmingly frequent in his letters, 'I wish your work were done before that time comes. Pottinger's has gone home on a ship that sailed yesterday.* . . . I wish I had mine back again, but as I cannot, I trust to the divine enemy. Stick to the method of Tacitus.'

It is beyond the scope of such a personal narrative as this to enter minutely into the complicated history of Mahratta politics at that time. The situation was well described by Metcalfe, in a few sentences, when he said: 'There is Runjeet Singh looking eagerly on from the north-west.

* The works to which reference is here made are Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Henry) Pottinger's 'Account of Beloochistan,' and Mr Jenkins's 'Report on Nagpore.' The latter, in which Mr Elphinstone took great interest, and which had the benefit of his revision, never appealed to the public and the critics, but, printed in an official shape, it has had many diligent students, and has ever been highly appreciated as one of the best Indian monographs in existence.

There is Meer Khan within a few marches of the Agra and Delhi frontiers. There are Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar settling whether they shall attack us or not; and thus virtually menacing our frontier from Agra down to Cuttack. There are the Pindarrees ready to pour themselves into every defenceless country.' It has already been told that these lawless depredators were the enemies with whom, in the general interests of peace and order, it was our first business to contend; * and as soon as the conclusion of the Nepaul war afforded the means of organizing a large force for operations in Central India, the orders were given, the grand army was collected, and the Governor-General, who was also Commander-in-Chief, placed himself at its head. Although the primary and ostensible object of the assembling of the force was the extirpation of these hordes of freebooters, it seemed from the first to be more than probable that a war with the substantive Mahratta States would follow these first movements. The Mahrattas, indeed, were convinced that this was our design; and, as the Princes and Chiefs of India are more frequently driven into hostility by their fears than by their resentments, there could be little doubt as to the ultimate result.

But the exact shape that the conflict might take was long doubtful. It had been the policy of the British Government to support the Peishwah against the lesser chieftains who threatened his authority; and it would still have been our policy, if the man himself had been worthy of our confidence. But he was essentially a weak Prince, and, in his weakness, suspicious on the one hand and treacherous

* *Ante.* Memoir of Sir John Malcolm, p. 282.

on the other. He had more than the ordinary amount of Mahratta guile, and less than the wonted Mahratta courage. From the first, the insincerity of his character had been clear. 'This Badjee Rao will never do!' had been the dictum of Sir Arthur Wellesley more than ten years before; and it was now the dictum of Mr Elphinstone. Like other Princes, equally vicious and weak, he had thrown himself into the hands of a Minister who was vicious but not weak —a man named Trimbuckjee, who gained an ascendancy over the Peishwah by professing extreme subserviency to him, and declaring that he would commit any atrocity at his master's bidding, including, if so called upon, the great sacrilegious iniquity of killing a cow. In course of time, he proved his sincerity by committing a crime only one degree lower in the Hindoo scale—he murdered a Brahmin. It was a political no less than a religious offence, for the Brahmin was an ambassador from the Guicowar of Baroda. He had offended the Peishwah, so Trimbuckjee caused him to be assassinated in the public streets. This story has often been told before, and need not be related in detail. It was the bloody prologue to other great tragedies, ending in the downfall of the throne of Poonah. From that time the extinction of the power of the Peishwah became only a question of time.

When intelligence of this prodigious outrage reached Mr Elphinstone, he addressed an earnest and dignified remonstrance to Badjee Rao, and called upon him at once to apprehend the Minister, and cause him to be placed in confinement until his Highness and the Governor-General could have an opportunity of consulting on the subject. 'A

foreign ambassador,' he said, 'has been murdered in the midst of your Highness's Court. A Brahmin has been massacred almost in the temple, during one of the greatest solemnities of your religion, and I must not conceal from your Highness the impunity of the perpetrators of this enormity has led to imputations not to be thought of against your Highness's Government. Nobody is more convinced of the falsehood of such insinuations than I am; but I think it my duty to state them, that your Highness may see the necessity of refuting calumnies so injurious to your reputation. I beg you also to observe, that while Trimbuckjee remains at large, his situation enables him to commit further acts of rashness, which he may undertake on purpose to embroil your Highness with the British Government. He is at the head of the administration at Poonah, and has troops at his command; he is likewise in charge of your Highness's districts, which are contiguous to the possessions of the British Government, and of the Nizam and the Gaekwar; and, even though he should raise no public disturbance there, I cannot but consider with uneasiness and apprehension in what manner your Highness's affairs will be conducted. For these reasons, it is absolutely necessary that immediate steps should be taken, as your Highness will be held responsible by the Governor-General for any acts of violence which Trimbuckjee may commit after this intimation. I therefore again call on your Highness to adopt the course which I have pointed out to you, as the only one which can restore confidence to the public ministers deputed to your Court.'

Reluctant as he was to surrender his favourite, Badjee

Rao was, after a while, awed into submission. Trimbuckjee was given up, and confined in the fortress of Tanna, on the island of Salsette. But his captivity was not of long duration. A Mahratta groom, in the service of the English commandant, contrived to effect his release. One morning, groom and prisoner were absent from their places, and pursuit was in vain. It was suspected that Trimbuckjee had made his way straight to his master's presence, and that for some time he was concealed in the private recesses of the palace. Such privacy, however, was not long endurable by one of his restless, intriguing nature, and his implacable hostility to the British. As the year advanced, there were evidences of his activity abroad in the unsettled state of the country around Poonah. First from one point, then from another, there came tidings of the gathering of armed men, which the Peishwah either wholly denied, or declared to be harmless and unmeaning. Mr Elphinstone, however, was not a man to be deceived by such assurances as these. He knew that Badjee Rao was hastening to destruction; that the final rupture, which was to cost him his throne, was now only a question of time. Seldom, indeed, had a Minister at a foreign Court, either in the Eastern or the Western world, a more difficult part to play than that which now devolved upon Mr Elphinstone. Of the treachery of the Peishwah there was no doubt. Not only was he most unmistakably sanctioning, if not actually ordaining, the hostile gatherings which were keeping the country in a state of excitement, but he was endeavouring to corrupt the fidelity of our British Sepoys, and of all the people employed at the Residency. There was an immense

amount of money in the Peishwah's territory, and he used it freely for the bribery of our people. He flew at high game, for he tried even to purchase the services or the information of European officers. But Elphinstone knew well what he was doing; and, though he betrayed no symptom of suspicion, he was so thoroughly acquainted with what was going on in the Palace, that Badjee Rao afterwards told Sir John Malcolm that the Resident knew every day precisely what he had for dinner.

So, all through the year 1816 and the early part of 1817, it was hard to say whether it was Peace or War between the Peishwah and the English Government as represented by Mountstuart Elphinstone. It was an occasion that demanded the utmost vigilance on the part of the Resident, and that great union of caution and courage which is only to be found in minds of the highest order. It would be impossible, I think, to speak in exaggerated language of praise of the great qualities which Elphinstone exhibited at this time in the midst of almost unprecedented difficulties. It was his duty to imbue himself with the policy of the Government, and whether he thought that policy were right or wrong, to work it out to the utmost of his power. Both Elphinstone and Metcalfe thought that it would have been wiser not to defer so long the settlement of accounts with the Mahratta chiefs. But as Lord Hastings and his Government had otherwise determined, Elphinstone resolved to do all in his power to stave off as long as possible the inevitable collision with the Peishwah whilst there was other work in hand to engage the attention and to absorb the resources of the State.

But day after day he expected that the hour would arrive when it would be possible to temporize no longer. How difficult it was to avert the final resort to arms may be gathered from the following story, told by General John Briggs, who at that time was one of the assistants to the Resident:* 'One night, after a day that had been passed in considerable anxiety, owing to reports of troops brought into the town, I received certain information that the cattle for the guns had been sent for, and had arrived an hour before, that the artillery were drawn up in front of the park, that the streets were full of mounted men, and that the Peishwah was in full durbar discussing with his chiefs the subject of immediate war. I hastened to inform Mr Elphinstone, whom I found sitting in a large tent, engaged in playing a round game of cards with a party, among whom were several ladies. He saw me enter, and observed my anxiety to speak to him, but he continued his game as usual for half an hour, when after handing the last lady of the party into her palanquin, he came up to me rubbing his hands, and said, "Well, what is it?" I told him the news, which he received with great sang froid, and we walked together to the Residency office. There we encountered the European Commandant of the Contingent, above alluded to, on which Mr Elphinstone asked him the latest news from the city. He appeared not to be aware of what

* This anecdote is a contribution to Sir Edward Colebrooke's excellent Memoir. There are few writers of Indian history or biography, in the present day, who are not greatly indebted to General Briggs for the valuable and interesting information which he has afforded them; and perhaps no one in a greater degree than myself.

was in progress, but observed that the Minister, whom he had just left, had told him that the Peishwah had discharged some of the troops lately enlisted, and that all was quiet. Mr Elphinstone then called on me to state what I had heard, and distinctly told the Commandant that he did not believe a word that he said. The latter said that his information was from the *Minister himself*, and that as to the troops in the streets, he did not observe any beyond the usual patrols, and knew nothing about the arrival of gun-bullocks. The moment was critical; the Residency was incapable of being properly defended, especially by the ordinary escort, and the idea of attacking the Peishwah at once from the cantonment, though hastily expressed, was subsequently abandoned. Mr Elphinstone resolved to defer doing anything until the morning, and then to take such precautionary measures as he might deem proper. I believe that neither I nor he had much sleep during that anxious night. The night fortunately passed quietly, owing, as was said, to the opposition to war evinced by some of the Ministers. Badjee Rao was physically an arrant coward; he had always displayed this weakness, and was not ashamed to avow it. No steps were, therefore, taken by either party during the night, but in the morning a requisition for a re-inforcement was made, and two guns accompanied it to the Residency.'

On the 17th of October, Elphinstone wrote to his friend Richard Jenkins, at Nagpore, saying: 'I suppose that you are very busy, being so near the scene of action. Are your Mahratta Ministers as intriguing, prevaricating, shuffling, lying, cavilling, grumbling, irritating a set of

rascals as mine are here? If I recollect them right, they are not. I think Jeswunt Rao and the rest had some little candour when they were in the right, and some little sense of shame when they were in the wrong, of which there is no trace here. Certainly your sweeping judgment during the last troubles would have been safer in the end than the more moderate course adopted, and not less just.' A fortnight later, it was evident that the anticipated rupture had become a question of hours. Appearances were more and more threatening. The enemy were swarming around the English position, waiting for a signal to throw off the mask. The story may best be told in Mr Elphinstone's own words. On the 30th of October he wrote privately to Captain Agnew, who was an assistant to Sir John Malcolm, and at that time representing his superior with the force under Sir Thomas Hislop: 'To prevent your hearing false reports of what has been going on here, I write to you in this form, without waiting to make out an official despatch. You know how the Peishwah has been going on lately, and you also know that I wished to keep everything back as much as possible, for fear of interfering with our negotiations at Gwalior by any appearance of a rupture here. This led me to allow the Peishwah to assemble his troops, which he has done with a degree of celerity that I did not think he could have displayed. I also allowed them to occupy their usual stations, none of which were close to our camp, and though of no consequence while the parties were small, became very threatening in the present state of the Peishwah's army. In spite of all my forbearance, however, the Peishwah's preparations threw

the whole country into a ferment. Poonah began to be deserted, and there was an universal opinion that we were speedily to be attacked. During all this time I was watching the Peishwah's intrigues with the Sepoys, and about the 27th I found them going on with increased boldness, and repeated offers were also made to several of our dependents to join against us, and a large sum of money, with a quantity of shawls, &c., were sent into camp in the night. The Peishwah's troops began to hold themselves in readiness, and it appeared that they were about to execute the plan attributed to them in their dealings with the Sepoys — to attack or overawe our camp so as to enable their partisans to come over and induce those who hesitated to join them. Independently of all temporary circumstances, you must know, by the reports that have been made, the wretched position occupied by our brigade among trees and enclosures close to the town. This, combined with the security which we were obliged to affect for the purpose of keeping off a crisis, put it in the Peishwah's power, if he had the spirit, to surprise our camp any night he pleased, and, even if there were no disaffection, to throw us into irrecoverable confusion. The time, however, was limited; for the Bombay European Regiment was on its march here, and, if allowed to come on as quickly as at first intended, would be here on the 1st or 2nd. It could not be hurried on without disclosing our suspicions; so that it seemed more than probable, both from the reason of the thing and from the Peishwah's proceedings, that if ever he did anything he would endeavour to strike a blow before the regiment arrived. On considering all these circum-

stances, I thought it best to put the brigade in a posture of defence, which, besides the direct advantage of being on our guard, gave us that of bringing the Peishwah's plots to a crisis at a time when he was not perhaps prepared, and freed us from the appearance of timidity produced by our dissembling the knowledge of proceedings which were the talk of the whole country. I therefore wrote to the European regiment to come on as fast as possible, without regard to anything except the health of the men; and I likewise begged Colonel Burr (who commands here) to keep his men within the lines, and to remove some great defects in the state of our ammunition and provisions. At the same time, I sent to the Peishwah to say that mere military principles required our officers to be on their guard when closely contiguous to another army; that I had therefore authorized them to take the requisite steps, but that I had no suspicion of the Peishwah; and as there were no discussions pending between the Governments, he had nothing to do but remain quiet, and everything would go on as smoothly as ever. This created no great sensation at the time, except affected indignation at being suspected; but as soon as it was dark the whole army got under arms, and I really thought that we should have had a breeze. All, however, is now quiet (at ten A.M.). I expect the European regiment in this afternoon, and shall then encamp the whole brigade at Khirkee—a good position, out of the reach of surprise, and not easily accessible to the agents of corruption. I shall then have nothing to think of but soothing the Peishwah. I shall take the greatest care to keep the matter of the seduction of

the Sepoys secret. I do not think it can have gone far.'

In another letter, written to Lord Hastings on the 7th of November, the story is continued: 'In pursuance of the system of confidence which seemed necessary to make the Peishwah a useful ally, and even to prevent our enemies from calculating on his assistance, I had allowed his troops to occupy their usual stations round our cantonments. . . . . His Highness had always strongly opposed the movement of our cantonments. . . . . The moment of our removal would, therefore, in all probability, be the one in which his Highness would proceed to carry his plans into execution. . . . . This consideration, and a wish to assist our negotiations in Hindostan by keeping off to the last a rupture with the Peishwah, induced me to postpone the removal of the cantonment till the arrival of the Bombay European Regiment, which was expected on the 2nd of November. . . . . There was, indeed, every indication of an intention on the Peishwah's part to attack it before it should be joined by the European regiment. . . . . His preparations were now too open to be explained away, even if Scindiah should enter into our views; and the expense of them was too great for him to support for any length of time. He became bolder in his intrigues both with our Sepoys and dependents, and I received information of his sending fifty thousand rupees and some dresses of linen into our camp on the night of the 27th, as if on the conclusion of a bargain. . . . . In consequence of this state of things, I wrote on the 29th to Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, commanding the European regiment, to hasten his march, so as to arrive on the 30th, and I requested Colonel Burr

to keep the brigade on the alert. At the same time, I sent a message to the Peishwah, representing what I did as a mere military arrangement, adopted (as was the case) at the instance of the commanding officer, intended solely to maintain that state of security which is essential to disciplined troops in the immediate neighbourhood of another army, and unconnected with any design against him. . . . . On the 1st the brigade moved to its new ground. The Peishwah sent a message to me on the night of the 31st, to request it might be allowed to remain for a time at least, to which I replied by reminding his Highness that the brigade was moving by orders from Sir Thomas Hislop, but I said that, if his Highness was anxious that it should hereafter return, I would communicate his wish to his Excellency.'

After the removal of the British cantonments, the demeanour of the Peishwah's troops became more and more insolent and aggressive;* the cantonments were plundered without obstruction from the Peishwah's Government, and 'an officer on the road to Bombay was also attacked, wounded, and plundered in open day, about two miles

* The movement was believed, or at least declared, to be, of the nature of a flight. Mr Elphinstone, writing a few days afterwards, said: 'On the arrival of the Bombay European Regiment, I moved the cantonment to this delightful position (Khirkee), and felt quite relieved when I saw it established here; but the impression made in town, and diligently encouraged by Gokla, was, that the Feringhees had fled before the invincible arms of Sreemunt, and would be soon clear out of the country. These feelings were shown with great insolence; our cantonments were plundered, a gentleman was wounded and robbed of his horse at Gunesh Kind, and it became unsafe for an officer to ride even between our old camp and our new.'

from Bombay.' General Smith, anticipating a rupture with the Peishwah, had concentrated his forces at Phool-tamba, recalling his detachments from the Ghauts. 'He likewise,' says Mr Elphinstone, 'ordered the light battalion, which was on its route to join him, to return to Seroor. . . . I wrote on the day before yesterday (the 4th) to order the light battalion and one thousand of the auxiliary horse that were at Seroor to march to Poonah.' The Peishwah said that 'he had heard of the approach of General Smith, and the near arrival of the battalion from Seroor; that this was the third time we had assembled troops at Poonah, and he was determined to bring things to an early settlement.' The Peishwah deputed Wiltojee Naik, one of his immediate servants, to make certain demands upon the British Resident for the removal of the cantonments, for the dismissal of the European regiment, and for the reduction of the native brigade. And here Mr Elphinstone may be left to tell the story himself, in his own words, as contained in a private letter which he addressed to Captain Close, and which has more graphic interest than the official report: 'The Peishwah,' he wrote on the 11th of November, 'who perhaps had been flattered by Gokla that all his preparations should be made without his getting into a scrape, now saw that he must throw off the mask. Accordingly he sent a very bullying message to desire I would move the cantonment to such place as he should direct, reduce the strength of the native brigade, and send away the Europeans; if I did not comply, peace would not last. I refused; but said I was most anxious for peace, and should not cross the river towards Poonah, but if his army came

towards ours we should attack it. Within an hour after, out they came with such readiness, that we had only time to leave the Sungum with the clothes on our backs, and crossing the river at a ford, march off to the bridge, with the river between us and the enemy. The Sungum, with all my books, journals, letters, manuscripts, &c., was soon in a blaze, but we got safe to the Khirkee bridge, and soon after joined the line. While the men and followers were fording, we went ourselves to observe the enemy. The sight was magnificent as the tide rolled out of Poonah. Grant,* who saw it from the height above the powder-cave,

* Better known as Grant Duff, author of the 'History of the Mahrattahs,' in which valuable work the illustration cited by Mr Elphinstone is to be found. The following passage, in which it is contained, is altogether very striking: 'On ascending one of the eminences on which they were forming, the plain beneath presented at that moment a most imposing spectacle. This plain, then covered with grain, terminates on the west by a range of small hills, while on the east it is bounded by the city of Poonah, and the small hills already partially occupied by the infantry. A mass of cavalry covered nearly the whole extent of it, and towards the city endless streams of horsemen were pouring from every avenue. Those only who have witnessed the Bore in the Gulf of Cambay, and have seen in perfection the approach of that roaring tide, can form the exact idea presented to the author at the sight of the Peishwah's army. It was towards the afternoon of a very sultry day, there was a dead calm, and no sound was heard except the rushing, the trampling, and the neighing of horses, and the rumbling of the gun-wheels. The effect was heightened by seeing the peaceful peasantry flying from their work in the field, the bullocks breaking from their yoke, the wild antelopes, startled from sleep, bounding off, and then turning for a moment to gaze on this tremendous inundation which swept all before it, levelled the hedges and standing corn, and completely overwhelmed every ordinary barrier as it moved.' From this, and from Mr Elphin-

described it as resembling the Bore in the Gulf of Cambay. Everything was hushed except the trampling and neighing of horses, and the whole valley was filled with them like a river or flood. I had always told Colonel Burr that when war broke out we must recover our character by a forward movement that should encourage and fix our own men, while it checked our enemies, and I now, by a lucky mistake, instead of merely announcing that the Peishwah was at war, sent an order to move down at once and attack him. Without this, Colonel Burr has since told me, he would not have advanced. However, he did advance. We joined, and, after some unavoidable delay, the Dapooree battalion joined too. When opposite to the nullah we halted (injudiciously, I think) to cannonade, and at the same time the enemy began from twelve or fifteen guns. Soon after, the whole mass of cavalry came on at speed in the most splendid style. The rush of horse, the sound of the earth, the waving of flags, the brandishing of spears, were grand beyond description, but perfectly ineffectual. One great body, however, under Gokla and Moro Dixit, and some others, formed on our left and rear, and when the first battalion of the 7th was drawn off to attack Major Pinto, who appeared on our left, and was quite separated from the European regiment, this body charged it with great vigour, and broke through it and the European regiment. At this

stone's graphic letter to Captain Close, a just impression of the picturesque grandeur of the scene may be derived. In some parts of the Resident's description, as in 'the rush of horse, the *sound of the earth*' (*quadrupedante sonitu*, &c.), the reader will discern marks of Elphinstone's classical reading.

time the rest of the line was pretty well occupied with shot, matchlocks, and, above all, with rockets, and I own I thought there was a good chance of our losing the battle. The first battalion of the 7th, however, though it had expended all its ammunition, survived the charge, and was brought back to the line by Colonel Burr, who showed infinite coolness and courage, and, after some more firing and some advancing, together with detaching a few companies to our right, towards the little hill of Gunesh Kind, we found ourselves alone in the field, and the sun set. I was at first for advancing to the water at the Sait garden, but was persuaded it was better to return, which it was. If we had not made this movement forward, the Peishwah's troops would have been quite bold, ours cowed, and we doubtful of their fidelity; we should have been cannonaded and rocketed in our own camp, and the horse would have been careering within our picquets. As it is, the Peishwah's army has been glad to get safe behind Poonah, and we have been almost as quiet as if encamped on the Retee at Delhi. We did not lose a hundred men altogether, and we have quite set our name up again. That the Peishwah should not give us another field-day before General Smith comes in (which he will by the 14th), is incredible. But the Mahrattas are unaccountable animals.' It was characteristic of Elphinstone that he said little about his own achievements. But, in truth, he fought the battle, and was the real hero of the day. He suffered severely too. 'All my writing implements,' he reported to Government, 'with everything I had, except the clothes on my back, have formed part of the blaze at the Residency, which is now

smoking in sight.' His 'writing implements' were his books and manuscripts—his journals and notes—materials for future literary works, with pleasant schemes of which his brain was then teeming. The loss of these last was the nation's loss, and it was wholly irreparable.*

Having had this taste of the quality of our troops, the Mahrattas were disinclined to give us further battle, and for some days active hostilities were suspended. But the interval was fatal to the Peishwah. Reinforcements, under General Smith, were hastening to Mr Elphinstone's assistance. On the 13th they arrived at Poonah, and arrangements were immediately made for an attack on the Peishwah's camp. The blow, however, was not struck until the 17th; and then it fell upon a routed army. The advance of our divisions was sufficient to scare the enemy; they saw that all hope of resistance was utterly futile; so they broke and fled. The game was all up with the Peishwah and his advisers, and the great city of Poonah lay prostrate and helpless at our feet.†

* Some of our readers will recall to mind what Cowper wrote of the burning of Lord Mansfield's books and manuscripts—those happy lines ending with :

'Their pages mangled, burnt, and torn,
The loss was his alone;
But ages yet to come shall mourn
The burning of his own.'

† The following characteristic anecdote is related by General Briggs : 'As an instance of Mr Elphinstone's great kindness to others, and attention to the most minute points in times of trouble and turmoil, I cannot help relating that immediately after the battle of Khirkee he sought out my family, which had found refuge in a cow-

Then all the humanity of Elphinstone's nature was roused within him, and how to save the city from the fury of the troops became his first care in the emergency that had arisen. There were many circumstances to inflame the passions of the British soldiery, and he scarcely hoped to be able to extinguish them. 'After the flight of the army,' he wrote to Lord Hastings, 'General Smith took measures for reducing the city of Poonah, if necessary, and for saving it, if practicable, from the fury of our troops. This had long been an object of great anxiety to General Smith, and the consideration of it had entered into all his plans for the defeat of the army. The plunder and destruction of our Residency and Cantonments, the losses of many of the Sepoys, the disgraceful circumstances of the murder of the officers at Tulligaum, the massacre of the wives of the Sepoys who had fallen into the enemy's hands on the 5th, the mutilation of a Sepoy who had been taken prisoner while straggling from General Smith's line of march, and many other acts of impotent rage on the part of the Peishwah's Court, had raised the indignation of the men to the highest pitch, and they did not conceal their eager desire to revenge themselves by sacking and plundering the enemy's capital. In this state of the feelings of

shed; he procured a table and writing materials, and then and there wrote his despatches. A hasty meal of tea and bread-and-butter sufficed him after all the labours of the day, and by daylight he started with the troops in pursuit of the enemy. 'In the first moment of leisure, he caused a list of articles of supplies to be made out, which, together with a tent for my family, he purchased and sent to them. It was thus, in the midst of business, Mr Elphinstone forgot nothing.' —*Colebrooke's Memoir in Asiatic Journal.*

the army, it appeared difficult to save Poonah in any circumstances, and impossible in the event of resistance. To obviate the last danger, General Smith and I sent letters in duplicate flags of truce to the Peishwah and Gokla offering to protect the town, if evacuated; and warning them of the consequence of holding out. One copy was carried on to the Peishwah and Gokla, who promised an answer, but never sent it; the other was given open to the person in charge of the Peishwah's fortified palace, who promised an answer by noon. Before he arrived, Hurree-Rao, the banker generally employed by the Company, came to solicit protection for the bankers and merchants, and offered to establish our guards in the city. In this he succeeded, though some contemptible preparations had been made for defence. Guards were posted at the four principal public offices and the Peishwah's palace, which may be considered as the citadel of Poonah. Every arrangement was made by General Smith for the security of the place. Some trifling excesses were committed in the suburbs before there was time to take precautions, but the city suffered no injury, and the loss of property was quite insignificant. Considering all circumstances, the forbearance of the troops deserved high admiration. General Smith's success in protecting Poonah is attended with very important advantages, tending to maintain our general reputation, and to conciliate friends in the present contest, and as preserving a very fertile source of supply both of money and of commodities for the army.'*

* The fine soldierly qualities of Mr Elphinstone, as evinced

So Badjee Rao became an outcast and a fugitive; * and Mountstuart Elphinstone, as was sportively said at the time, became Peishwah in his place. A new career now opened itself out before him. He had, up to this time, been distinguished mainly as a diplomatist. In that capacity he had evinced, in a remarkable degree, the sagacity to foresee and to overcome all difficulties, and the high courage which encounters all dangers with a cool and resolute bearing. But he was now to find another field for the exercise of his great abilities. Henceforth he was to shine as an administrator. The territories ruled by the Peishwah were to become part and parcel of the British dominions. He had forfeited them by acts of treacherous hostility; and

throughout these operations, were thus extolled by Mr Canning in the House of Commons: 'Mr Elphinstone (a name distinguished in the literature as well as the politics of the East) exhibited, on that trying occasion, military courage and skill which, though valuable accessories to diplomatic talents, we are not entitled to require as necessary qualifications for civil employment. On that, and not on that occasion only, but on many others in the course of this singular campaign, Mr Elphinstone displayed talents and resources which would have rendered him no mean General in a country where Generals are of no mean excellence and reputation.' The Duke of Wellington had written in a like strain many years before. That Elphinstone fought and won the battle of Khirkee is not to be doubted; but the reader will observe that he assigned all the merit to Colonel Burr, who was, in truth, old and infirm, and little capable of contending with such a crisis. Even the directions which Elphinstone gave for the advance of the British troops, he modestly describes as a fortunate mistake.

* In the preceding Memoir of Sir John Malcolm (pages 292—294), some account is given of the circumstances of Badjee Rao's surrender, and of the cession of his territories to the British Government. The story need not, therefore, be repeated in this place.

the English Government deemed it essential to their security to curb for ever his power to threaten the paramount State and disturb the peace of the country.

The year 1818 found Mr Elphinstone entering upon his new duties as 'Commissioner,' or Governor, of the Poonah territories. I remember once to have heard a distinguished English writer declare his opinion that our Anglo-Indian statesmen had been much overrated, for that it was 'very easy to govern people of that kind.' There could not be a more prodigious mistake. To govern a people aright, it is necessary that we should understand them aright. And it is anything but an easy matter to understand aright a people, or rather a congeries of peoples, differing from us and perhaps from each other, in their languages, their religions, their political institutions, and their social usages; least of all is it easy when these communities are to the last degree jealous and exclusive, and both suspicious and resentful of the approaches and inquiries of strangers. That during the years he had spent as representative of British interests at the Court of the Peishwah, he had gained much serviceable information relating to the character, and the usages, and the institutions of the Mahrattahs, is not to be doubted. But when he began to superintend the internal administration of the country, he acknowledged, with the true humility of wisdom, how much more he had yet to learn. In later days, men forsaking the traditions of the good old school of Munro, Malcolm, and Elphinstone, have ridden their favourite theories rough-shod over both the privileges and the prejudices of people newly subjected to our sway, never ques-

tioning their inclination to be measured by the Benthamite foot-rule of the European stranger. But half a century ago our statesmen, in a ceded or conquered country, held it to be their first duty to learn thoroughly the manner in which the natives of India had governed themselves, before prescribing the manner of governing for them. Now, this matter of native administration was, and is, a very heterogeneous and complicated affair, much good mixed up with much evil; and, noticeable above all things by those who care to investigate the truth, such a multiplicity of rights and privileges, derived from different sources and maintained by different tenures, that it demands very cautious treading, on the part even of the wisest and the justest, not to crush some of them under foot. It may be said, indeed, that in proportion as the British Administrator understands and respects these rights and privileges, his administration is successful. These great essential conditions of knowledge and of sympathy, Mr Elphinstone now, with his strong head and his large heart, most religiously fulfilled. He was not one to regard the overthrow of a Native Government as an unmixed benefit to the people. Indeed, at this time, he was fearful lest, in the conjuncture which had arisen, other native principalities might be overthrown; and he wrote to Mr Jenkins, April 13, 1818, saying: 'I hope that you are setting up a Native Government. One example is enough; and two entire conquests on our hands would embarrass us both in the acquisition and retention. I was far from thinking, as you supposed, that you ought to have deposed the Rajah at once. I thought you very right to keep him on his musnud,

although his folly baffled all calculation.' And that he was in no hurry to re-cast the administration of the Poonah territories, as he found it, is clearly evidenced by the fact that a year after the government had passed into his hands, he wrote to the same correspondent (January 17, 1819), saying: 'You ask what we are about, and how it happens that you do not hear from us. Both questions can easily be answered in one. We are learning the late system of Justice, Police, and Revenue, and considering what it suits us to establish in its room. In the mean time, as events will not wait till we have finished our deliberations, we are carrying on the Government on such principles as the studies alluded to suggest. All this occupies much time and labour. There are five of us belonging to the Commission, and all our hands are full all day. I omitted one branch of our labour, which is important enough—fixing the lands to be hereafter held by Jagheerdars. We are also carrying on an expedition against Sawunt Warree under Sir W. Kier, and we have military arrangements of distribution and reduction to superintend.'

That this settlement of the Peishwah's ceded districts is one of the greatest administrative successes which the British have ever accomplished in the East, is, notwithstanding later triumphs, still acknowledged after a lapse of nearly half a century. Throughout all that time it has been cited as a precedent, and followed as an example, by later generations of Indian statesmen; but it is still unsurpassed in the annals of the Empire. The change was a prodigious one, and it was no easy task to reconcile to it all classes of the native community. In later days, we have been wont

to assume, in such cases, not only the utter absence of all national feeling, but a craving after British rule, which never has existed and never will exist in the popular mind, however wise and beneficent our Government may be. Mr Elphinstone had no delusions of this kind. He knew that it would be a wise thing to flatter the nationality of the Mahrattahs of Western India, and the Government of Lord Hastings, adopting the views of the Resident, willingly consented to soothe the mortification of the conquered by erecting, on the downfall of the Peishwah, a new Mahrattah principality under the descendants of the House of Sivajee, who, at that time, were little more than State-prisoners. Rescued from their degradation, they were restored to limited power and authority by the erection of the Raj of Sattarah; and the national pride was gratified by the concession. This doubtless paved the way to Elphinstone's successes; but still it was no easy task that lay before him. If he had been a man of a less lively imagination, and of less comprehensive sympathies, he might have failed in such a conjuncture. But, as Resident, he had studied all classes of the people, and he had tried to think and to feel with them; and though he had interfered as little as possible in the internal affairs of the Poonah State, he had been compelled at times to exercise his influence, especially as arbitrator between the Peishwah and the privileged classes, who were continually in conflict with each other.* Years before he had written to Metcalfe a

* In a letter before me, written whilst Elphinstone was Resident at Poonah, he wrote with reference to these arbitrations: 'I have sent in a very long report, stating the history of the Jagheerdars, the rise

letter detailing the nature of his occupations at Poonah, and had said: 'Another employment is to prevent the destruction of the few old families that remain in this Empire, and that is almost the only internal affair with which we meddle, the plan here being the excellent one of really sticking to the treaty, and keeping off the evil day of our having to take the government into our own hands as long as possible. A still more difficult task is to prevent the Peishwah meddling in other people's affairs, of which he is very fond, and for which the vast pretensions of this Government afford many opportunities.' And now that the Peishwah was removed from the scene, Mr Elphinstone was equally eager to prevent the destruction of the old families, and he made it one of his first cares on assuming the administration, to inquire into the tenures of the privileged classes, and to deal with them not only justly but generously on the transfer of the sovereign power to the British Government. He felt that this course was demanded as much by sound policy as by right principle, and he never had cause to question its wisdom. Some years

and progress of their disputes with the Peishwah, the present state of his claims, the measures adopted by Lord Wellington to adjust them, the subsequent policy of the British Government and its effects, the plan of adjustment which I would now recommend, and the measures to be pursued for enforcing it. The plan was to strike off all claims for arrears, and, generally speaking, all claims the enforcing of which does not promise much future advantage. To call on the Jagheerdars to settle these claims, and offer our arbitration and guarantee, and in the event of any hesitation, to attack them with all the force we could assemble, but not to dispossess them if we could avoid it, as their Jagheers are better managed under them than they would be under the Peishwah.'

afterwards, when these alienations of revenue were under the consideration of the Supreme Government, and it seemed that a covetous eye had been cast upon them, Mr Elphinstone protested against resumptionary measures, adding: 'The maintenance of many of the chiefs in their possessions was certainly suggested, as supposed, by the Governor-General, for the purpose of avoiding popular discontent, and preventing the too rapid fall of great families, but in other cases it rested on the belief that the holders were entitled of right to their possessions; where a Jagheer was by the original grant made hereditary in the family of the grantee, there could be no doubt of the right of the descendant, but where there was no such grant (as was the case with almost all the Jagheers), the right rested on different grounds, arising from the territory of the Jagheers (or Surinjams, as they are called by the Mahrattahs). A Jagheer was usually granted during life, for the purpose of maintaining troops to serve the State. A small portion was set aside as a personal provision for the chief. This mode of maintaining troops being always kept up, there was no motive for removing the Jagheerdar, and consequently every grant was renewed on the death of each incumbent, his son paying a relief to the Government. When this practice had long subsisted, the Jagheer came to be regarded as hereditary, and the resumption of it would have been viewed as a violation of private property; the nature and history of Jagheers has so great an analogy to those of feudal benefices, that the manner in which this transition took place can be easily understsod in Europe.

The period for which a Jagheer had been held was, therefore, a very important point to advert to in deciding how long to continue it. I recommended that all granted by the Mogul Emperors or the Rajahs of Sattarah should be hereditary in the fullest sense of the word. The former must generally have been very long in the families which held them, and had survived two changes of dynasty. These do not seem now to be interfered with. The latest of the Sattarah grants must now be near a century old, and must have survived a change of dynasty besides our conquest. Surely there is enough to entitle the possessor to feel secure from future disturbance. On this principle, I believe, we stipulated with the new Rajah of Sattarah that he should not reserve such grants of his ancestors as lay within his territory, binding ourselves by implication (if the fact be as I have supposed) not to resume those within ours. What I can recollect of the history of the particular families whose lands it is now proposed to resume, confirms me in my former opinion. . . . . The Jagheerdars of the Peishwahs stood on a different footing: they had arisen under the dynasty which we subverted; none could have been in possession for more than seventy years, and they had been kept in mind by the exactions of service, as well as by occasional resumptions, of the real nature and extent of their tenure. Much consideration was, however, due to them as the actual possessors of power, and they were allowed to retain their personal lands for one or more generations, according to their merits or importance. No change has taken place in the condition of this class, and I cannot see

how any claim which they possessed at the conquest has been weakened since.' *.

It was, indeed, his desire to establish the new system of government, in all things, as much as possible, in conformity with the genius of the people. And in no respect did he consider it more important to refrain from a too summary introduction of English machinery and agency, than in the great matter of the administration of justice. 'In a report on the Settlement of the Ceded Districts, which he sent in to Government, and which since, in its printed form,† has been studied by later generations of Indian statesmen perhaps more than any other State-paper on the records, he dwelt, at considerable length, on this subject. After describing the rough-and-ready native system of judicial procedure, and commenting on its character and consequences, he said: 'Such are the advantages and disadvantages of the native administration of justice, which are to be weighed against those of the plan adopted in our provinces. If we were obliged to take them as they stood under the native Government, the scale would probably soon be turned; but as it is possible to invigorate the system, and to remove its worst abuses, the question is not so easily decided. The most striking advantages in our plan appear to be, that the laws are fixed, and that as means are taken to promulgate them, they may be known to every one. That the decisions of the Adawlut, being always on fixed

* From a Minute recorded by Mountstuart Elphinstone, when Governor of Bombay.

† It should be observed, however, that the whole of the report was not printed.

principles, may always be foreseen; that there is a regular and certain mode of obtaining redress; that the decision on each separate case is more speedy than in any native court, and that it is more certain of being enforced; that justice may be obtained by means of the Adawlut, even from officers of Government, or from Government itself; that the judges are pure, and their purity and correctness are guarded by appeals; and that the whole system is steady and uniform, and is not liable to be biased in its motions by fear or affection, policy or respect. On the other hand, it appears that, although the regulations are promulgated, yet, as they are entirely new to the people of India, a long time must pass before they can be generally known; and as both they and the decisions of the court are founded on European notions, a still longer period must elapse before their principles can be at all understood; that this obscurity of itself throws all questions relating to property into doubt, and produces litigation, which is further promoted by the existence of a class of men rendered necessary by the numerous technical difficulties of our law, whose subsistence depends on the abundance of lawsuits.'

Moved by these considerations, he determined to interfere, at the outset, as little as possible with native usages, and to leave to the infallible action of time to work out reforms from within. 'The plan,' he wrote, 'I have proposed has many obvious and palpable defects, and many more will no doubt appear when its operations are fully observed. It has this advantage, that it leaves unimpaired the institutions, the opinions, and the feelings that have hitherto kept the community together; and that, as its

fault is meddling too little, it may be gradually remedied by interfering when urgently required. An opposite plan, if it fail, fails entirely; it has destroyed everything that could supply its place, and when it sinks, the whole frame of the society sinks with it. This plan has another advantage likewise, that if it does not provide complete instruments for the decision of suits, it keeps clear of the causes that produce litigation. It makes no great changes, either real or apparent, in the laws, and it leads to no revolution in the state of property. The established practice, also, though it be worse than another proposed in its room, will be less grievous to the people, who have accommodated themselves to the present defects, and are scarcely aware of their existence; while every fault in a new system, and perhaps many things that are not faults, would be severely felt for want of this adaptation. I do not, however, mean to say that our interference with the native plan is odious at present. On the contrary, several of the Collectors are of opinion that a summary decision by an European judge is more agreeable to the natives than any other mode of trial. This may be the case at first, but if the decisions of Europeans should ever be so popular as to occasion the disuse of the native modes of settlement, there would soon be a run on the courts, and justice, however pure when obtained, would never be got without years of delay.'

The student of recent Indian history cannot fail to observe that the principles here enforced are widely at variance with those which some later administrators of high repute have carried with them to the settlement of our newly-acquired territories. Thirty years afterward, Sir

Henry Lawrence, whose policy it was to support native institutions, declared that our first administrative efforts in the Punjab had been marred by the error we had committed in endeavouring to do too much good. With a deeply-rooted, and, indeed, very natural conviction, that English systems are better than Indian systems, we are sometimes wont to pour new wine into old bottles until the bottles burst with a disastrous explosion. It was the peculiar wisdom of Mountstuart Elphinstone, that, at a time when there was a general disposition to sow broadcast the seeds of the 'Regulations' all over the land, he recognized the fact that the Hindoos are not a people addicted to change, but, on the other hand, naturally prone to resent and resist even beneficent innovations, and so he determined that the changes which were really desirable should appear to develop themselves naturally from within, rather than engraft themselves on the system by the force of external dictation. And thus, by exciting the fears of none, and offending the prejudices of none, he carried all classes with him, and they were gradually reconciled to our rule.

But it was not in the nature of things that there should not be some malcontents. It was not probable that such a revolution as this should be accomplished without some efforts to subvert the new dynasty. There are always some adherents of a deposed Prince to whom the presence of the white man ruling in his place is an offence and an abomination. Plots and conspiracies, which may or may not outwardly develop themselves, are the certain attendants of such a state of things. Elphinstone was, therefore, neither surprised nor unprepared, when positive proof was afforded him of a

plot, in which certain Mahrattah Brahmins were the chief agents, to murder all the Europeans at Poonah and Sattarah, and to re-establish the sovereignty of the Peishwah. It was then as necessary to display vigour and daring, as, in the general adjustment of affairs, mildness and consideration. So he caused the ringleaders to be seized and blown away from the mouth of a gun. This terrible example had the desired effect. It is related that Sir Evan Nepean, who was then Governor of Bombay, though he approved the act, was somewhat startled by its boldness, and advised Mr Elphinstone to ask for an act of indemnity. But the counsel was rejected. 'If I have done wrong,' he said, 'I ought to be punished; if I have done right, I don't want any act of indemnity.' *

From the performance of these important duties, which in effect were those of a Lieutenant-Governor of a great province, Mr Elphinstone was called to fill a still higher and more honourable post. In 1819, the chief seat in the Government of Bombay was vacated by the retirement of Sir Evan Nepean; and it became necessary to appoint a successor. I have shown in the preceding Memoir that Sir John Malcolm had expected to succeed to the vacant government. There were then three servants of the Company who had founded such high claims to distinction, that the appointment of either one of them to the post would have given general satisfaction throughout India, and with

* I am indebted for this anecdote to the interesting memoir of Mr Colebrooke. It is given on the authority of Mr Warden.

respect to whose several chances of succession public opinion was pretty equally divided. It is a remarkable fact that they were all three of them Scotchmen. One, Sir John Malcolm, had come from a small farm in Dumfries-shire; another, Sir Thomas Munro, from an obscure merchant's office in Glasgow; Mr Elphinstone alone had any aristocratic connections, but no one doubted for a moment that his prospects of succession would have been equally good if his origin had been as humble as his contemporaries'. He owed nothing to his birth; nothing to his family. It has been stated, indeed, that his uncle, Mr William Elphinstone, the director, consistently supported the claims of Sir John Malcolm. But when Mr Canning, who at that time presided at the India Board, named these three distinguished public servants, and intimated that the appointment of any one of them to the vacant government would meet with the approbation and receive the sanction of the Crown, the Court of Directors of the East India Company selected Mr Elphinstone to fill the office of Governor of Bombay.

He entered upon the duties of his government at no very stirring period of our history. There were no exciting events, and no exceptional circumstances of any kind, to give *éclat* to his administration. He went on from year's end to year's end, along the straight, quiet road of unostentatious beneficence. Not in one great measure or in another great measure—not in any individual actions standing prominently forward to claim the especial notice of the biographer—is the history of his success recorded; but in the completeness and consistency of the whole. If it be asked what he did at Bombay to earn so great a reputation as a statesman

and a ruler, it is enough to answer that he made for himself an enduring place in the hearts of the people. To write this is in effect to write that he was wise, and just, and humane. Bishop Heber* related of him that he had heard it said that 'all other public men had their enemies and their friends, their admirers and their aspersers, but that of Mr Elphinstone everybody spoke highly.' And there is still, after the lapse of forty years, no name in Western India more reverenced or more beloved than that of Mountstuart Elphinstone.

There was at this time a many-sidedness about Mr Elphinstone's personal character and habits which excited the surprise and admiration of all who had an opportunity of closely watching his career. His activity took first one

* Heber's picture of Elphinstone is so good that I cannot resist quoting a portion of it: 'Mr Elphinstone is, in every respect, an extraordinary man, possessing great activity of body and mind, remarkable talent for and application to public business, a love of literature, and a degree of universal information such as I have met with in no other person similarly situated, and manners and conversation of the most amiable and interesting character. While he has seen more of India and the adjoining countries than any man now living, and has been engaged in active political and sometimes military duties since the age of eighteen, he has found time not only to cultivate the languages of Hindustan and Persia, but to preserve and extend his acquaintance in the Greek and Latin classics, with the French and Italian, with all the elder and more distinguished English writers, and with the current and popular literature of the day, both in poetry, history, politics, and political economy. With these remarkable accomplishments, and notwithstanding a temperance amounting to rigid abstinence, he is fond of society; and it is a common subject of surprise with his friends in what hours of the day or night he found time for the acquisition of knowledge.'

shape and then another. You might have conceived, at one time, that he was an ardent sportsman, with all his heart in the chase; at another, that he was a literary recluse, with no thoughts beyond his books; and, again, that his whole mind was given up to the administrative duties of his office. The sport and the literature were in reality but the complements of his official life,—contributing, each in its way, to make up the full perfection of the statesman's character. For it may be said that great statesmen are seldom merely statesmen—that a man to be fit to encounter adequately the pressure of public affairs must have interests apart from the bureau, to keep his mind fresh and his nerves braced up for the contest. That Mr Elphinstone was a patient and laborious man of business, we know from the evidence of one of his chief secretaries. Mr Warden says that his conscientious consideration of all the details of his official business was such, 'that he took as much pains about a matter of five rupees as about the draft of a treaty.' Taken in their literal significance, I should say that these words express that which must be regarded as a defect in the character of a public man; but I conceive that the writer meant only to say that small affairs of government received, equally with great, the attention due to them in proportion to their several requirements. But, for all this laborious addiction to business, we are told that when Mr Elphinstone was on his visitation-tours (and he visited twice every part of the Presidency), there was 'always in the camp a shikaree (or huntsman), whose business it was to inquire for hogs, and whenever he brought in intelligence of game, Mr Elphinstone would proclaim a holiday, and go hunting

perhaps for one or two days, and he was fond of a chase at any time.' I have no doubt that the public business was done all the better for these interludes of recreation.

His self-sacrificing conscientiousness was clearly evinced at this time by the large reductions which he made in the expenses of the Government House establishment. He had received instructions from the Home Government to commence a course of retrenchment, and he thought that economy, like charity, should 'begin at home;' so he commenced the work committed to him by those reductions of expenditure which would most nearly affect himself. But he did not merely give prospective effect to these savings. Arguing, very strictly, with his own conscience, that what was sufficient then must have been sufficient before for the support of the Government House establishment, he paid back to the treasury, from his private resources, forty-five thousand rupees (£4500) of the money which he had expended before the orders were received from home.

But although, as I have said, the period of Mr Elphinstone's government of Bombay was historically uneventful, its monotony was sometimes relieved by threatenings of war and mutterings of intrigue and sedition. The adherents of the deposed Peishwah were playing that deep game which culminated at last, more than thirty years afterwards, in the massacres of Futtehghur and Cawnpore. Emissaries were going forth to all the Mahrattah Courts, and even to the Sikh country, sowing seeds which it might take the space of a generation to develop—but Hindoo intrigue is ever patient, watchful, and full of hope. 'Mr

Chaplin,' wrote Elphinstone to Metcalfe, in August, 1822, 'has contrived to get hold of a most secret and authentic source of information, by which he has discovered, beyond a doubt, that Badjee Rao is carrying on intrigues in his own dominions and at different Courts. Narroo Punt Apty, who quitted Badjee Rao on pretence of a quarrel, is his agent in Scindiah's camp. I should think him ill calculated for political intrigues, though the best soldier the Peishwah had. From his incautious character, Stuart might be able to find out what he is about, but great care should be taken that Stuart does not disclose our own knowledge of the intrigues going on. The great agent in this communication at Bhitoor is Viraik Nana Shrontee, who, unless I mistake the name (which I do not think I do), was one of the active agents in corrupting our troops, and who left Poonah for Hindostan shortly before I came here. The letters talk of intrigues in various directions, and speak of Scindiah as the only resource, but without saying that he is engaged in the cause. I think both Stuart (if he does not already) and Low—especially the latter—should send copies of their reports to Mr Chaplin. I have requested the latter to send agents to Bhitoor and Benares, because Poonah people are so much more likely than any others to penetrate all intrigue among their own countrymen. For this reason I have even desired him to send a news-writer to Bombay, where a branch of the intrigue appears to be carried on.' And then Mr Elphinstone proceeded to give a list of Badjee Rao's agents, as communicated to Mr Chaplin, his successor at Poonah, in which, though the names of the emissaries were identified, the places to which

they were despatched were sometimes disguised by cabalistic terms, intelligible only to the initiated.

There were troubles, too, in the country more to the westward—including certain prospects of the enforced castigation of Kolhapoor and of a war with Sindh—events the full development of which were reserved for a later period. On these subjects Elphinstone wrote to Metcalfe, in April, 1825: 'Though Kittoor is settled, the people of that country, being united by a peculiar religion, and encouraged by former successful rebellions, are not unlikely to give some trouble if they have an opportunity. The Rajah of Kolhapoor, a headstrong young man, has been seized with a military mania, and after making some conquests in his own neighbourhood, and assuming a very suspicious attitude during the insurrection at Kittoor, he has now appeared in the Rajah of Sattarah's frontier, and the last accounts hold out a strong prospect of his violating territory, either for the purpose of gratifying his resentment against a particular person who has taken refuge there, or for some less justifiable purpose. At the same time we have accounts of an eruption of a very considerable body of troops from Sindh into Cutch, which the Acting Resident conceives to have originated in the Government of Sindh, and to be directed to the subversion of our influence in Cutch. This is probably an exaggeration, but it is evidently a serious incursion. All these particular disturbances will probably subside, but they draw one's attention to the necessity of being prepared, and of knowing what means we have at hand in case of need. With this view I should be much obliged if you could give me some notion of the

aid we might expect from you. You have shown that you can come in very effectually to our assistance for a spurt, but you might not be able to do it permanently. Could you, for instance, occupy Sholapore permanently with one regiment of cavalry and two of infantry, if we wished to withdraw all the troops now there? and if you could do this, how long would it take? I should like also to know what force you have disposable in the Nizam's country, and how far the present state of things requires you to keep it ready to quell local disturbances?'

But it was with affairs of internal administration that his thoughts were at this time principally engaged. A quiet, unobtrusive career of beneficence lay before him. One who had recently brought from England a 'new eye'—a vision unobscured either by custom or by prejudice—visited Bombay, and wrote of Mr Elphinstone, saying: 'His policy, so far as India is concerned, appeared to me peculiarly wise and liberal, and he is evidently attached to, and thinks well of, the country and its inhabitants. His public measures, in their general tendency, evince a steady wish to improve their present condition. No Government in India pays so much attention to schools and public institutions for education. In none are the taxes lighter, and in the administration of justice to the natives in their own languages, in the establishment of punchayets, in the degree in which he employs the natives in official situations, and the countenance and familiarity which he extends to all the natives of rank who approach him, he seems to have reduced to practice almost all the reforms which had struck me as most required in the system of government

pursued in those provinces of our Eastern Empire which I had previously visited. His popularity (though to such a feeling there may be individual exceptions) appears little less remarkable than his talents and acquirements. . . . . Of his munificence, for his liberality amounts to this, I had heard much, and knew some instances myself.' The writer of this was Reginald Heber, already quoted, who was impressed above all things by Mr Elphinstone's ardour in the cause of native education.* The Bombay Governor was one of those who believed that the progress of education must eventually cause the withdrawal of the English from the country, but who was not, therefore, less disposed to promote it. Speaking of the wants of the natives, Bishop Heber wrote: 'More has been done, and more successfully, to obviate these evils in the Presidency of Bombay than in any part of India which I have yet visited, through the wise and liberal policy of Mr Elphinstone; to whom this side of the peninsula is also indebted for some very important and efficient improvements in the administration of justice; and who, both in amiable temper and manners, extensive and various information, acute good sense, energy, and application to business, is one of the most extraordinary men, as he is quite the most popular Governor, that I have fallen in with.' It was Mr Elphin-

* 'A society for the promotion of education existed at Bombay previous to Mr Elphinstone's succession to the Government; but attention to that of the natives formed only a branch, and an inferior branch, of its objects. The first establishment of a society, which should have the education of the natives only in view, dates from a meeting held in August, 1820, over which Mr Elphinstone presided.' —*Colebrooke.*

stone's opinion—as it is every one's opinion in these days—that education in India could not be placed on a solid foundation simply by the unaided efforts of the people. He felt that the great cause needed support and assistance from without, and unless the Government lent its strong sustaining hand, education must walk feebly and stumblingly through the land. Forty and fifty years ago 'experienced old Indians' stood aghast at the idea of State education; and, therefore, Mr Elphinstone is rightly to be regarded as one of the principal pioneers of the great system, the wisdom of which is now uniformly acknowledged. He met the chief native inhabitants on the common ground of a common good—told them that what would be to the advantage of the State would be doubly to the advantage of the people—that the Government and the community must, therefore, unite in promoting the intellectual improvement of the nation; and it is to the honour of both that the advice which he gave has never been forgotten. The wealthy inhabitants of Bombay, who, by public subscription, instituted the great Elphinstone College, have ever been most liberal not only in their support of the existing educational institutions of the country, but in striking out new paths for the intellectual and social advancement of the people.

Another great question to which Mr Elphinstone devoted his energies was that of legislative and judicial reform. It has already been shown that he was not one to go, after any blind and headstrong fashion, into crude experiments and rash innovations; but he clearly saw the advantage of systematizing and simplifying the laws or 'regula-

tions,' and he desired to bring together the best intelligence of Bombay for the formation of a code adapted to the transitional state of the society by which he was then surrounded. His old friend, Mr William Erskine, was then at the Presidency, and the Governor appointed him and two other gentlemen a committee to draw up a code of regulations, which was for many years, and is still, substantially, in force as the law and procedure of that part of the country. From his correspondence on this subject I take the following letter, written to an old friend and colleague in the Bengal Civil Service, whose name in such a volume as this ought not to be mentioned without an expression of admiration and respect. Mr William Butterworth Bayley was a noble example of that class of Civil servants who, whilst making no very prominent appearance on the page of history, contributed greatly to the consolidation and perfection of our Anglo-Indian Empire. His career was comparatively an uneventful one, for he did not accompany great armies into the field or negotiate treaties with Native Princes. But he rose to the very highest posts—even, for a little space, to the tenure of the Governor-Generalship—by the performance of the unostentatious duties of an administrator in the Judicial and Fiscal departments of the Service. 'Whilst yet in the prime of life, he returned to England, and became an honoured member of the Court of Directors of the East India Company; and those who only knew him in his later, I can hardly write his 'declining,' years, saw old age in its most attractive features; for there was an almost boyish freshness and cheerfulness about him which afforded the most remarkable contrast ever

seen to the traditional moroseness and querulousness of the retired Nabob. He was a member of the Supreme Council of India when Mr Elphinstone thus wrote to him: 'Poonah, September 3, 1822. Adam's letter, enclosing your memorandum, reached me so shortly before I left Bombay, that I have not had time till now to tell you how much I am obliged to you for it. It was a very great satisfaction to me to find that what you consider as the most important part of a new code is already established at Bombay. It seems to me that the establishment of great Zemindaries in Bengal, and (in a less degree) the practice of farming villages to one or more individuals in Hindostan, has prevented our being intimately acquainted with the tenures of the Ryots in those countries. In all the country under Bombay (except Broach) the settlements have always been more or less Ryotwar, and consequently the collectors were only made acquainted with all the rights and privileges which each individual could claim under his particular tenure. A regulation is now in progress, specifying all those tenures, from the simple right of occupancy up to the Meerassee, which approaches to the character of freehold property; this regulation will protect the holder of land under such tenure from any encroachment either on the part of the Government or of the person representing the Government, whether Jagheerdar, Zemindar, or Inamdar. This regulation will stand good whether we farm our villages to particular individuals or families (as you do in Hindostan), a plan attended with many advantages; whether we keep up (or introduce) the Ryotwar plan; or whether (which is least likely of all) we introduce the Bengal plan

of large Zemindaries. Besides the tenures of Ryots, there are tenures by which single villages are held (whether by single Potails or Putteedars). The rights of these classes, if they have any peculiar rights, will likewise be defined, and there will then only remain to fix the rights of Talookhdars, which in the language of the west of India means dependent Princes. Where these persons have been brought completely under our government, any rights that they may have left may be fixed by regulation, but where they are only arbitrary, as is generally the case, they must be the subject of instructions, not of regulations. In speaking of the rights of heads of villages and of Talookhdars, I mean those towards the Government, for towards the Ryots they are already settled by the part of the regulation to which I first alluded. I shall send you a copy of the regulation as soon as I get one myself. The register you recommend (like that of Scotland, Middlesex, and Yorkshire) is already established by one of our new regulations. The consolidation and compression of the present regulations which you recommend, as well as the improvements you suggest in the language, are in progress. The grand desideratum, however, of a code after the manner of Bentham, as recommended by Mill, is still at a great distance. The want of a Sanscrit scholar is an obstacle—I am afraid an insuperable one—to our even commencing on it. Commencing, indeed, is all I shall wish for. I would allow from a quarter to half a century before our code was matured enough, and the people enough prepared for it, to allow of its superseding the present code, if such a name can be applied to it. I have got to such a length that I must break off,

and I must not do so without again thanking you for the trouble you have taken, and the instruction you have afforded.'

Of Mr Elphinstone's personal habits at this time a minute account has been given by Mr Warden, then one of his secretaries, and afterwards a distinguished member of the Government of Bombay: 'During the eight years Mr Elphinstone was Governor of Bombay,' it is stated, 'he visited each part of the Presidency twice. I was with him as under-secretary during his last tour through the Peishwah's country. His habits, whether in the Presidency or in the Mofussil, were the same. He rose at daybreak, and, mounting one of a large stud he always had, rode for an hour and a half, principally at a hand gallop. He had a public breakfast every morning, and never left the room as long as one man desirous of speaking to him remained, but after that he was invisible to all but his suite. After luncheon he took a short siesta, and in the afternoon read Greek or Latin, and I have been called to him sometimes as late as six o'clock in the evening, and remained till there was only time left to stroll for half an hour before an eight o'clock dinner; at ten he rose from the table, and, reading for half an hour in his own room, went to bed. Although surrounded by young men, he never suffered the slightest indecorum, and if any one after dinner indulged in a *double entendre*, he would not say anything, but pushing back his chair broke up the party. We always had in the camp a Shikaree, whose business it was to inquire for hog, and whenever he brought in intelligence of game, Mr Elphinstone would proclaim a holiday, and go hunting for one or

perhaps two days, and he was fond of a chase at any time. In the midst of many striking excellences, that which placed him far above all the great men I have heard of was his forgetfulness of self and thoughtfulness for others.'* It may be added to this, that one of Mr Elphinstone's most striking characteristics was his juvenility of appearance, and, to a certain extent, of manner. In a private letter before me, written from Bombay in 1822, by one who had known him many years before, I read: 'I was exceedingly happy to find Mr Elphinstone looking so well. Indeed, Time had laid his hand so lightly on him, that with the exception of his hair being darker and thinner, I noticed scarcely any alteration since our last meeting fourteen years ago. He still continues as indefatigable as ever, and his spirits as buoyant.'

During his official tours through the country under his charge, he made a point of seeing everything that could add to his stores of knowledge, and he would go out of his way to see a celebrated temple or a venerable ruin, or any record of the historical past. There were times, too, when he indulged the hope that in the course of his wanderings he might come across old friends—especially such friends and such public servants as Malcolm, Jenkins, and Metcalfe —a meeting with whom would be something more than the mere intercourse of friendship. From his correspondence, in 1821-22, with the last of these eminent political officers, who was at that time Resident at Hyderabad, the following extracts will be read with interest: 'Camp, Feb. 8, 1821. I am now on the edge of Hindostan, and when

* I am indebted for this to Sir Edward Colebrooke's Memoir in the *Asiatic Journal.*

I began this letter I was going to Aboo, in the Joudpoor territory, half way to Oodeypore, to see a temple; but I have been obliged to give it up. I should like to see real Hindostan again, and so, I dare say, by this time would you.' 'Bombay, July 28, 1821. I suppose Malcolm has left you. I heard that Jenkins, you, and he were to meet at Aurungabad, and, as old Seton would have said, "*My heart yearned*" to be among so many diplomatists of the old school, to talk over old politics and old times. These are certainly flat times compared either to the old Mahratta war or to those when you and I set forth with the firm expectation of meeting on the Indus.' 'Poonah, Oct. 17, 1822. I am at this place taking a look at the Mahratta country. I intend to set out about the middle of next month on a tour, and to be at Sholapore before the end of it. I hear you are also going on a tour, and I mention my plans to you, because, if your route lies at all in the way of mine, it would be an excellent opportunity for us to meet, and for you to come on with me and see Beejapore, which I assure you is worth the pains even after Delhi, Agra, and Lahore. It is a long time since we had a political conversation, and I am now better qualified to talk over the Jummabundy than the politics of India, but we may still discuss the probable effects of long tranquillity, education, printing, &c., as well as the best mode of resisting a Russian invasion.' 'Nov. 5, 1822. I have just received your letter, and am much pleased with the chance I have of seeing you, of which, from what I had heard of your movements, I had begun to despair. I shall be at Sholapore on the 30th, and at Beejapore about the 8th. I meant to have stayed

only two days there, but would lengthen my stay to the utmost if I were likely, by doing so, to secure meeting you. The utmost, however, could be but little, on account of the people whom I have to meet at fixed times and places on my journey. Pray try and come. The whole distance to Beejapore is little more than a hundred and fifty miles, all through country which you ought to visit.' This meeting, so much desired by both, never became an accomplished fact. Metcalfe was at that time immersed breast-high in a sea of official trouble; and a painful correspondence with Lord Hastings, not a pleasant meeting with Mountstuart Elphinstone, was then occupying his time and his thoughts. He had, however, taken sweet counsel with Malcolm in the preceding year, and Malcolm had gone on, in the cold weather, to Bombay, where he had been Elphinstone's guest and had received quite an ovation from the communities of the western Presidency. It is pleasant to note these points of incidence in the careers of men whose lots were cast in strange and distant places—pleasant to think that these Three held each other in love and reverence to the last day of their lives. External, circumstantial rivalries there necessarily were; but no rivalries of the heart.

Mr Elphinstone presided over the Government of Bombay during a period of eight years, and then embarked for Europe, carrying with him the blessings of all classes of the community, Native and European. Sir John Malcolm, who had been appointed to succeed him, arrived on the 26th of October, and Elphinstone went on board to wel-

come him before the ship cast anchor. There were then two or three weeks, during which space the two old friends and fellow-workmen took counsel together; and then a great farewell entertainment was given to the departing Governor. The local chroniclers of the day report that, 'on the evening of the 14th of November, the European community gave a splendid ball and supper in honour of Mr Elphinstone, at Mr Newnham's bungalows on the Esplanade. The Governor, Sir John Malcolm, was present, and the Commander-in-Chief presided. About two o'clock Mr Elphinstone, surrounded by his old and approved friends, took leave of the party, and immediately embarked on board the Honourable Company's cruiser *Palinurus*, which conveys him to Kosseir.'

But this farewell entertainment, given to Mr Elphinstone by the cream of Bombay society, was but one, and perhaps the least, of many valedictory demonstrations which were made in his honour by the people whom he had governed so wisely and so well, and to whom he had endeared himself by his unfailing justice and benevolence. During the last days of his residence at Bombay, meetings had been held, and addresses poured in upon him from all quarters. Not one of these was received by him with greater satisfaction than that which came from the native committees, headed by the Rajah of Sattarah: 'Until,' they said, 'you became Commissioner in the Deccan and Governor of Bombay, never had we been able to appreciate correctly the invaluable benefits which the British dominion is calculated to produce throughout the whole of India. But having beheld with admiration for so long a period the affable and

encouraging manners, the freedom from prejudice, the consideration at all times evinced for the interests and welfare of the people of this country, the regard shown to their ancient customs and laws, the constant endeavours to extend amongst them the inestimable advantages of intellectual and moral improvement, the commanding abilities applied to ensure permanent ameliorations in the condition of all classes, and to promote their prosperity on the soundest principles, we have been led to consider the British influence and government as the most competent and desirable blessing which the Supreme Being could have bestowed on our native land.' And after much more in the same strain, they proceeded to declare that, 'whilst presenting this sincere tribute of applause to the highly liberal and enlightened principles by which Mr Elphinstone's public conduct has been so peculiarly characterized,' they felt that his 'private virtues particularly excited their admiration, gratitude, and respectful affection.' 'For,' they added, 'the accessibility, the absence of all form, and the urbanity with which you have always received persons of this country of all classes, the courtesy with which you have admitted them to your own parties, and the affable and unrestrained manner in which you have condescended to mix in their society, can only be ascribed to those amiable, generous, and high-minded sentiments, which shine so conspicuously in your every word and action.' To this he returned a reply full of characteristic kindness and geniality, in which he paid high tribute to his successor, his old friend, John Malcolm. 'Of its anxiety,' he said, 'to promote the happiness of this part of its dominions the Honourable Company could not

have given a more convincing proof than it has just afforded in the nomination of Sir John Malcolm to the Government of this Presidency. Distinguished as that eminent person is for all the qualities of a soldier and statesman, there is none for which he is more remarkable than for his esteem and attachment towards the natives of the country, and there is no character in which he is more ambitious of appearing than that of the Friend of India.'

A meeting of the British inhabitants was also held for the same purpose of voting a valedictory address, and of agreeing upon some fitting memorial whereby to perpetuate the recollection of the virtues of the departing statesman. It was held most becomingly on the anniversary of the battle of Kirkhee, and the speakers dwelt admiringly on the distinguished part which Mr Elphinstone had borne in that great historical scene. But that which elicited the warmest admiration of all was identical with the theme on which the natives of India had discoursed with so much gratitude and affection. 'Much higher praise,' said the Advocate-General, Mr Norton, 'remains to be spoken. He has exemplified in a signal manner that noble art which acquires for the conqueror the truest glory—I mean, in attaching to his sway the people whom he has subdued. How has the liberal plan of power by which he has governed the Indian provinces, the liberal institutions which he has founded and supported, the mildness of his administration, called forth the united voice of the native population in a manner altogether unprecedented—a voice far too loud to be mistaken or misrepresented? By the imperceptible introduction of new and fair and liberal laws,

which it has been his fortune recently to embody in one digested code—by the access he has afforded to all ranks according to their station—he has opened to the sight, at least of our Indian fellow-subjects, those principles of constitutional power, which are the best security for national advancement. But,' added the speaker, 'I must not be misunderstood. I am far from attributing to Mr Elphinstone the sudden and rash introduction of those visionary schemes of political liberty among this recently reduced people, which some advocate, or pretend to advocate—measures as ill adapted to their habits, feelings, and comprehension, as ruinous to their peace. I should hold it an accusation which no man would be justified in making. All national improvement to be effectual must be gradual. We are apt to become warped by our attachment to our own constitution, and sometimes conceive its principles to be of universal application. We forget the slow growth of its highest maxims in this country, and the intellectual meridian in which, and in which alone, according to my notions, they are calculated to shine.'

And these words are more deserving of being held in remembrance than most words that are spoken at public meetings, or embodied in complimentary addresses; for they indicate that which was, indeed, the chief element of Mr Elphinstone's greatness as an Indian statesman, and the main source of his success. It has been before observed, with reference to his administration of the districts ceded by the Peishwah, that he was not one of those English functionaries who looked at everything before and around him through the spectacles of national self-love; who could

see nothing good in native institutions, and nothing but good in European reforms. He carried with him the same principles to Bombay, and he consistently observed the same practice; and to the very end of his life he protested against those rash innovations and crude experiments, by precipitating which a new race of statesmen, bent upon Anglicizing everything, in season and out of season, were piling up for themselves and their country a mountain of future difficulty and disaster.

There was another point of view from which the services rendered by Mr Elphinstone to the Bombay communities were regarded. It was not forgotten that no man had ever done so much to impart to them a literary tone, and to encourage the dissemination among all classes both of Eastern and Western knowledge. These sentiments found fit exponents in the 'Literary Society of Bombay,' of which he had been the honoured president. At a meeting held shortly after his departure, a speech was made by Colonel Vans Kennedy, in the course of which he said: 'It was to that instructive intercourse, to that courtesy with which Mr Elphinstone listened to those with whom he conversed, to that unassuming and engaging manner with which he communicated the copious and diversified stores of his own knowledge, and to the bright example of his literary excellence, that is principally to be ascribed the more general diffusion of a literary taste throughout this Presidency. For it was impossible to be admitted into the society of so highly gifted an individual without admiring his commanding abilities, and being sensible that literature most eminently contributed to adorn his richly cultivated

mind; but what man admires he wishes to imitate, and though it is not likely that any person could entertain even the slightest expectation of emulating the numerous acoomplishments of Mr Elphinstone, he might still be permitted to hope that, by cultivating his own mind, he might render himself more worthy of the notice with which Mr Elphinstone honoured him.'

The memorials voted at these meetings took different shapes—some moral, and some material. The representatives of the native communities resolved: 'That the most satisfactory and durable plan of carrying their wishes into effect was by accumulating a fund of money, to be invested in Government securities, from the interest of which, according to its amount, one or more professorships (to be held by gentlemen from Great Britain, until the happy period arrive when natives shall be fully competent to hold them) be established, under the Bombay Native Education Society, for teaching the English language, the arts, sciences, and literature of Europe, and that these professorships, in compliment to the person in reference to whom the meeting has been convened, be denominated the "Elphinstone Professorships," * with the reservation, however, from the principal subscribed of a sufficient sum of money to defray the expense of a portrait of Mr Elphinstone, to be placed in the library of the Native Education Society.' The European

* There are, at this present time (1867), according to the Bombay Directory, five Professorships in the Elphinstone College: Logic and Moral Philosophy—Literature and History—Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—Oriental Languages—and Chemistry. All are still held by European gentlemen.

inhabitants concluded their address to Mr Elphinstone by saying: 'In order to perpetuate by ostensible memorials the remembrance of these sentiments and of the causes which have produced them, permit us to request that you will allow your statue to be sculptured in marble, in order that it may be erected in a suitable place in Bombay, and to solicit your acceptance of a service of plate, which will be prepared and presented to you in England.' And the Bombay Literary Society voted a memorial bust to be placed in the Society's rooms. Testimonials of these kinds—busts, statues, services of plate, and even public foundations—have in more recent times, been vulgarized by their frequency. But when Mountstuart Elphinstone bade farewell to Bombay, no such honours had ever been lavished in like degree upon a departing ruler; and never since have public admiration and affection so strongly marked the popular sense of the many-sidedness of a statesman's character.

Having no very close family ties in his old home, Mountstuart Elphinstone was in no great hurry to return to England; so he loitered upon the way, and visited the lands famous in the page both of the Sacred and the Classic Historian. In the land of his adoption he had read much and thought much of those places; his imagination had been kindled by the grand old associations which surrounded them, and he had longed ardently to see them with the fleshly eye. So he travelled slowly through Egypt, Syria, and Palestine, and lingered delightedly in Greece and Italy —thoroughly enjoying, after so many years of stirring official life, a season of dreamy inactivity in those pleasant homes of poetry and romance. He was an enthusiast, and

he carried to those scenes a heart as fresh, and a fancy as warm, as any stripling's just starting from college on the Grand Tour.

Not until the spring of 1829 did he reach England. He was then fifty years of age; he was in the full vigour of his intellect, and no one ever brought with him from India a higher reputation. That there was still before him a career of public usefulness, either in India or in England, even more distinguished than that which he had already accomplished, all men hoped, many believed. But he had not spent thirty unbroken years in India without paying the ordinary penalty. He returned to England with shattered health; and there were certain inward promptings and warnings which told him that he had done enough work, and cautioned him not to overtax his powers. There have been, and ever will be, men regardless of this small voice of Nature; but Mountstuart Elphinstone was not, in the ordinary sense, an ambitious man. That he had been active, energetic, full of high courage, and that he was eminently fitted for public life, has been abundantly shown; but these qualities were now to some extent neutralized by a want of confidence in his own powers, and a sort of dislike to measure himself against others. He shrank from every kind of self-assertion, and avoided all personal and party conflicts. Differing in these respects altogether from Malcolm, he at once decided not to enter upon a parliamentary career. This was, in effect, a self-imposed exclusion from ministerial life in England. He said that he

would not have objected to undertake the administrative duties of the Board of Control, but that he did not feel himself competent to stand up in Parliament and satisfactorily defend himself and his colleagues.

Twice the Governor-Generalship of India was offered to Mr Elphinstone, and twice he refused to accept the proffered distinction. His refusals were based solely upon his conviction that the state of his health would not suffer him to reside in India. 'I have just received—he wrote to that excellent public servant, Mr St George Tucker, on whom it devolved, as Chairman of the East India Company at that time (1834), to communicate the wishes of the Court of Directors—'I have just received your letter of yesterday, and I need not say how much I am honoured by the intention it communicates. As your time is precious, and clearness indispensable in a case where you may not have time for further reference, I proceed at once to answer the question you put. I am still suffering from a complaint first produced and since renewed by a residence in hot climates. Part of a summer in Italy was sufficient to bring it on, and neither cooler climates nor medicine have yet been able to remove it. I am certain, therefore, that I could be of no use in a hot climate, and that the present state of my health is an effectual bar to my going to India. I am, on this account, unable to profit by your offer to name me as one of the candidates (even if I had no other objection); and can only repeat my best thanks for the honour done me, and for the kindness of your letter.'

This letter was written from Leamington, where he

was seeking renewed health under the care of the famous Dr Jephson. Pressed to reconsider his determination, he wrote again, three days afterwards (Sept. 1, 1834), to Mr Tucker: 'My answer to your former letter was dictated entirely by my opinion about my health, and consequently I scarcely expected that it could be attended by a nearer prospect of success; but the circumstance of your writing a second time, as well as the very kind manner in which your letter is expressed, made me anxious to give the fullest consideration to a subject in which you took so flattering an interest. . . . I have accordingly taken time to consider, and have consulted Dr Jephson confidentially as to the possibility of my bearing a residence in a hot climate; but, although he is sanguine as to my speedy and permanent recovery, yet I cannot divest myself of the recollection that, on the only two occasions on which I have been exposed to heat since my first illness, I have had relapses, from one of which I am not yet recovered at the end of two years' residence in England; and from this fact I feel convinced, that if I went to India, I should be obliged to return immediately, and should occasion all the bad effects of sudden changes of Government, and, what is still worse, should not be able to do my duty satisfactorily while I stayed. I have not, therefore, any hesitation in adhering to my former opinion, and declining your very gratifying offer. I have, however, many and sincere thanks to return you for the favourable view you take of my qualifications, and for your goodness in affording me an opportunity of reconsidering the question.' In another communication to the same correspondent, he wrote: 'I hope you will succeed in

getting Metcalfe, whose great talents and extensive experience derive additional value at this moment from his attention to economy, and his being so favourably disposed to most of the measures which he will have to introduce.'

It is not clear that at this time the Whig Government, if Mr Elphinstone had acceded to the request of the Chairman of the East India Company, would have consented to his appointment; for it was their declared opinion—an opinion based upon a well-known dictum of Mr Canning—that men reared in the service of the Company were disqualified for promotion to the Governor-Generalship. Before the end of the year, however, there was a change of Government. Sir Robert Peel became First Minister, and Lord Ellenborough was President of the Board of Control. Again Mr Tucker proposed to the King's Government that Mr Elphinstone should be nominated Governor-General of India, and Lord Ellenborough cheerfully consented to the proposal. But again Mr Elphinstone declined the proffered distinction.

From this time Mr Elphinstone came to be regarded as the Nestor of Indian statesmanship, and very gracefully the character sat upon him. He had retired with a very moderate fortune, for he had been in an extreme degree liberal and munificent in India; but having neither wife nor children, he had more than sufficient for his very moderate wants. For upwards of thirty years he lived the life of a private English gentleman, devoting his time principally to scholarly pursuits. But, unlike the majority of retired Indian public servants, he never subsided into insignificance; he was never forgotten. Retiring as were his habits, and unobtrus-

ive as was his character, his opinion was frequently sought by the leading statesmen of the country, when a difficult question of Indian policy was to be settled; and it generally happened, that when his advice was not sought, or, if sought, rejected, there was a mistake to be afterwards bitterly deplored. It has often been remarked that, if he had accepted the Governor-Generalship of India when it was offered to him in 1834, the disastrous war in Afghanistan would not have been undertaken. Certain at least it is that he groaned in spirit over the policy of the expedition, and was scarcely surprised at its results.

The violent, unprovoked spoliation of Sindh also disturbed his equanimity. He considered the treatment to which the unfortunate Ameers had been subjected to be equally cruel and cowardly. Writing to Sir Charles Metcalfe from his chambers in the Albany (March 14, 1844), he made some emphatic comments on the subject. The letter is interesting, so I give it in its integrity: 'I have just received your letter, and only write to thank you for your interesting account of your situation. God grant you success in the struggle.* I doubt if you will condescend to use all the arts of packing Parliaments on which Lord Sydenham thought everything depended; but perhaps men have now taken broader lines, and will be influenced by more enlarged modes of action, in which case judgment and firmness will be of more avail than skill in management, and your victory will be proportionately more secure. I hoped at one time that you would have had an easier task. After Sir C.

* The crisis in Canada, of which mention is made in the subsequent Memoir of Sir Charles Metcalfe.

Bagot's concessions for which I took it for granted the time was come, I expected a smooth and gradual descent towards separation, which in good time would be very desirable; but I never expected the French Canadians to take a plunge by the result of which they must themselves be by far the greatest sufferers. If they quarrelled with Great Britain in the present divided state of the Canadas, what could they look to but falling into the hands of the Americans, who (to use Jackson's words) would improve them off the face of the earth in less time than we take to attack one of their institutions or prejudices. You must have an arduous and anxious time, and I do not wonder at your momentary envy of the quiet of the Albany. If you thought only of your own comfort and content, or if you were convinced, as I am, that you were past more useful employment, you might enjoy your repose with as good a conscience as I do; but if I had the energy and ability to fill such a place as yours, I would not give the few months of your approaching crisis for a hundred years of unprofitable enjoyment.* I wish you had said something about your health, of which we had at one time unfavourable accounts. I do not know if you have time to think of India. Sindh was a sad scene of insolence and oppression. Coming after Afghanistan, it put one in mind of a bully who had been kicked in the streets, and went home to beat his wife in revenge. It was not so much Lord Ellenborough's act, however, as his General's. Gwalior, as far as we know (for our acquaintance with the origin of the dispute is very imperfect), seems a compensation

* This passage is quoted also in the Memoir of Sir Charles Metcalfe.

for our misconduct in Sindh. We seem to have interfered with propriety, fought a battle that reminds one of old times, and used our victory with moderation. The heavy loss must all have been from the guns, for I see Scindiah's once celebrated infantry now fight with tulwars like the barbarians of Meeanee. No news here. The Tory vessel has righted again, and is going swimmingly before the wind. The reduction of the Three and a Half per Cents. has done them much good, and I think Peel is in for five years at least, if O'Connell's business goes off smoothly, and for life if it leads to a disturbance.'

He was much grieved, at a later period, by the manifestations of that all-devouring 'earth-hunger,' which led Indian statesmen of high honour and integrity to disregard the obligations of the British Government to the Native Princes of India. The long line of 'annexations,' beginning with that of the old Mahrattah principality of Sattarah, which distinguished the administration of Lord Dalhousie, was viewed by him with sentiments of regret, not unmingled with alarm. 'I do not remember,' writes Sir Edward Colebrooke, 'ever to have seen Mr Elphinstone so shocked as he was at this proceeding. The treatment of the Sattarah sovereignty as a jagheer, over which we had claims of feudal superiority, he regarded as a monstrous one; but any opinion of the injustice done to this family was subordinate to the alarm which he felt at the dangerous principles which were advanced, affecting every sovereign state of India, and which were put forward both in India and at home. The loose manner in which the claim to regulate such questions as lords paramount, and the assertion of feudal claims of

escheat as applicable to every state in India, were frequently commented upon, and he particularly dwelt upon the fallacy which was at the bottom of all the reasoning of the advocates of resumption, that precedents of interference with successions as arbiters supported our claim to decide the question in our own favour.'* He wrote a long letter to Sir Edward Colebrooke on this question of the relations between the British and the Native Governments, especially in the matter of successions. The wisdom contained in it was held, by too many in high authority at the time, to be antiquated and exploded; and even now, I fear, there is small chance of gaining for it a respectful hearing. 'In answering your question,' he wrote in February, 1850, 'as to the general opinion in India, while I was there, with respect to the relation between the British Government and the principal Native States, especially our right to regulate their successions, I can only speak with certainty of my own impressions; but I believe they were those entertained by most of the other persons employed in transactions between our Government and the Native States. Our relations with the principal States (the Nizam, the Peishwah, Scindiah, Holkar, and Rajah of Berar, &c.) were those of independent equal Powers, and we possessed no right to interfere in their successions, except such as were derived from our treaties with them, or our situation as a neighbouring State. In many of the new alliances contracted in Lord Hastings's time, an alteration was made in the footing on which the contracting parties stood, by the Native State engaging to acknowledge the supremacy of the British Government, and these terms

* Memoir in the *Asiatic Journal.*

were introduced into treaties with some even of the principal States (those of the Rajpoot Princes); but they do not appear to make any difference in the control of the British Government over successions. Their object was to secure the political supremacy of the British Government, not to assert its feudal sovereignty, and to obtain the *subordinate co-operation* of the Native Prince as an ally, not his subjection as a vassal. The British Government was to be supreme in all transactions with foreign States; but all internal affairs were to be regulated as before by the law and usage of the territory, free from any interference of the British Government. The succession, I conceive, was an internal affair, in which the British Government could not interfere unless in a case which might affect the foreign relations of the State, or the general tranquillity of the country. This, I conceive, was the general impression in India when I was in that country. There was no Native State to which the recognition of its succession by the British Government was not of the highest importance; but none of them, I conceive, ever imagined that that Government had a right to regulate the succession as feudal lord, or had any pretensions to the territory as an escheat on the failure of heirs to the reigning family. The above is my own conviction on a general view of the case, and I believe it was the opinion entertained in India in my time; but on this point it can be of no value, if it does not agree with the views of my remaining contemporaries, or with those recorded by others at the time.'* When, afterwards, in the latter part of 1857, he saw the results of the innovating system of preceding years, he

* Memoir in the *Asiatic Journal.*

wrote: 'I think the ardour for the consolidation of territory, concentration of authority, and uniformity of administration which was lately so powerful, must have been a good deal damped by recent events. Where should we have been if now Scindiah, the Nizam, the Sikh chiefs, &c., had been *annexed*, the subordinate Residencies abolished, the whole army thrown into one, and the revenue system brought into one mould, whether that of Lord Cornwallis, Sir T. Munro, or even Mr Thomason?' *

To the latest day of his life, Mr Elphinstone took the warmest interest in all that related to the current affairs of India; but the great solace of his life was in his books. No man ever loved literature more dearly for its own sake. It has been shown that, stimulated by Sir John Malcolm, he had at a comparatively early period of his career contemplated the preparation of a History of India.† During all the subsequent period of his residence in that country he had, whenever opportunity was presented to him, collected materials for this work, and, now that he was master of his own time, he assiduously devoted himself to its composition. The results of much good labour had been lost to him by the burning of the Residency at Poonah, but the years which had since passed had not been unproductive; and when, in the summer of 1834, he began seriously and systematically to write, he had not to commence his re-

* Memoir in the *Asiatic Journal.*

† The intention may, perhaps, have been abandoned at a later period, and revived only after his return to England. Sir E. Colebrooke says that 'he began to think of an Indian history in January, 1834, and commenced it in earnest in July of the same year.'

searches anew. During a space of five years he laboured diligently—but not without occasional interruptions—at this great work, and completed the history of the Hindoo and Mahomedan periods. Another year was then devoted to careful revision and consultation with literary friends. The publication of the book was undertaken by Mr Murray, and in the spring of 1841 the public were gratified by its appearance. The highest critical authorities received it with admiring respect; and it at once took its place among the best standard works of historical literature.

It was hoped, and, indeed, for some time expected, that Mr Elphinstone would continue his labours, and add to his History of the Hindoo and Mahomedan dynasties in India a narrative of the rise and progress of British supremacy in the East. But, if this formed part of his original design, it was soon abandoned. It was stated during the debates on the India Bill of 1853, by a young and ardent member of the House of Commons, who had distinguished himself as a leader of the India Reform party, that the East India Company, alarmed by the prospect of a fearless, truth-speaking narrative of their misdeeds, had set up one of their clerks to forestall him, and so to keep him out of the field. I happened to call on Mr Elphinstone on the following morning, at an hotel in Jermyn-street, when the conversation turned upon this statement, and another, scarcely less eccentric, concerning one of my own books. Mr Elphinstone then told me, with characteristic modesty, that he had written an account of the Hindoo and Mahomedan periods of Indian history because he had materials not readily accessible to other writers, but that when he

approached the period of British rule, it appeared to him that he had no exclusive information, and no peculiar qualifications for such a task, and that he willingly left its execution to younger heads and younger hands than his own.

But although he had ceased to be, in any large active sense, a literary workman, he was ever ready to assist others, and many works, illustrative of the history or topography of India and the adjacent countries, which obtained public favour during the twenty years preceding Mr Elphinstone's death, were benefited greatly by his critical advice, or by the information which he was able to furnish to the author. He took great interest in the labours, not only of his old friends—as Mr William Erskine, who had still the oar in his hand—but of younger aspirants, as Alexander Burnes, the manuscript of whose first book of travels was read by the veteran statesman.* To the writer of these sketches he rendered, on more than one occasion, valuable assistance, and with a ready kindliness which doubled the obligation. As a judge of literary composition, his tendencies were at one time towards a severe chastity of language; but, at a later period, he used sometimes to lament that writers on Indian subjects had done so little to popularize them by imparting to them the attractions of an animated and picturesque style, for, 'after all,' he said, 'books are meant to be read.' If he did not himself think that he had done injustice to his own powers,

* In a Memoir of Sir Alexander Burnes, in the second volume of this work, more detailed mention will be found of Mr Elphinstone's criticisms.

it was only because he habitually under-estimated them.*

It is remarkable that Mr Elphinstone, though he does not seem to have been conscious of the existence in his own character of this undue diffidence, was keenly alive to its effects in others. Writing to me in 1855, in reply to some questions which I had put to him respecting the literary career of the late Mr William Erskine, he said: 'I need not enlarge on his literary merits, of which you can judge for yourself, but I must mention one of his qualities, which would have been an ornament to the others if it had not been carried to an excess, which made it affected. This was his modesty and distrust of himself, which concealed the extent of his abilities from all but those who had peculiar opportunities of knowing them, and which cramped the exertion of his powers even in the writings which he laid before the public. In none of his publications is the ill effect of this defect so conspicuous as in that you are reviewing, where it is aggravated by a scrupulous attention to accuracy even in minute particulars, which took up a great deal of time that might have been much better em-

I am confirmed in this by the following observations of Sir Edward Colebrooke: 'In commencing a great literary work late in life he laboured under great disadvantages, and I think they are to be traced in the composition and style of this well-known work. It has always struck me that the style of his published works is very inferior in force to that of his letters, and still more so to that of his conversation, and does not do justice to the vigour and originality of his mind. He used to speak of his history modestly as a contribution to the great subject he had taken in hand, that might aid the work of some future man of genius, and this diffidence of his own powers affects the tone of the work.'

ployed, and tends to damp the zeal of general readers, who would have had pleasure in listening to the author's own conclusions and the reflections they suggested, but have no relish for a study that requires so much attention in proportion to the result produced. His original plan was to write the history of the Mogul Empire under Aurungzebe only, and it is a great pity he did not adhere to this design. That long reign would have begun with the empire in its highest state of perfection, and would have included its decline and fall, together with the state of its government and institutions nearly as they were when we found them, and had to construct a new system on their base. The greatness and variety of the events, and the comprehensive views necessary to explain and account for them, would, in a manner, have forced Mr Erskine into a wider field of discussion than he has entered into in his present history, and for which in reality he was particularly well qualified. This last fact is shown by other writings much shorter, and probably executed in comparatively shorter time. Examples of these occur to me in his contributions to the Literary Society of Bombay. I have not the book to refer to, but I remember two or three on the Hindoo and Buddhist caves, where, in pointing out the means of distinguishing them from each other, that of getting a near approximation to the dates of Hindoo works by the stages of their religion indicated by the acts of the gods and heroes exhibited in the sculptures, led him into disquisitions which at that time (before the appearance of Wilson's principal works, or of those of Colebrooke published in the Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society in London, after Mr E.'s return

home, and of several other publications on the same subject) were really new and striking. His account of the present religion of the Parsees, with a comparison of it with that of their ancestors, as shown by Herodotus and other ancients, was also remarkable, as were his arguments against the authenticity of the "Desutír," and his opinions on a variety of questions which it led to, combated at the time in the same Transactions by Mr Raske (since very eminent among continental Orientalists), but now, I believe, adopted by all late writers. These, and his account of the portion of the Tartar nations which lay beyond the field of the literati employed by the Russian Government, show his capacity for generalization and speculation, when he ventured to indulge in them.' *Mutatis mutandis*, the greater part of this letter might have been written with reference to the author of it himself.

But although he never ceased to take interest in Oriental literature, it may be doubted whether his chief delight was not in the study of the great works of classic literature, and the later fruits of Italian and English genius. He was very Catholic in his literary sympathies, but he leant most fondly towards the imaginative. He would converse with a companion of kindred tastes for long hours on ancient and modern poetry, exchanging quotations and criticisms, and delighting, above all things, in running down parallel passages in the writings of the great masters of different eras and different countries.* He was a great reader, too,

* Sir E. Colebrooke says: 'His love for poetry amounted to a passion. He would discuss his favourites with the enthusiasm of a boy, and one of the last occasions on which he left home was to visit

of the best periodical literature of the day; and he used to say that new books, and good books too, chased each other so rapidly from the press, that the panting student toiled after them in vain, and that it was necessary, therefore, to pick up knowledge second-hand from the reviews.

During many of the last years of his life Mr Elphinstone resided at Limpsfield, on the Surrey Hills, between Godstone, in that county, and Westerham, in Kent. His residence was a modest country-house known as Hookwood, surrounded by a pleasant little home park; altogether a charming place for a literary recluse. He was very glad to welcome thither men, whether his old Indian friends, or younger men who had attained some sort of distinction since his retirement from public life, if they evinced any anxiety to meet him. And such was the kindliness of his nature, that he ever made it appear to his visitors—even to the youngest and least distinguished among them—that they were conferring honour upon him by seeking him out in his privacy. He was one of the least ostentatious and egotistical of men. He never talked about himself, unless directly asked for information relating to some of the leading circumstances of his career. Indeed, he appeared to some people to be rather in the habit of fencing and evading any direct inquiries of a personal character, but

in Cornwall the scenes of King Arthur's battles. There was in his character a tinge of enthusiasm which, as he once confessed to me, led him to cherish dreams of ambition of the wildest kind. The force of his imagination, cherished by his love of poetry, affected his thoughts, gave a grace and charm to his conversation, but never influenced his judgment. The late Allan Cunningham truly described him to me as the most just thinking man he ever knew.'

there was nothing studied or intentional in this: it was merely a general inaptitude to perceive that anything relating only to himself could be a matter of much interest to his companion. But when convinced of the wishes of the inquirer, and roused by references to past events, his reserve would pass away, his memories would be kindled, and he would talk delightfully about the old times long ago, when he rode beside Wellesley at Assye, or was burnt out of the Residency at Poonah.

There are many living who now look back to those days at Hookwood as amongst the pleasantest reminiscences of their lives; who can follow the venerable statesman from his library to his drawing-room, from his drawing-room to his breakfast-room, and remember how from morn to noon, from noon almost to midnight, he would converse with his guest (it was his disposition to adhere rather to the singular number) upon an infinite variety of topics, and send his privileged companion to bed a far wiser man than he was when he had risen in the morning. But he was not what is commonly called a great talker, and he never indulged in monologue. He was emphatically a good listener. For many years before his death his eyesight had failed him greatly, and unless some member of his family were residing with him, he was obliged to obtain the assistance of a hired reader; and perhaps this drawback made him take an increased pleasure in literary conversation. There was always a large flow of enthusiasm in his nature, and I believe that the most enthusiastic of his visitors pleased him best. He was so thoroughly a gentleman, that he could not have exhibited his impatience of any kind of dulness; but I

rather think that he chafed considerably when he found himself face to face with it.

From this pleasant state of meditative inaction, absorbed in the amenities of the Past, he was roused to a painful sense of the stern realities of the Present, by tidings of the great Indian rebellion, which startled the world in the summer of 1857. The interest which he took in the progress of those events was intense; and an expression of his opinion was invited by his friends, not only with respect to the rebellion itself but to the action of the British Parliament, in consequence of the unjust clamour which had been raised against the East India Company. From a letter which he wrote in the autumn of this year to Sir Edward Colebrooke, I take the following characteristic passages: 'Notwithstanding the liability of the House of Commons to be carried away by the madness of the moment during a popular delusion, I don't think either they or their constituents are so thoughtless as to sanction a revolution in the Government of India at a moment like the present. Leaving out all other objections, only imagine the probable effect of announcing to people who have been driven into rebellion by the very thought of being made Feringhees, that thenceforward their rights were to be secured by placing them under the immediate protection of the Queen, thus incorporating them with the British nation, and admitting them to a share in all the blessings by which it is distinguished from the nations of the East. Yet this is the language which many writers of the day recommend as a specific for soothing all minds, and removing all doubts and suspicions. There is a good article in yesterday's *Times* on

the other side of the question, from which I suppose that they (the editors) believe the mind of the Ministry is made up to keep things as they are for the present. The last accounts from India are, doubtless, very gloomy; the risk of fresh interests and new feelings arising during the interval of inaction is certainly very great, and to one who has just read Munro's admirable Minute,* it appears that the full accomplishment of his prophecy is at hand. But there is some comfort in the recollection how often foreign Governments have kept their ground in worse circumstances than ours. I will only mention the case of Rome, which was a much more oppressive Government than ours, and had tougher materials to work on in Spain and Gaul, and higher notions of freedom and national independence to contend with in Greece and her offsets, than we are ever likely to see among our Asiatic subjects. I have often wished to get some knowledge of the sort of administration by which the Romans contrived to fix their power on so firm a basis, but although it is easy to find out the framework of a Government in a province, I do not find any clue to the means by which it was administered. I suppose that what we do know is equivalent to a knowledge of the constitutions of the Presidencies in India, together with the law as administered by the Supreme Court, and a revenue system founded on farming to English capitalists; while all the details of legislation as well as administration were left to the natives, and managed by native Princes or by local municipalities. Can you tell me where information on this subject is to be

* The Minute on the effect of a Free Press on the Native Army, which had been lately republished.

found? I suppose it must be well ascertained after all the researches by German and other scholars in late times. If you never read the account in Polybius of the mutiny of the mercenaries, which nearly overthrew the Government of Carthage, it will interest you in the present time. It differed in its origin and many details from ours, but still you will be struck with the analogy in many particulars. I read it in Hampton's translation, where it is near the beginning of the first volume. It is not long.' *

The last great public question, to which he gave much serious attention, was the reconstruction of the Home Government of India consequent on the abolition of the governing powers of the East India Company. He did not, as may be gathered from the preceding letter, look kindly at the innovation. He feared that the influence of the Court and the authority of the Ministry of the day might be put to corrupt uses; and he was exceedingly anxious, therefore, that the Secretary of State should be controlled by a strong, and, as far as possible, an independent Council. His views may be gathered from the following passages of his correspondence with Sir Edward Colebrooke: 'March 1, 1858.—The great grievance at present is the disregard of the Governors-General to the repeated injunctions of the Court of Directors against plans of conquest, and other modes of extending our territory. Such disregard is not likely to be tolerated on the new plan. The Minister for India will be the sole ostensible head of the whole administration of that empire, and it is not probable that he will be content to submit to

* Memoir in *Journal of the Asiatic Society.*

the obscurity which the President of the Board of Control used to court. His object used to be to avoid all disputes that might bring the separate action of the Ministry in Indian affairs before the House of Commons, and to do this he was obliged to deal with the Court of Directors in a way that weakened the authority of both, and left the Governor-General pretty nearly his own master. I imagine that the practice at that time was for the Court of Directors to check the Governor-General when they thought it right, and for the Board of Control to support him; that the Board generally carried its point, and that even when it gave way and allowed the official instructions to be drawn according to the wish of the Directors, there was always a private correspondence between the President and the Governor-General, that emboldened the latter to pursue his own views without much fear of the consequences. All this will now cease, and my fears are not for the present, but for the future, when attention will be withdrawn from India, and when a weak and unscrupulous Ministry may send out devoted adherents of its own to the Supreme Government, through whom it may employ the patronage of India for party purposes, supporting the measures of its creature through thick and thin in return. Against such a design, no restrictions afforded by an exclusive service, examinations, competition, conditions of previous residence in India, &c., will be of the least avail. The public is always averse to monopolies, and will support all infractions of those protective regulations which, moreover, will be introduced gradually and almost unperceived.——March 2nd. The above was written yesterday, but my eyes got

so tired and my scrawl so illegible, that I thought it would be a relief to you, as well as to myself, to leave off, and have a fair copy made for your use. I am afraid you will find it very unsatisfactory after all. The only effectual check that I can see either on the Governor-General or the Ministry at home is a Board of Council, formed by election, if possible, but at all events conducting its business entirely separate from the Minister for India. Even if we had such a Board, there would remain the difficulty of getting members who would take a lively interest in India, viewed separately from Great Britain, and who would attend to the peculiar views and wishes of the natives, as well as to their pecuniary interests and strictly legal rights. The Company did so to a considerable extent, because it had long regarded India as its own, and was strongly opposed to the maxim now in favour of 'India for the English.' Sooner or later, we must introduce natives into the Council itself, or at least into the electing body, but to do so now would only produce contention and embarrass future operations.'——'April 30, 1858. What is chiefly wanted of the Council is, that it shall supply the place of the Court of Directors, in protecting the interests, opinions, and feelings of the natives against the conflicting interests, opinions, and feelings of the ruling people. However selfish the original motive of this jealousy of European encroachment may have been on the part of the Directors, it became their "*traditional policy*," and has been one great cause of their unpopularity. Now, I think the maintenance of this policy is exactly the line which a well-selected Council of Indians would choose for their peculiar

province. Their other duty would be to guard against attempts of the Ministry to undermine the constitution, or to take steps *directly* injurious to the interest of the British nation. This they would not neglect, but they would feel how little their aid was wanted at a time when the popular element of the constitution was so decidedly in the ascendant; while in undertaking the protection of the Indian nation they would have a vast field for usefulness and distinction which at present is almost entirely unoccupied. It is indeed astonishing, considering how much our own safety depends on the contentment of our Indian dependents, that in all the late discussions there has not been a single speaker of note, except Gladstone, that has laid the least stress on this part of the subject. They probably rely on the Indian Government for looking to public opinion among the natives, but what could the strongest Indian Government do against a clamour for levying a new tax (say an income-tax) on India, to make up for the deficit occasioned by *its own expenses*, including the Persian and Chinese wars, and many other charges in which the people of India take quite as little concern?' In this latter extract Mr Elphinstone very clearly defines one of the most important functions of the Council of India—namely, the protection of the general interests of the Indian people, and more especially the guardianship of the Indian purse. From the former passage, it will be seen, that he was anxious to give some power of independent action to the Council, and from other letters it is apparent that he was strongly in favour of vesting the initiative not in the Minister but in the Council. This last opinion was shared by

nearly all the ablest and most experienced men who gave their thoughts to the consideration of the best mode of reconstructing the Indian Government. And when the new system was established, the conduct of the public business was regulated in accordance with this principle. But it was found, after a brief trial, that too much was sacrificed to a theory. The results of this mode of procedure were developing themselves when Sir Charles Wood, whose great administrative ability was never questioned even by his political opponents, assumed the office of Indian Minister, and he hit the blot at once. It has since been cheerfully acknowledged, by some of the warmest advocates of the principle advocated by Mr Elphinstone, that its abandonment has proved to be a palpable good.

This was, I believe, the last public question regarding which Mr Elphinstone expressed his opinions in detail. His end, indeed, was now approaching. It came suddenly, as, perhaps, he wished it to come; for it is said that he dreaded the thought of a protracted existence, after the decay of his intellectual powers. Before any one had learnt that he was not in his accustomed health, news came that Mountstuart Elphinstone was dead. He died at Hookwood, in his eightieth year, on the 20th day of November, 1859, and was buried in the parish church of Limpsfield. Although he had retired from public life for a period of more than thirty years, he passed away from amongst us as a man who had been to the last in harness. He had friends and admirers in all parts of the country; and when it was known that he was dead, they held a public meeting in London, and many of our leading English statesmen

attended to do honour to his memory. It was truly a remarkable fact that its freshness had never passed away. Men spoke of him at that meeting as of one who had been working for India, guiding its councils, to the very last day of his life. And perhaps this is the very highest praise that could be bestowed upon him. I do not know another instance of the great and honourable of the land meeting together to vote a public statue to a man who had ceased for more than a quarter of a century to take a part in public affairs. But at the meeting of which I now speak there was as much enthusiasm as if Elphinstone had just returned from India, and died with the sword of action in his hand.

There are some men whose characters it is easy to describe, others whose characters it is not necessary to describe at all, so distinctly are their inner natures illustrated by their outward utterances and actions. But neither the utterances nor the actions of Mountstuart Elphinstone will lead us along any beaten road to a right knowledge of his character. We must wander into many intricate byways and obscure recesses if we would endeavour to arrive at a right understanding of it; and even then we may find ourselves in a maze. There are many conflicts and inconsistencies, which it is difficult to reconcile otherwise than by a reference to physical causes. In the lives of few men is there apparent so great a disproportion between what they have done and what they have been held to be capable of doing. I have more than once spoken of Mr Elphinstone's modesty and diffidence, and I have suggested that

he was not stirred by any very active ambition. And yet there was assuredly, at one period of his life, an almost morbid vanity—a desire to shine in many diverse and antagonistic ways—which those who knew him only in the decline of life, when years had brought the philosophic mind, found it difficult to understand. General Briggs has related that Mr Elphinstone 'had an innate pride of not being excelled by any one in manly habits. It happened while he was Governor at Bombay, and on a visit to Poonah on business, an old friend arrived from a long journey, in which, owing to his palanquin-bearers failing, he was compelled to adopt the unusual habit (to Europeans) of travelling several hundred miles on a camel. Mr Elphinstone questioned him closely as to the mode of management of this uncouth animal, its paces, and the sensation. He was assured that nothing was easier than its management, that its pace was by no means unpleasant, and that he came at the rate of forty miles a day and upwards, without as much fatigue as if he had been on horseback. Mr Elphinstone was not then aware that in Rajpootana the European officers used camels in preference to horses in making long marches, and they were used in cantonments to pay morning visits. Some days after this, it was discovered that Mr Elphinstone had, during the very night after the above conversation with his friend, ordered a riding-camel to be brought to his tent, and, accompanied by another camel hurcarah, mounted and rode several miles during moonlight to satisfy himself of the sensation of riding on a camel. During a journey into the southern Mahratta country some time afterwards, he went

to visit the celebrated Falls of the Gutparba, at Gohauk. The river was full, and the fall of sixty feet formed an arch of several feet from the almost perpendicular rock over which the cataract rushes. He was standing, with his Staff, about half way down the precipice, opposite a narrow ledge which projected from one side to the other. Whilst admiring the scene, one of the party observed that a certain officer (mentioning his name) had walked across this narrow, slippery, and dangerous ledge. Mr Elphinstone immediately turned round to the speaker, and said, "Are you sure?" and on the fact being confirmed, Mr Elphinstone said, "Well, then, let you and me try if we cannot do so also;" and he instantly led the way, all the Staff being necessarily obliged to follow his example.' And the same authority adds: 'This desire to excel in everything that was manly which we have referred to, was carried at this period of his life to a degree that bordered on eccentricity. In his horror of luxury, he made exertions to dispense with what he thought superfluous articles of clothing, and this practice must have contributed to injure his otherwise strong constitution. For several months he attempted to dispense with the luxury of a bed. The relation to whom he mentioned this, asked him, with simplicity, the reason for such conduct. "Because I was a fool!" was the immediate reply.'

A man who plays tricks with his constitution in his younger days is sure to suffer in his later ones; and so it happened that Mountstuart Elphinstone, after his return to England, though still in the prime of his life, had many distressing warnings that the climate of India had done its

work upon him. It is curious that a man should be more ambitious to stick a pig, to ride on a camel,* or to walk upon a precipice, than to govern a vast empire; but experience teaches us that such phenomena are by no means of rare occurrence. I cannot, however, bring myself to think that Elphinstone was a man only of small ambitions; and, therefore, I adopt the conclusion that his unwillingness to accept high office, during the last thirty years of his life, proceeded only from a consciousness that he had not physical capacity for further official work. There fell upon him in Europe an excess of languor, amounting almost to indolence, which contrasted strongly with the active and energetic habits of his earlier days. He had a prevailing sense that if he took upon himself, in India or in England, large responsibilities, he would break down; and year after year he felt a growing desire for retirement and ease. It was not that he thought of himself. It was that he had a painful apprehension that the interests of the public service might be jeopardized by his failure, at a critical moment, to discharge the great duties intrusted to him. And so it happened that with the very highest reputation as an Indian statesman he never made for himself a place in History commensurate with the capacity for which the world has given him credit, and, as I believe, which he possessed, to shape the destinies of an empire.

* If the reader will turn to vol. ii. page 83, he will find it stated, on the authority of Dr Goodall, that Charles Metcalfe, the worst horseman ever known, rode on a camel when a boy at Eton, though Mountstuart Elphinstone, a mighty hunter, was never, it seems, on camel-back until he was Governor of Bombay.

One thing, however, is certain, that, as I write, his authority on all questions of Indian government is commonly accepted as the highest that can be quoted, and that no man's memory is regarded with greater veneration by all who have given their minds to the study of the great questions to which Mountstuart Elphinstone devoted his life.

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